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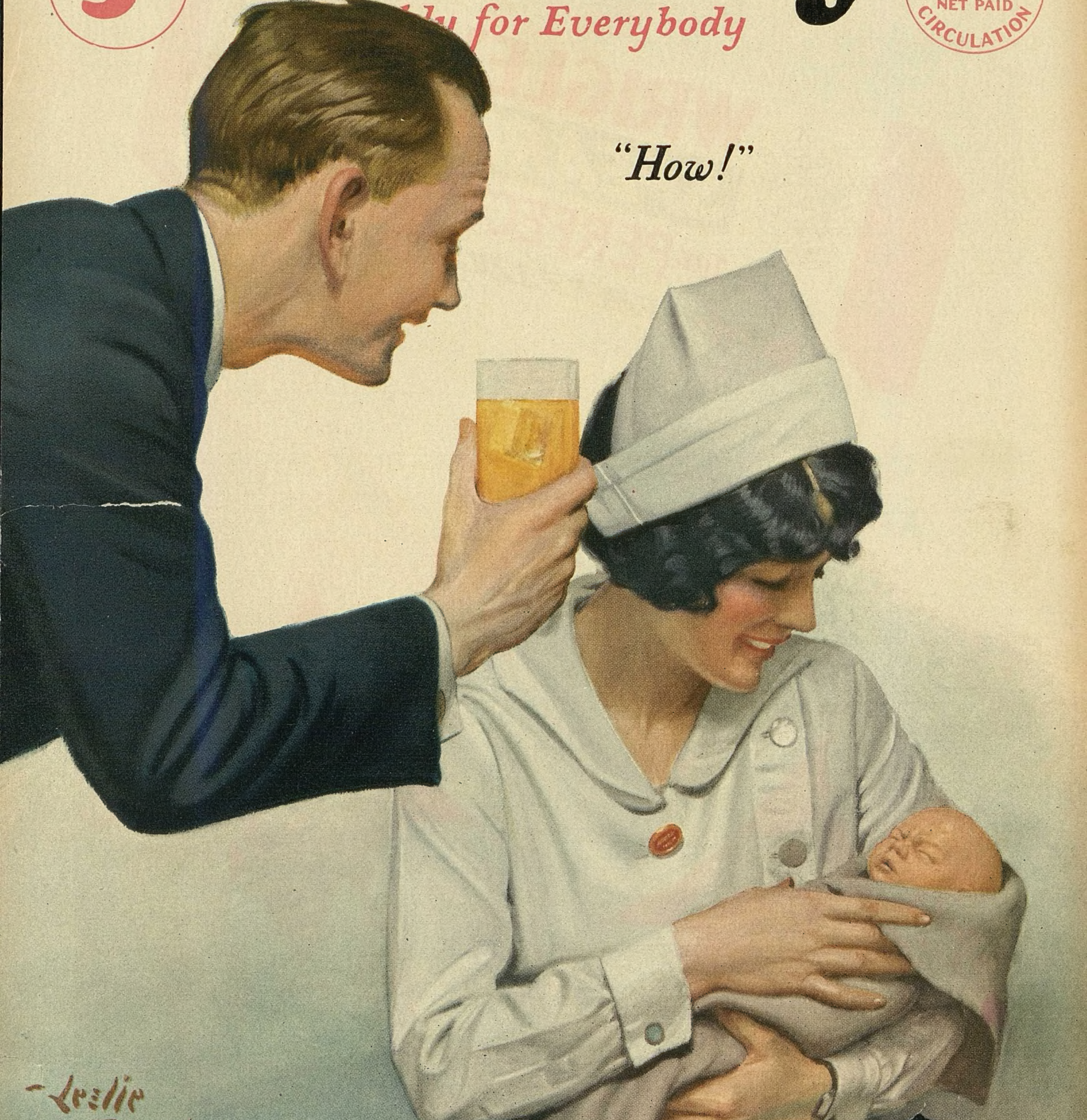

Leslie Thrasher

"How!"

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THE FLAVOR
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AFTER EVERY MEAL

Adds a Zest
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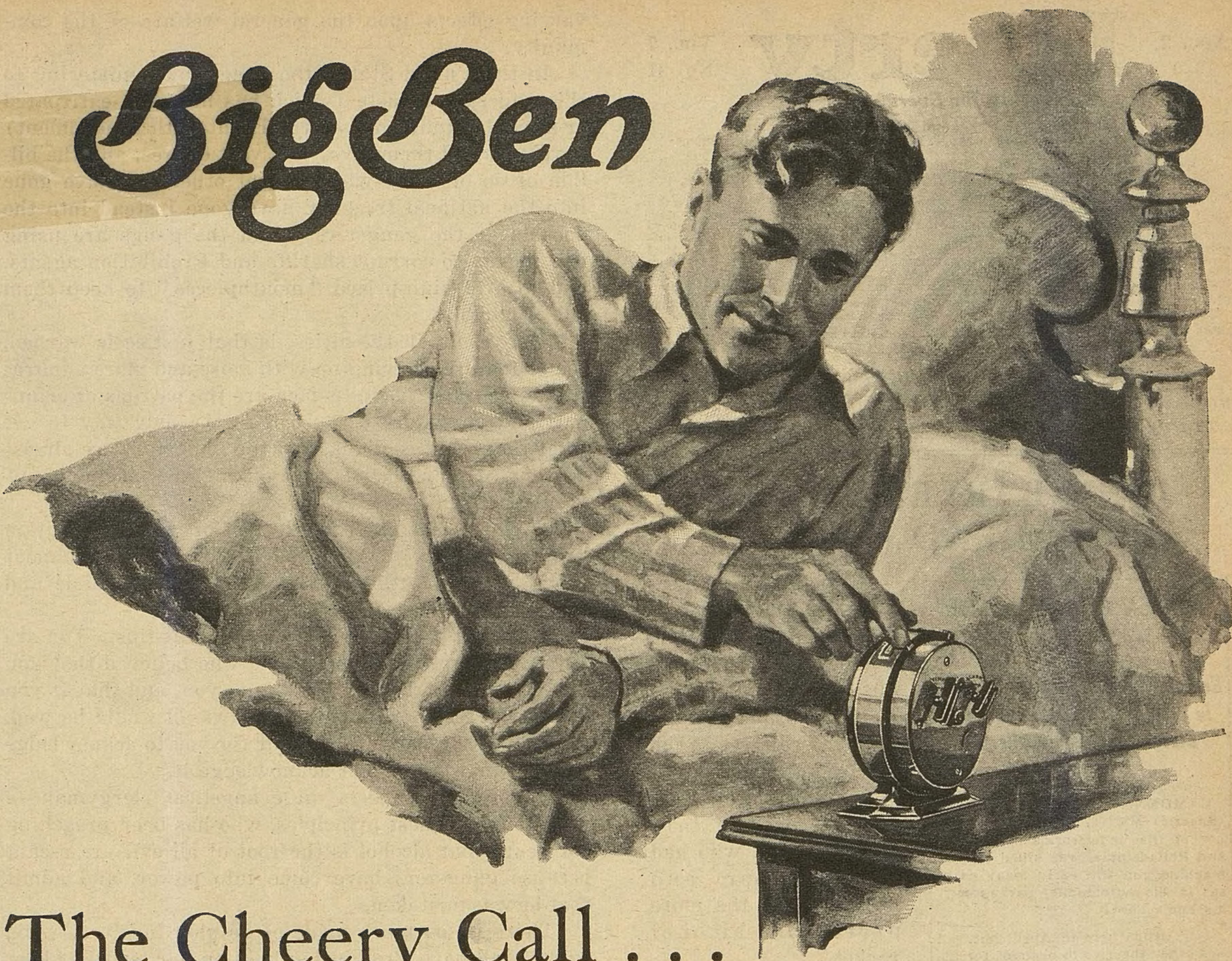
Big Ben



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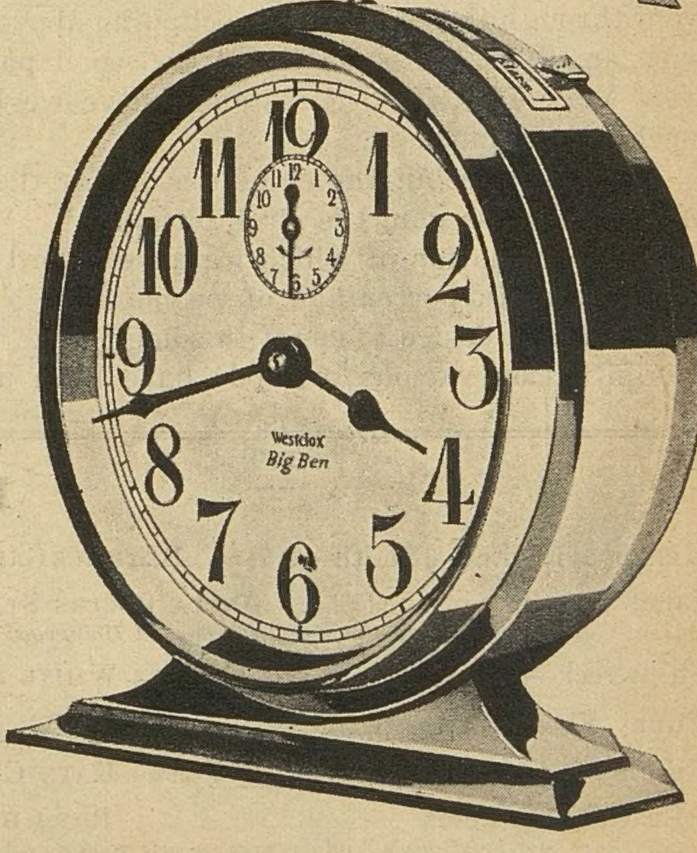

Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

AUG. 2, 1930

Liberty

VOL. 7 No. 31

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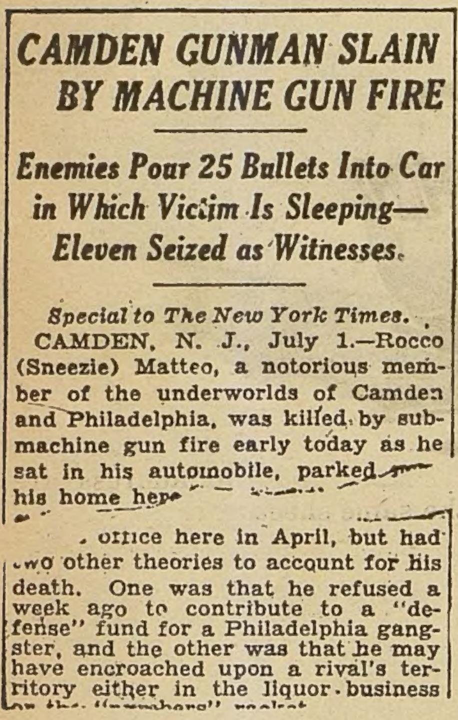
"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

JOHN BARLEYCORN IS DEAD (?)



CAMDEN GUNMAN SLAIN BY MACHINE GUN FIRE

Enemies Pour 25 Bullets Into Car in Which Victim Is Sleeping—Eleven Seized as Witnesses.

Special to The New York Times.

CAMDEN, N. J., July 1.—Rocco (Sneezie) Matteo, a notorious member of the underworlds of Camden and Philadelphia, was killed by submachine gun fire early today as he sat in his automobile, parked his home here

office here in April, but had two other theories to account for his death. One was that he refused a week ago to contribute to a "defense" fund for a Philadelphia gangster, and the other was that he may have encroached upon a rival's territory either in the liquor business

The clipping reproduced herewith appeared July 2. Note the phrase, "in the liquor business."

On the same day the papers reported the sidewalk murder of a New York gangster, friend of the late Frankie Yale, who had "quit robbery and burglary for the more profitable alcohol racket."

Also on the same day accounts were published of a wild gun battle in downtown Chicago, in which the intended victim, manager of the Moran-Aiello vice interests, escaped, but a street-car motorman was killed.

Three or four years ago, when Chicago gangsters first used machine guns to kill each other, a shudder went through the country. The clipping above appeared with small headlines on the fifty-second page of the New York Times—so accustomed have we become to machine-gun murders.

Not the sole but the chief reason for the strength of these lawless gangs is Prohibition.

In every nation of which we have record there has been a certain percentage of people with a taste for alcohol and a desire to use it in some form. To handle this situation various methods have been used, with varying effects upon the general welfare of the community.

In the United States, the gangs, by ministering to this widespread taste (which has not been extirpated or sensibly diminished by the Eighteenth Amendment) have enriched themselves to a vast degree, and the billion or so of taxes which might otherwise have gone into the national treasury have gone instead into the pockets of the gangsters. And the gangs are using this money to corrupt sheriffs and Prohibition agents, and to hire high-priced "mouthpieces" to keep them out of trouble.

The result, in the cities, is that justice is warped, the young are growing up with more and more admiration for alcohol, business men are the patrons of criminals and gangsters because it is the only way to get what they want to drink, and the gangsters are almost ousting regular officials and seizing the machinery of government.

These, ladies and gentlemen of the Prohibition cause, who have written the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution—these are the indubitable and undeniable fruits of Prohibition.

We know it is hard for you to admit this. You are sincere, religious-minded people who believed that you had the living truth revealed unto you, and that if you could write this truth into our laws all would be well. All is not well, and it is difficult for you to acknowledge it. We know you won't acknowledge it.

One hardly expects an evangelical clergyman—a man of the highest principles, who has been preaching for years that alcohol is the root of all evil—to recant because gangsters have come into power, and admit that he was mistaken.

There is too much pride of opinion involved. And so we shall have Prohibition laws on our books as long as those who wrote them can keep them there.

Nevertheless, ladies and gentlemen, the effect of what you have done is clear. Had the "blue ribbon" movement continued, with folks here and there taking the pledge and the schools exhibiting their distorted charts of hobnailed livers, so that at least a man could make his own choice, these evils would not have resulted. As it is, the leaders of the Prohibition movement in the evangelical churches cannot succeed in enforcing their beliefs on other people, and the Eighteenth Amendment will prove itself as fallible as the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, and will be enforced no more conscientiously in regions which do not want it enforced. It ought to be amended out of the Constitution, but it is very difficult, if possible, to do this.

It all reminds us of a poem we knew in our school days—a poem on John Barleycorn which Robert Burns wrote a century and a half ago. You will find it on page 66, in this issue. It might be worth while to read it.

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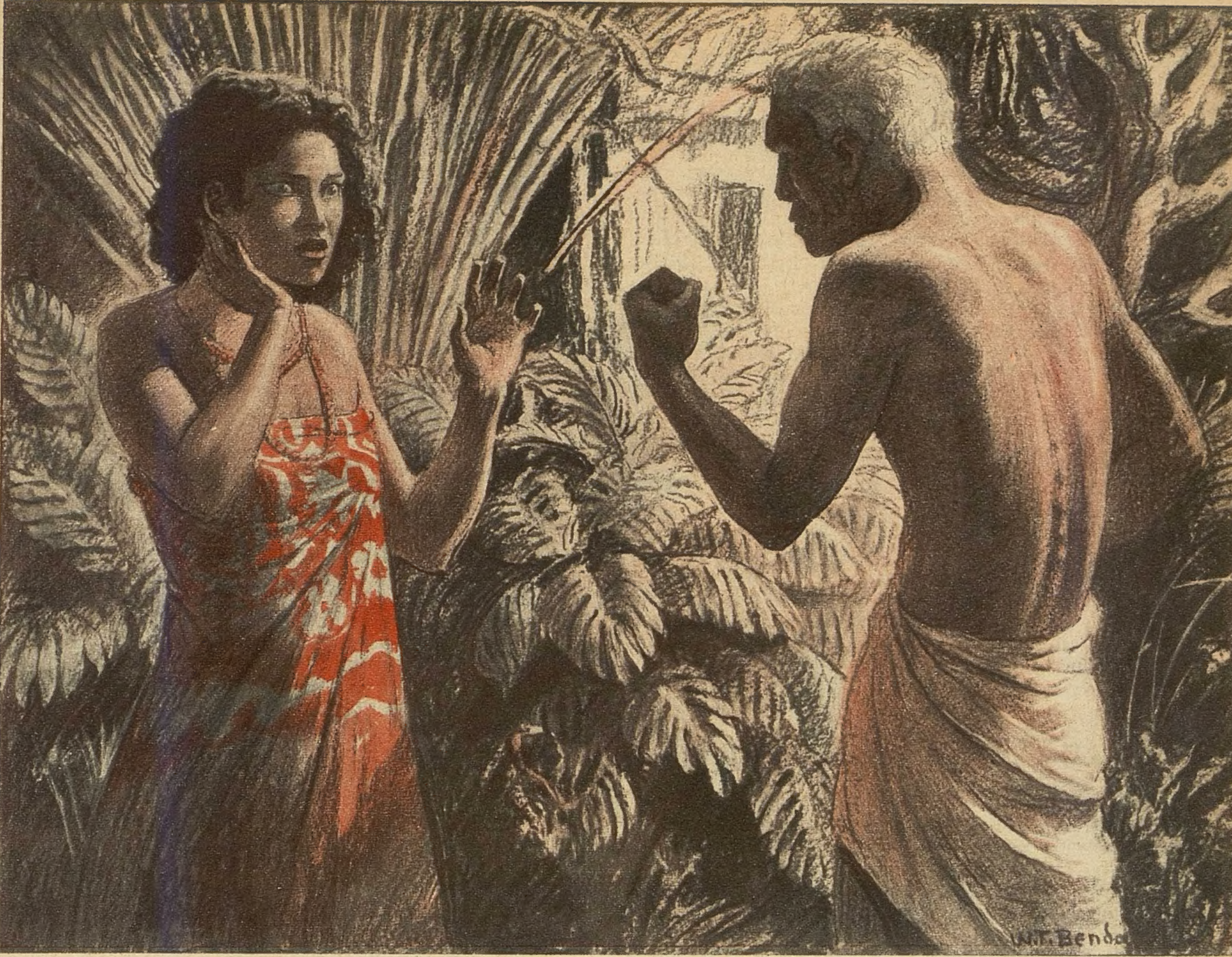


As he spoke, she grew yellow-pale and trembled. "I promise," she whispered. "Don't frighten me so."

His Royal Highness, SMITH

A Tale of Black Magic in the South Seas

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

who has a remarkable record as explorer—often a solitary one—of the islands which are the scenes of her stories. Her father was an Antrim man, and she was educated in Belfast and in London. She lives now in Papua, "last haunt of the cannibals."

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

OSSA on Pelion, and butter on bacon, and airplane on motor on bike. Telephone bringing forth phonograph, and phonograph expanding to radio; radio swelling into television, and television going on to God-and-Marconi-know-what. Like putting a match to little pills out of a box, and seeing them blow up into huge writhing serpents that cover half the floor. . . .

Fools there have been, incredibly rebellious against the serpents— But that's the story.

Kerry Smith was a half-caste; not in body, as the white-and-black peoples are, but in soul, as, very often, are they who claim mixed English and Irish blood. He had an English father, an Irish mother; he, Smith senior, had had an Irish mother in his turn, and Mrs. Kerry

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, SMITH
Continued from page five

Smith was descended in part from Anglo-Irish settlers. It may have been this that made some few members of the Smith family so restless. In Kerry's case you never knew whether you were more likely to meet him on the steps of the Ulster Club or in the Strand.

The Smiths had money. Most linen manufacturers who managed to survive the nineteenth-century cyclone of the McKinley Tariff had money. The families of these happy people, however, seldom contrived to keep the money that came their way. Kerry Smith was no exception to the rule. He was English, Ulster, practical not quite half the time; the other half and a bit he was Celt to the core, full of dreams and queer desires, harborer of the sort of fancies that "fatten no pigs." And wildest of these fancies was his notion of getting away from machines.

Kerry's refusal to become the lord of a "good wee weavin' mill" near Whitehouse was set down by his family as evidence of criminal lunacy. The fellow was impossible. He would not learn to drive a car—it was the same as if he had refused to learn to write—he didn't like radio, giving the absurd reason that he preferred to do his reading for himself.

Kerry's cousin Andrew saw his chance and bought the factory cheap. Afterwards, they asked Kerry what he was going to do with his sadly diminished inheritance. He said he was going to buy an Isle of Peace and work like the dickens.

"Send him to the colonies, and make sure he can't come back," advised Andrew, who hated facetiousness. The colonies at large seemed, indeed, to be the only proper place for a youth who did not know the difference between a Daimler and a Doris-Cambridge; who sat up at nights studying books with incomprehensible names; and who set a glass tumbler of flowers—when he remembered it—before the portrait in his bedroom of a lean, smiling American, whom he explained to mystified relatives as "St. Luther Burbank."

"Would they be havin' saints in America? I thought they were good Protestants," commented a stray aunt, scandalized.

"Since they cowped the whisky into Boston harbor and set up to be teetotals I'd believe anything of them," was the candid verdict of another aunt, ill-informed but pious.

They let him go. That he would have gone all the same occurred to nobody.

. . . . .

UNTIL you saw the home of Kerry Smith you thought you had known what the word "blue" connoted. Then you understood that heretofore it had meant nothing at all. Blue of transparent airs, blue of pure sky seen through the twinkling fingers of the cocoanuts, blue without a name, without a possible simile, that burned upon the seas surrounding the island—all these you saw for the first time and, seeing, knew you never could describe, although the beauty of it went through you and possessed you like a flame.

Until you stayed in the home of Kerry Smith you thought, perhaps, that you had known what peace was. But after that—when you had stayed and gone away—you knew that you had never tasted peace before.

Peace in the South Sea Islands is something that can be lived, but cannot be captured and set down with ink and paper. It has to do with the immense distances; with the eternal summer that gilds them, yet broken by storm but never changing to winter or to chill; with the green leaves that are always green, and the exquisite wind and water, sounds that, through season after season, through the northwest and the southeast trades, and back to northwest once again, continue their unending melody.

Always on Kerry's island the casuarina delicately harped along the white borders of the beach; always the deep diapason of the reef made singing thunder out at sea; the palms, wet weather and dry, pattered like falling rain. Birds, the fluting, yellow-breasted honeyeater, the brisk dark banana bird, the green-and-amethyst-plumaged pigeons, sang, whistled, cooed, or were silent as the seasons came. But the other sounds kept on.

In the native villages drums beat almost every evening, and dances went on—skilled dancing, the fruit of practice and clever invention. Feasts were held; there was garden work to do; there was fishing of many kinds; and among the hills behind the beach the pigeon-snaring parties spent gay hours. They were a happy people, and of them all Kerry Smith was king. You cannot become king of a South Sea island by merely buying it—modern lawmakers and governments see to that—but if you have the kingly character and the kindly heart, the dark people will be yours to death.

The Celtic half-and-a-bit of Kerry savored all the romance of this. The scant English half, crossed with hard Ulster, did something else. It was in Kerry to produce, to make. Not to make linen or run machines of any kind. He made cocoanuts.

Luther Burbank had been his patron saint to some purpose. He had visited other holy people and sacred places of the horticultural world. Buitenzorg knew him, and certain spots near to Panama; and an island of the Tongas, seldom seen by tourists, named Niafou. Also the Government Agricultural Bureau of Queensland, where they know many things.

OUT of all these and infinite patience, and a "feeling" for cocoanuts not dissimilar to the "feeling" for horses that wins—and loses—fortunes, Kerry Smith made that wonder of the tropical world, the Kerry cocoanut, valued for seed purposes from Balboa westward even to Ceylon. In it were combined the two qualities that cocoanut breeders had been seeking ever since man found out that the work of nature could be improved upon. Size, great as that of the gigantic Niafou, which is grown and kept for the food bowls of Pacific kings; fertility, unmatched even by the famous nuts of the Isthmus islands; these, Kerry Smith had married. And the fruit was the Kerry seed nut.

It came, by and by, that he had almost more money than he wanted. On the island you needed not very much.

Once in a way Kerry had to go to Sydney for business purposes. That ran away with a good deal, but the place would stand it. What he was really afraid of was not the money question, but a question bigger than that—Woman.

He had solved it on the island, as men, left alone, do solve these problems. There was a Mrs. Kerry Smith—half-caste. The Celtic side of his nature had insisted on what Mrs. Kerry hardly expected or asked—a legal marriage—and a visiting missionary had securely tied the knot. Kerry was fond of the little brown thing, but conscious, always, of a certain lack in his life. He did not want children—of Nea's. He hardly knew what he wanted, but he did know he had not got it.

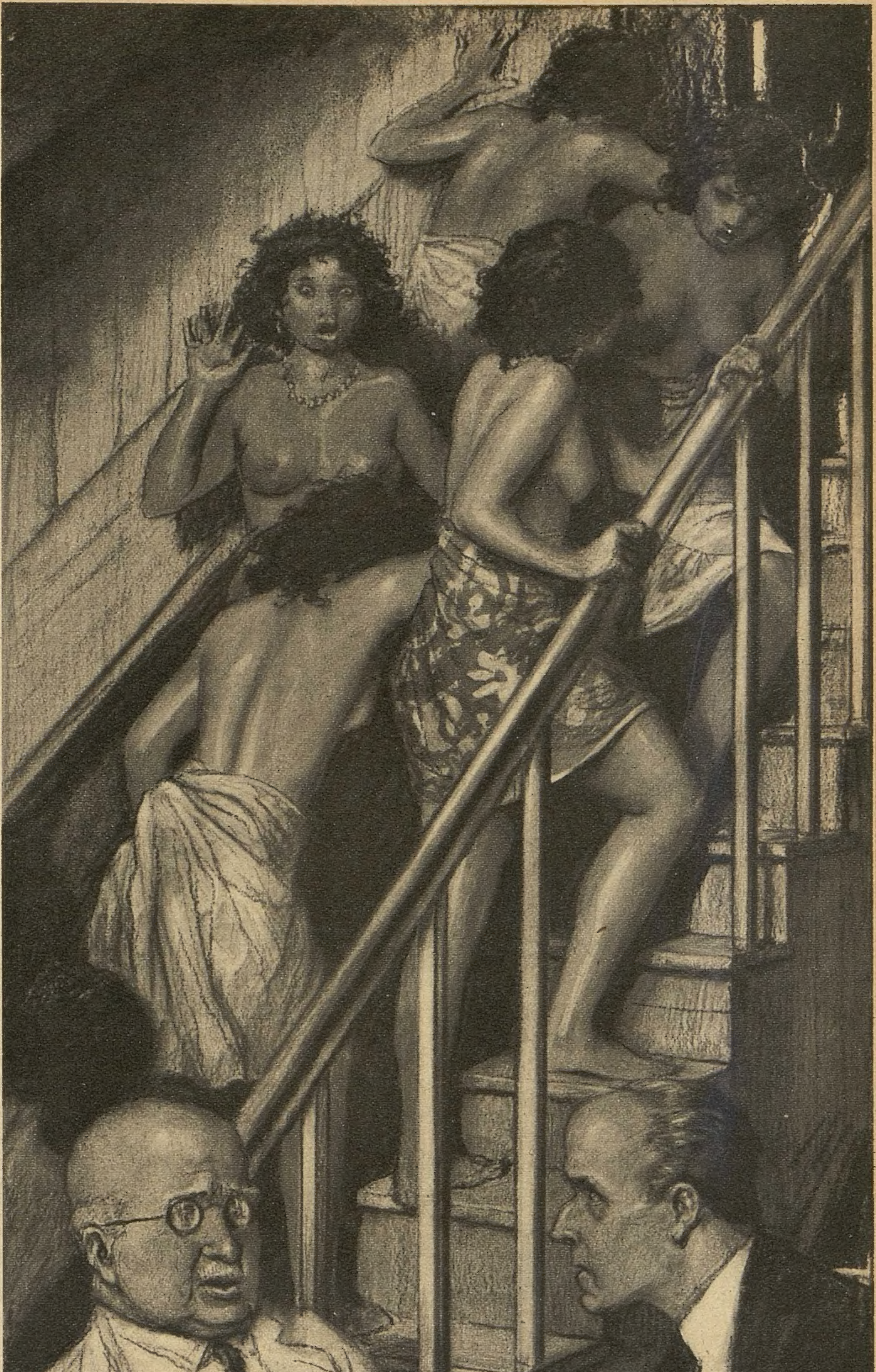
"Who are you," he asked himself, "to demand perfection in your life? Who has had it? Be reasonable and enjoy what you've got. If Nea's no true mate for you, your island is." For he knew he loved the island best.

It was after Nea's death in the influenza year that he made another trip to Sydney. He was not so young as he had been, now. It surprised him, as it surprises all of us, but he was convinced—as all of us are—that Time had forgotten him; and that he was far younger than his years. In truth, King Kerry, verging on the later forties, was still a very personable man. The strange, eccentric good looks of earlier years had settled down to a calm handsomeness that caught most women's eyes; the outdoor life had made him broad and sinewy; he wore good clothes and had the master's look, and, in spite of a carelessness about dress, you could not mistake the fact that here was a successful man, probably a rich one.

Old Seuia, the sorcerer from the village, saw him go with regret. Seuia had been old when Kerry came to the island; nobody knew how old he might be now. He was a tall man, like Kerry, with Kerry's own capable and masterful look; with—in spite of age—a fire of personality alight in his thin carcass that bid fair to carry him over many a year yet. Seuia was a " white " sorcerer nowadays; he made charms for rain, for fair weather, to bring an erring wife or husband back, to make the crops in an infertile garden grow. Years past he had made black magic; that was before the government of a far-distant colony stretched out a hand to rule the islands, abolishing, in a gesture, murder, war, and blood vengeance. But Seuia kept much secret knowledge, and it was whispered that those he did not love in the island lived short and troubled lives.

On the other hand, those for whom he cared met with good luck in all their doings. It was said on the island that Seuia had cast a lucky spell upon Kerry, whom he loved as son, and because of this Kerry's nuts had grown so wonderful that all the world came to buy. . . . This brought Seuia much homage, and he accepted it, laughing, one supposes, in his clam-shell armlet, since, having no clothes, he was devoid of sleeves. Seuia had never heard of St. Luther Burbank, but he knew a good gardener; reckoned Kerry to be the best gardener of the world. And who can say he was not right?

KERRY had built a jetty of coral rock on the lee side of the island, a fine jetty, and he had a fine launch with the one and only engine in it (which is, of course, the engine that you yourself own). While he was waiting for his launch, standing on his jetty with his beautiful green and sapphire island standing up behind him all aflutter in the morning breeze, and the great steamer lying a little way off, ready to take him on board, Seuia came treading down the jetty, light on his feet as any one of his own grandsons. He was a fine figure there against the background of the flaming sea. His brown thin body that had never known the deforming restraint of clothes made one think of a faun grown gray, but not yet defeated by Time; still able to climb the hills, to play the reed pipes in the bed of the stream, to fight a satyr, or to chase a nymph through the brakes where no laurels grew, but only nutmeg, mango, and sweet-blossoming pandanus.



The servants scrambled up the stairs, shouting and exclaiming. Bobbett and the lawyer followed.

Seeing him, for the hundredth time Kerry found himself lamenting the absence of legend, of beautiful myth, from these most lovely islands and their peoples. Crude savage tales were all that one found here, where the

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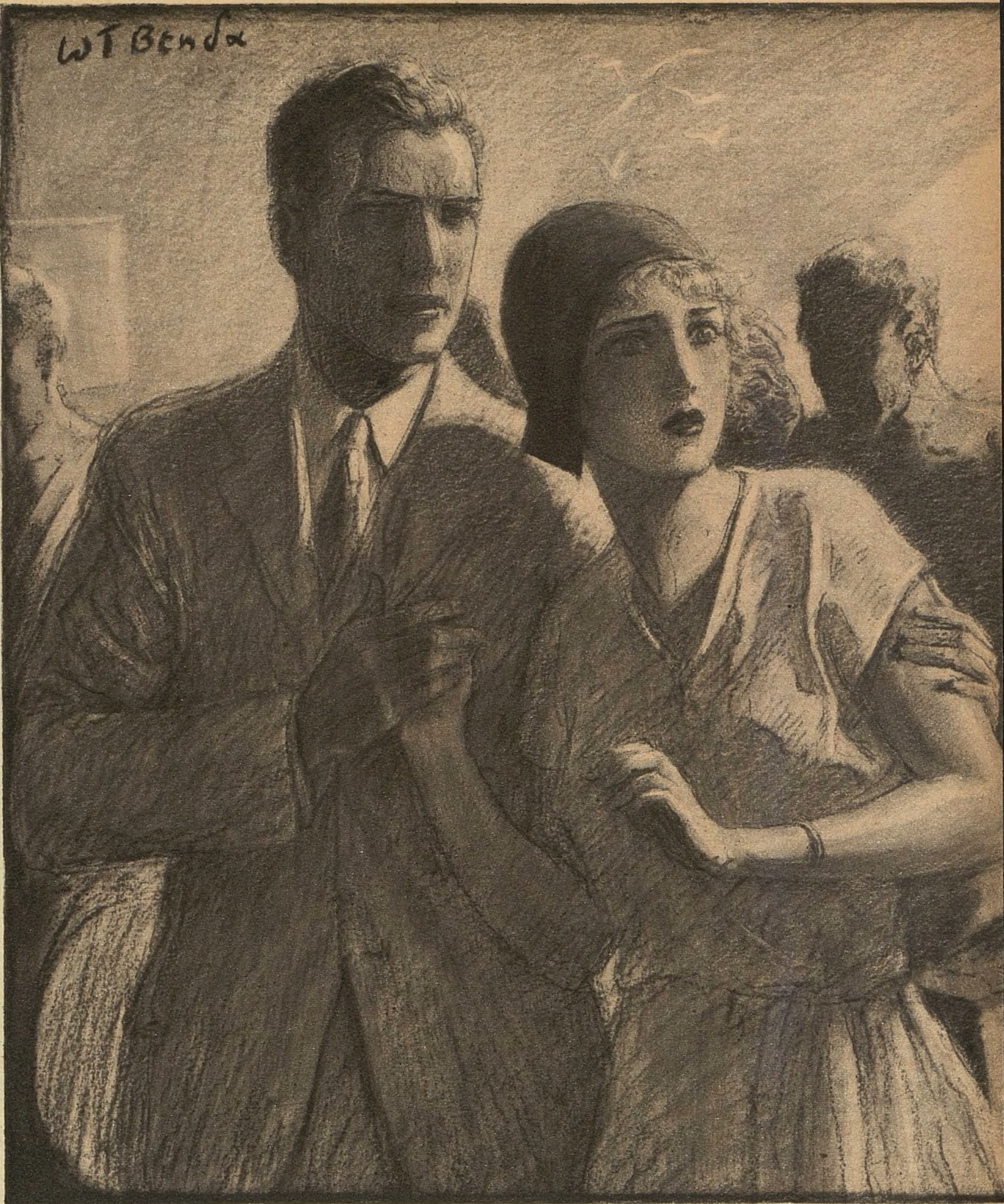
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, SMITH
Cont'd from page 7



The white woman—she was very white—screamed when she saw Seuia

beauty of nature was such that classic beauty paled before it; here among people who wore in their own bodies the ancient “glory that was Greece,” and knew it not. This faun grown old, this father of Milos and grandfather of Apollos and Mercurys, should have been the subject of a hundred poetic tales, meant to keep his memory green when at last they laid the worn-out body under the slabs of coral in the native graveyard. Yet he would pass, as the pigeons and the sea-going fulmars passed, and leave no more trace than they. . . .

SEUIA'S mind was bare of scholarship; he had not even muddied its clear stream with the a, b, abs, and the twice-two-fours of the mission school. He could not have understood Kerry's thought of him put into words, but, being a sorcerer and a wise old man, he read the substance of it as plainly as, perhaps, our own grandsons will do when they get wise enough to handle the waves of thought as now they handle light and sound. And being also entirely human, Seuia was pleased. He had very often been pleased with this blue-eyed, black-haired man who thought of others and gave the island folk a share in every good thing that he had. Besides, as one has said, he loved Kerry, which is a thing apart from merit.

“Chief,” he said, slipping a quid of betel nut into his cheek and speaking with lips that the drug had reddened till they were like the lips of a girl at a dance, “Chief, I don't feel happy about you.” He spoke the island language, familiar to Kerry.

“Yes, and why not?” answered Kerry, motioning to his house boys to wait a minute with the luggage. Kerry was always patient when you wanted to speak to him, no matter what his hurry.

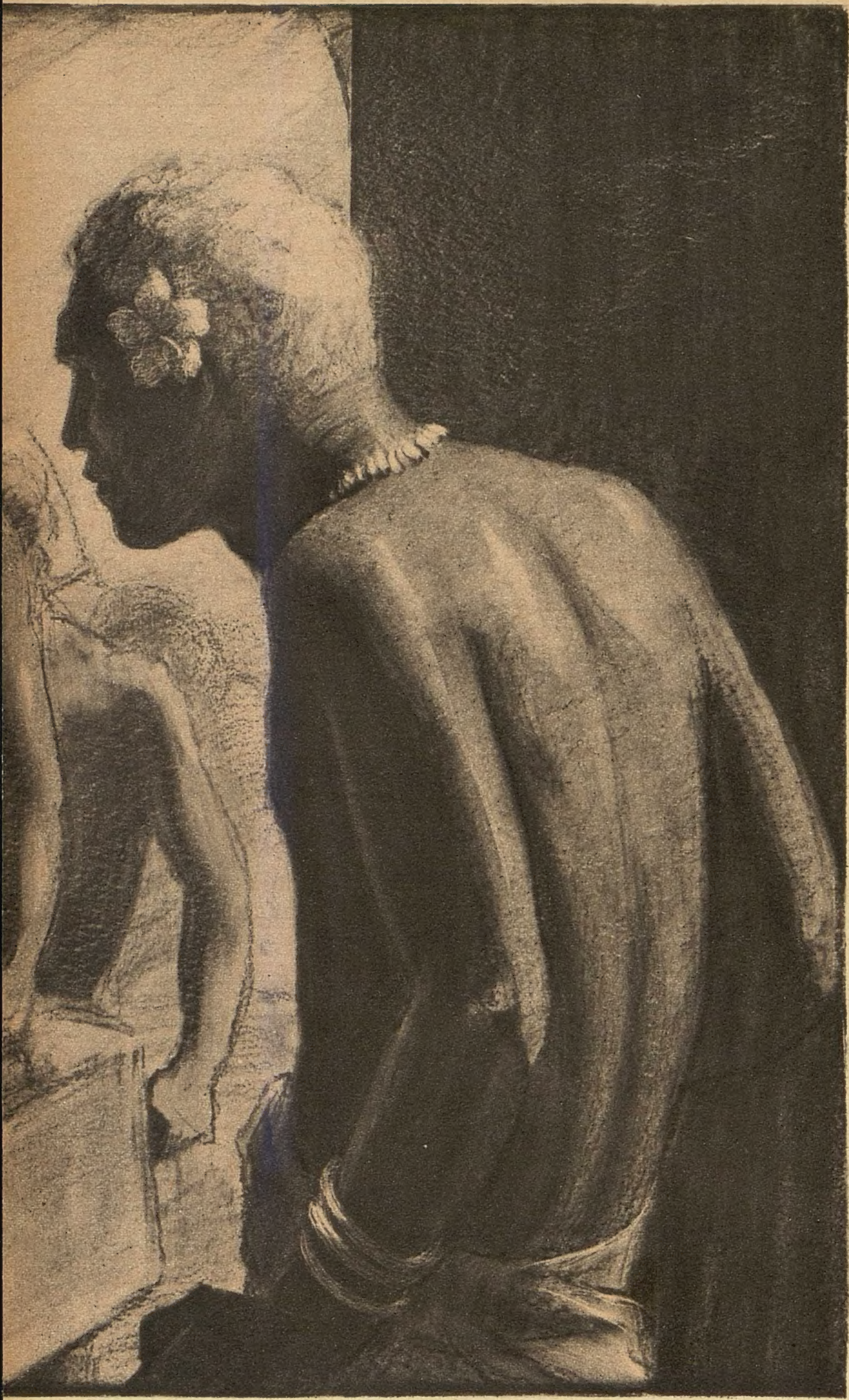
“I've had dreams,” said the old man. “I dreamed that I saw you coming back with a crocodile in your arms.” Crocodiles are not indigenous to Kerry's island, but time had been when a stray one was washed ashore from islands farther west, striking horror and fear into the hearts of the people, who would not, for months, go near the spot where the dead monster had been seen.

Kerry did not laugh.

“I don't like crocodiles any more than you do, my father,” he said. “I'll take care not to bring any home with me. I'll bring something good for you instead. There are a great many good things in Sydney town.”

“Where the sago grows best, snakes lie,” said Seuia. “But,” dropping into commonplace, “I should like a white man's pipe from Sydney, and a large glass bottle of lollies with a great many colors and tastes, like those you give us at Christmas.”

“Very good,” answered Kerry. “It shall be done.



Kerry seemed to like pacifying her.

And now, my father, the steamer is calling out for me. Good-by."

There are some who would tell you that Seuia couched his prophecy in dark words, but that he knew all the time exactly what was coming, as an old man who had seen much of life might know, without being able to see the means of escape. Others would say that he had simply supped too well on the night before the steamer came, and dreamed what he did dream, much as you or I might dream about wild bulls and crashing cars, following on an aldermanic banquet.

IT is true, however, that when Kerry Smith landed from the steamer three months later with a lady on his arm, Seuia was seen to spit upon the ground and heard to say something about the things that blew in with the tide from other islands, which ought, if God were really on His job, to have been sunk before they made mischief for decent people. Seuia was not pious; sorcerers, black or white, seldom are.

Nevertheless he commanded his countenance and went down the jetty to meet the newcomer, wearing a really beautiful whale-tooth necklace and several dozen bracelets of boar ivory, besides a grave expression and one flower in his ear.

The white woman—she was very white, with silver-gold hair and gray eyes sooty-rimmed—screamed when she saw Seuia and had to be pacified. Kerry seemed to like pacifying her. She was not fat enough to please Seuia and his kin, but she was very good-looking otherwise, and she glanced at Kerry in a way that every dark creature on the island, from seventy years to seven, saw and understood. Seuia, perhaps, understood a little more.

"She is a love-woman," he said to his last-but-one young wife, wrinkling his aged nose and using the word in the worse of its two senses. And the wife—ready to be jealous of this new importation, who would certainly take up much of the chief's attention, and perhaps egg him on to ask what became of the extra tea and sugar—the wife said in native, "You bet!"

Nevertheless, Kerry had remembered the sweets and the pipe.

FOR a while there was great happiness on the island. Kerry, crazily in love with the beautiful thing he had picked up, like a stray pearl, upon one of Sydney's pleasure beaches, went singing to his work in the cocoanut nurseries; came running like a lad back to the great white house of coral in the evenings. Jasmine, his new wife, seemed to be delighted with the place. She was a sensuous creature, who went into cries of ecstasy over new scents of flower and tree, flavors of fruits hitherto unknown; declared that there was no drink on earth like the aërated, delicately sweet green water of the growing cocoanut; swooned, almost, over the unbelievable beauty of the sunsets, seen flaming red through the black trunks of trees with a sea of rose jacinth spread before.

She told Kerry of the aching desire for a real home which had pursued her ceaselessly through weeks and months of boarding house or hotel. "Home! Home!" she said, with the green shadows of the mango trees falling across her ivory face and making it paler still. "There's no word like it. If I thought that I should ever have to leave this lovely place, I think my heart'd break."

"Why should you have to leave it, sweetheart?" Kerry asked her. They were standing in the archway of the door that led into the living rooms of Kerry's home; about them rose the three-foot-thick coral walls that gave such an air of safety and permanency to the place. Tuberose and stephanotis and gold-cupped allamanda, all differently sweet, climbed wreathing about the pillars that held up the arch. Jasmine looked about her and caught him by the arm.

"All so safe, so lovely," she said, "but, Kerry, I'm so young, and you—"

Tactfully she paused. He needed no such reminder. Often, already, he had worked the melancholy sum in subtraction that marks off the years of happiness a man must miss. Twenty-five from forty-six left twenty-one. Forty-five years they would have had together, if he'd been the same age, or near it; maybe, with luck, they might have half of it now, but what would the last half of that half be worth to him?

She was going on. "I love the place so much that I'd like to be sure of it, even if I had to live here some day

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, SMITH
Continued from page nine]

alone. You'd always be here, for me." She pressed her mouth against his.

"What's the trouble?" he asked her, when he had let her go. "Who'd take it from you?"

She answered with directness. "You haven't made your will since you were married."

"I never made one at all!"

"That was right before. But—is it just to me—now?"

"Why, Jess, you'd get everything!"

"Oh, would I?" she said with sudden sharpness. "And you told me yourself you'd brothers at home!"

Kerry, a little bewildered, answered her: "They wouldn't bother. I suppose they don't know I'm alive." He was extraordinarily modest about his growing fame. "But if you feel uneasy, I'll make my will the very next time we go south."

"Why not make it now, and let the steamer people witness it when the boat comes in next week?"

"I shouldn't know how."

"But your little Flower knows. Dearest, I had to work in an office before we found each other—in a lawyer's office." (The people who had known Jasmine in her last incarnation would have been extremely surprised to hear this.) "And I remember some of the things they did. I'll try and write it out for you."

The day the steamer was due she brought him a paper beautifully written. "I found I couldn't manage the will after all," she said. "Wills, you know, are tricky things; complicated. I wrote something quite simple; just a little deed of gift, from you to me. When that's witnessed, it will be safer than any will, and, of course, it means the same."

Kerry was no lawyer; never a practical man, except among his beloved cocoanuts. He glanced over the paper that Jasmine had prepared. It read pleasingly; it even had a pretty clause about his making over the ownership of the place to her on account of the "love and affection" that existed between them. "Very sweet," he said, not knowing that Jasmine had copied the form out of a law book, including the love, and memorized it till she was sure of every word.

"All right?" she asked him. He did not notice that her breath came quickly, as if with excitement or fear.

"Right as rain," he assured her. "We'll get them to witness it tomorrow."

Steamer day in all the Pacific islands is a day of hard work and hectic excitement. Jasmine's deed was signed in the midst of a hurry-scurry of landing cargo, reading mails and answering them, shipping seed cocoanuts, and seeing visitors. The second mate and a passenger witnessed Kerry's signature. Hurried as they all were, the officer noticed that the document was folded up so that nothing but the signatures could be seen, and that Jasmine was more than a little nervous over it. He remembered certain things observed on the voyage up from Sydney with the bride and bridegroom. He remembered, too, that he had seen the bride under other circumstances and in other places, concerning which he had, wisely, held his tongue. And he wondered in his simple sailor way "what the little (bad word) was up to now."

BUT the anchorage was none too good and they had to clear before dusk. And, anyhow, it was none of his business. Never would have been. "It takes a man who knows 'em," he said, congratulating himself as he hurried back to the ship.

Now they were left alone again, and, strange to say, Jasmine began to change. She was still loving, but there was a flavor of bitterness in her love; she seemed, at times, to be reproaching Kerry with something never exactly defined; something that he ought to have known and didn't. She spoke less and less of the beauty of the island, more of the beauties and comforts of city life. She said that her heart was weak and that the climate tried it. When Kerry asked her if she wanted a change to Sydney, she declared unconvincingly that she did not. She loved the island; never wanted to leave it. But she feared that he had not allowed himself enough change during the past years. He mightn't know it, but he was suffering from solitude, lack of civilized delights. "It does a man good," she said, "to go to a show or two and a nice picture, and see the shops, and have restaurant dinners, ah! and get drunk too, once in a way. All that. And go to the races and put a bit on a horse."

"I never cared for any of those things," protested Kerry.

"Then you'd ought to, or you aren't half a man," she declared. Kerry stared at her as if he couldn't understand. This wasn't Jasmine, surely!

He told himself, later, that she meant well; was only thinking of his good. "Most women have those silly ideas," he thought. "They all know what's good for a man so much better than he does himself. Or think they do." And he remembered certain incidents of the past, when girls had "taken an interest" in him, wanted to know about his socks and his meals, told him, languishingly, that he ought to come to Sydney oftener than once in two or three years. That kind of thing had always frightened him. It seemed to threaten him with something. He didn't quite know what, but, anyhow, something to be feared. As for Jasmine, before their marriage there hadn't been a peep out of her about dinners and socks and what was "good for" a man.

"I expect she knew too much," whispered, from the depths of Kerry's being, a little sneering voice that he had never heard before. He was shocked at the little voice, which did not seem to him to be his own.

NEVERTHELESS, when he came back to his coral house after a long walk through the bush, he had brought himself to recognize that things on the island had changed, were changing. Jasmine was discontented. Well, that was a trouble familiar to the island world. From Ducie to the Barrier Reef, if only one could hear it, the skies rang to the complaints of bored and fretful wives. From Cairns to Launceston the towns were full of grass widows gayly spending money made far off by the deserted men with whom, "forsaking all other," they had vowed to stay. Jasmine, whom he loved, was such another. Well? He did love her.

She should have what she wanted; half of it, at all events. He could not leave his island and the miracle he had worked there; that was his very life. But she, if she liked, might do as the other wives did; go away and stay away till her love of cities was sated and she wanted to come back again. His home was not a prison.

As for her heart, the trouble, he thought, was chiefly nerves. She could always do what she wanted to do.

Jasmine accepted the offer with gratitude. She only wished to go for a little while, she said. She would come back—oh, ever so soon, sooner than he thought, perhaps. And while they waited for the steamer, she kept on dropping hints, hints that seemed all of them to have the same spring and origin—a desire to drag him away. He would be happier in Sydney, if he only knew it. It would be better for him. He had money enough to live on; why not enjoy life?

Arguments that might have convinced another man, but that to Kerry, bent on unraveling yet another secret of another wonderful tree, were idle as the winds blowing down the beach. Good for him! Who knew what was good for him, save himself?

She went away, kissing him hotly as they parted on the deck of the boat, and swearing that she would not know a happy minute until she returned to the island. And the steamer whistled for the third time, and the bell rang, and Kerry went ashore.

He met Seuia, coming up from the lagoon with a fish spear in one hand and a string of many-colored fish dangling from the other. "Good sport?" he asked him. Seuia, looking in the master's face, answered, "Good, but I've seen queer things in the water."

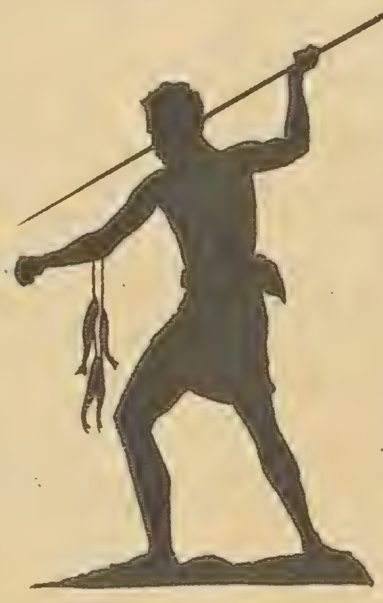
"What?" asked Kerry, who knew that the old man professed to divine the future from the signs of sky and sea.

Seuia shook his head. “ One mustn't let shadows frighten the fish,” he answered.

“ You old villain,” said Kerry, “ what mischief are you up to now? ” He clapped him on one brown sinewy shoulder. He liked Seuia; often took amusement from the old man's naïve conjuring, meant to bring rain or ward off serpent bites.

“ I am very old,” declared Seuia, making his eyes look dead, yet staring, like the eyes of a stranded octopus. “ I don't see much. But what I see, I see. Chief ”—with a sudden change of tone—“ have you got any more of those lollies, the ones with red and white stripes, that make the mouth hot and cool together? ”

“ Lots,” said Kerry. “ Come on up to the house.”



Seuia grinned behind his back. “ She ” had told him, last time he came, that the master's lollies were all done. She was a fool, like all white women. The chief knew better how to treat the biggest sorcerer of the islands.

And he, Seuia, knew how to treat the chief. Yes!

It was, as Jasmine had predicted, not very long before she returned. Kerry made a habit of meeting every boat, on principle, but he certainly had not hoped to see his wife back by the return steamer. Yet there she was when the Tangaroa cast anchor, leaning over the ship's rail far above the plantation launch as it bobbed on the incoming swell, smiling and flapping her handkerchief, and looking sweeter far than even Kerry's thoughts of her. How could he, he wondered, have done without her for three months?

She had a ship friend with her, a stocky elderly business man in very good clothes. Mr. Bobbett (for such was his name) wanted to see over the plantation; would wait Mr. Smith's convenience; wasn't in any hurry. The ship was staying longer than usual this trip; there would be plenty of time.

Many people had wanted to see over the plantation, and Kerry had never refused. Commonly he sent a boss boy with them, his own time, on steamer days, being precious.

But the boss boy was not enough for Mr. Bobbett. Gazing at Kerry out of large round convex glasses that made his eyes look like the eyes of a fish, he explained his desires. He wished to have the system of the place explained. He would like to know how the fertilizing was done, where the nuts were marketed, what precautions were taken against inbreeding and disease—a hundred things. Kerry, for once, made time to take him. He thought Bobbett the most intelligent visitor who had ever called at the place; he really enjoyed talking to him. Nevertheless, for some unknown reason, he did not like the fellow.

Bobbett's bald head, when he took off his helmet to mop a streaming brow, was so very bald. His glassy eyes were so very fishlike. Really, one couldn't take to a fellow who looked hardly human.

MAKING conversation, as they passed from one plot to another, Kerry asked casually, “ Are you any connection of the great Bobbett? ”

The stranger made no modest apologies; did not pretend to misunderstand. “ That's myself,” he said.

Another man would have started or exclaimed. Kerry said only, “ How do you like being a millionaire? ” and bent to look at the shoot of a sprouting nut.

“ I like it,” was Mr. Bobbett's answer, given with consideration, as something of value. He said nothing more until they had finished with the cocoanuts, and were walking on a coral rock causeway through a group of noble sagos, trees that made even the lovely cocoanut look frail and foolish; trees that spread under the sky a canopy magnificent as the vaulted roof of some great church; sifted the sun through panes of living emerald, more splendid than the window lights of Chartres or Lincoln.

Then he said, poking with his stick at the moist ground below the palms, “ What you want this mucky place for? ”

“ I hope,” answered Kerry modestly, “ to do for the sago what I've done for the cocoanut—if I live long enough.”

“ Money in that? ”

“ Some, perhaps. Not like the cocoanut, of course.’

“ No. Not in the oil group. What d'ye want to do it for? ”

“ I don't think I could make you understand,” said Kerry coolly. The millionaire did not seem to feel the snub; doubtless he supposed, charitably, that no one could really mean to be rude to millionaires. He changed the subject.

“ Why don't you realize? ” he asked abruptly.

Kerry's eyes expanded like the eyes of a frightened horse. The wind of some unknown peril seemed to blow across his mind. Realize!

“ You mean sell? ” he answered, keeping hold of himself. “ I shouldn't think of it.”

“ Well, think! The place could be run by any little botanist nowadays, with a good business man to twist his tail and keep'm goin'.”

“ Perhaps you don't know that the Moonlight Soap people—and others—were after my place years ago, and that I wouldn't consider it.”

“ Copra,” said Mr. Bobbett, as if he had not heard, “ is goin' down. Expenses must be cut in future. This place of yours don't do all it might in the hands of a proper combine. You'd better sell.”

Pictures rushed through Kerry's mind; pictures of a roaring mechanized world, clatter of gears, honking of horns, people talking incessantly about tires and cylinders and magnetos. Planes that went by like screaming dragons. Power drills that tore your ears. Telephone bells never ceasing. “ Hallo! Hallo! Wrong number. Ring again. Tell him to call at. . . . Trrrr —Hallo! ” The air full of radio—political speeches, saxophone solos, bits of news, falling on you from heaven like the overflow of gutters in a storm. Robots doing the work. . . .

There is nothing left today
But steel and fire and stone.

NO! No! Not on his island. Here there was the age-long sound of the Pacific creaming on the sand; the rainy whispering of leaves; sunlight that fell like a benediction into still sanctuaries of green, where nothing stirred but the wings of dreaming butterflies. There was work, there was honor, but there was, above and beyond all these, Peace.

“ I think,” said Kerry Smith, speaking with passion, “ that it would kill me to go. I'll never sell.” But the cold wind still blew across his mind.

It increased to a gale when Mr. Bobbett, putting a stalk of marsh grass between his lips, said carelessly, “ Well, we'll hope that's all punk, because your wife has sold the place to me. As good as.”

The sagos, the swamp, the falling sunlight, all reeled together in a crazy dance before Kerry's eyes. He never thought, “ She has sold the plantation.” He thought, “ She has sold me.” And, in a moment of horrible illumination, he realized more. “ She meant it all along.”

Yes. She had always meant to get him away; make him “ realize,” as this creature said, and spend the results. She'd tell him, when he went back to the house, that it was good for him. She would go over all the old arguments about not letting yourself rust, about keeping up with the procession, doing as other people did, and the rest of it. She would fully believe it all. Jasmine, like most women where their interests were in question, could make herself believe anything. But all the time she simply wanted the money. And he—he had signed that fatal deed of hers; he couldn't stop her.

What was the fool in the silk suit saying? “ As good as. Yes. I don't buy pigs in pokes; I had to see the place. But I may say I am satisfied. Yes. Price prac-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, SMITH
Continued from page eleven

tically agreed on. Only to make out the transfer. Lawyer on the boat. Yes. Fix it all up after breakfast tomorrow. Don't chew the rag about it, Smith. Have one of my cigars, and let's talk the matter over like business men. It's all for your good, you know."

"Damn my good!" shouted Kerry, and flung the offered cigar into the swamp.

The Irish half of him was uppermost now. He would have given five years of his life for the right to punch Bobbett's fat bald head, but you couldn't fight a fellow so soft, so much older than yourself. You could leave him behind, though, and hope he'd drown in the swamp. You could take your own way, flying, from stone to stone, burst out beyond the sago forest, and make, swift as a migrating lemming, to the sea.

There was nobody on the long beach—nobody, that is, except old Seuia, fishing in the cool of afternoon. One did not count him; he was a piece of the landscape, like the running sea snipes and the stark pandanus bushes that dropped above the sand. Kerry, panting as if he had run a league instead of a few hundred yards, flung himself down on the beach and began scraping at the sand with his fingers. Jasmine! Jasmine! He had loved her; he could have killed her now.

Slowly old Seuia came up the long stretch of sun-dazzled shore, wading in the water with spear poised and attention seemingly fixed upon his sport. He did not see Kerry as he passed—or, at least, did not appear to do so. Kerry jumped up and went after him. His old friend would understand.

"Seuia," he panted, "they've sold the island."

"She has?" was Seuia's answer. He did not seem much moved.

"That fat man who came ashore has bought it."

Seuia grunted, pulled a small fish off his spear.

"It means that he'll take it, and I'll go away, and never come back. They'll make it hell for all of you." He wanted to make Seuia suffer. He wanted to make anything suffer. He was glad to see the fish flapping on the sand. "Let it die," he thought. "Why shouldn't it take its turn?"

"That is bad," said Seuia dispassionately, by and by.

He seemed to be much more occupied in following the movements of a neighboring shoal than in listening to Kerry.

"They're going to 'make the paper' tomorrow morning, and after that I'll just be a caretaker till the new owner's man comes up. I can't believe it. I—"

"Look, chief," interrupted Seuia, always with the same cool lazy manner. "You're excited. When men are excited, they sometimes do bad things. I have lived long. I know. Now, you come away with me to the little island, and stay there till the boat's gone. It will be best for everyone."

"I CAN'T face her tonight! I can't—"

"Yes. We'll go to the small island and look for turtle. It's just the night for turtle, chief. You know, when they—"

"I must get back before they finish the job."

"Yes, chief, you must get back before they finish the job. I'll leave these fish with my wives, and come to you, if you wait here."

With aggravating slowness he waded a little farther, speared a couple more fish, and put them on his string. Then he left the water and turned inland. He did not go immediately to the houses of his wives. First, he plucked a few long lemon thorns and put them in his sorcery bag; then he sat down, carefully dissected out certain small glands from one of the fish he had caught, and threw away the rest. Afterwards, he made a round past the special banana patch that supplied the house, plucked one of the best fruits, and slipped away into a quiet corner of the bush.

When he came out again, the scraps of fish were gone; the lemon thorns were burned; and he had washed his hands with care. In one of them he carried a banana, clean and unopened. There were a few small black specks upon it. These, of course, are the proofs of ripeness in a banana, which is the safest of all fruits to eat, if you fear infection or impurity. Sealed in its perfect covering, it is naturally sterilized, so everyone will tell you.

Seuia's last wife but two, a discreet elderly woman, was gardening outside the huts. She came to him as he beckoned. He spoke to her for a minute or so, and as he spoke, she grew yellow-pale and trembled like a spray of the never-still casuarina.

"I promise. I promise," she whispered. "Don't frighten me so; you would never do such things to me."

"I would do more," he said into her ear, "if you ever—"

"I promise. I swear. Never. Not a word." She looked at him with jaw falling open and white-circled eyes.

"With the cup of tea, as usual."

"With the cup of tea, as—" She found herself speaking to the empty forest. Seuia was gone.

MRS. KERRY-SMITH lay late next morning. No one was surprised. It is understood, in the Islands, that steamer day leaves everyone in a state of collapse. Work went on as usual, and the two guests, the lawyer and Mr. Bobbett, were served with breakfast, which included several magnificent bananas. They ate them, and commented on the size of the fruit. "Another of Smith's improvements," suggested Bobbett. "He's a genius, that man, but all the same it's time he gave way to someone who's got more commercial sense."

Mr. Bobbett and the lawyer, not being islanders, and not finding themselves in any way fatigued by the arrival of the steamer, became impatient after breakfast. "We can't keep the boat all day," said Bobbett. "Send someone up to wake her."

They sent a discreet middle-aged woman, Seuia's last wife but two, who had already taken up Mrs. Kerry's morning cup of tea. She had barely entered the room when she loosed off a succession of screams, all loud and all alike. The servants scrambled up the stairs, shouting and exclaiming. Bobbett and the lawyer followed.

They found Mrs. Kerry Smith lying on her bed, quite dead and nearly cold. Beside her there was a three-parts empty cup of tea, and the skin of one of Kerry's prize bananas.

When the hubbub had subsided, the lawyer took possession of the dregs of tea, pouring them carefully into an empty soda-water bottle. "Natives are jealous," he said knowingly to Bobbett, "and she's been three months away from her husband. We'll see about this."

He brought the bottle on board, but the ship's doctor, tasting, testing, and sniffing, could find nothing wrong. "I'll take it south," he said. "All the same, I don't expect to find anything. She'd rather a weak heart, and I reckon it had been a tiring day. Was there no food about?"

"Nothing but a banana."

"Can't poison that. Island people like their fruit served unbroken—native paws, you know. Anything wrong with the kind of the fruit?"

"We ate some ourselves."

"Just so. Well, I don't see that there's any reason for an autopsy—only upsets people—and I can certify to the weakness of the heart. Where's Smith himself?"

"He left me yesterday afternoon; went over to another island; hasn't returned yet, they say."

. . . . .

Kerry, paddling hard behind the brown back of Seuia, was even at that moment nearing the beach behind the sago swamp. "Hurry up," he panted. "We're later than I thought. I must get back before the infernal thing is signed."

"Chief," said Seuia, striking his paddle into the foam, "I can promise you that you will be there before it is done."

THE END

You really should see my morning mail

It's full of exciting stories from girls about their complexions Be sure to read this letter

This letter from a ranch in New Mexico is just one of the dozens of warm, friendly letters I get every day from girls who read these Camay articles of mine. It's so *especially* interesting that I want to read it to all of you.

"If any one ever had a chance to try Camay out it has been I," the writer declares. "For I was raised in the east where there are few winds and only mild sunshine and an abundance of clear, soft water.

"Six years ago I came out here to live. I found high winds, continued sunshine, and alkali water to contend with."

You can imagine what difficulties this brought to a skin that was, my correspondent tells me, the fragile pink-and-white kind.

She tried one soap after the other, "often," she says, "paying high prices for them. But not one seemed to agree with my skin. Someone advised me to quit soap and use only cleansing cream. I tried that, but never felt really *clean*.

"I was almost in despair—when a friend gave me a cake of Camay. I tried it and the results were wonderful. Almost at once my complexion regained its former color and softness."

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered for herself about Camay and her own complexion is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of complexions.

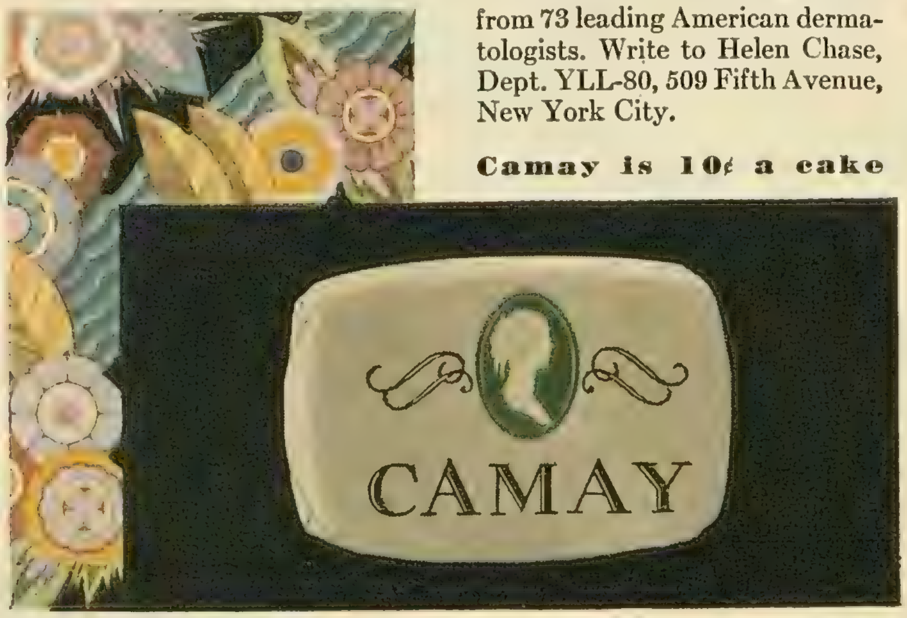
If you remember my earlier Camay articles (and I'm just vain enough to think *maybe* you will!), you'll recall that these physicians who have specialized in skin care and treatment are most enthusiastic in their scientific approval of Camay. They said, in effect, "Camay is gentle and unusually mild. It is the kind of soap we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

So, if a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already the most important item in your daily routine, don't deprive yourself for another minute of the smoothest, creamiest, gentlest care in the whole complexion world.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-80, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay is 10¢ a cake



Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap—[called Calay in Canada]

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Long life . . . YES! because of its big car design

Big car design makes the Pontiac Big Six a smart-looking car and a brilliant performer. And what is more, it makes Pontiac an automobile which will serve you exceptionally long and exceptionally well.

Pontiac's big engine, the largest in any six at the price, is designed to develop top road speed and maximum power at the moderate engine speed which prevents excessive wear and strain. Furthermore, the engine has big, bronze-backed main bearings and a big car system of full pressure lubrication. As a result of these features you can drive for hours at high speed, day after day, without fear of overtaxing the power plant.

Throughout the car there are many other examples of the design which enables Pontiac to serve you so long and so well. For instance, the big, sturdy transmission and rear axle—the rigidly cross-membered frame—and the unusually strong wood-and-steel bodies by Fisher. Advantages like these give the Pontiac Big Six a length of life unapproached in any car of equally low price.

Available in seven body types. Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges. . . . Oakland Motor Car Company.

Write for an interesting booklet which describes the design of the Pontiac Big Six

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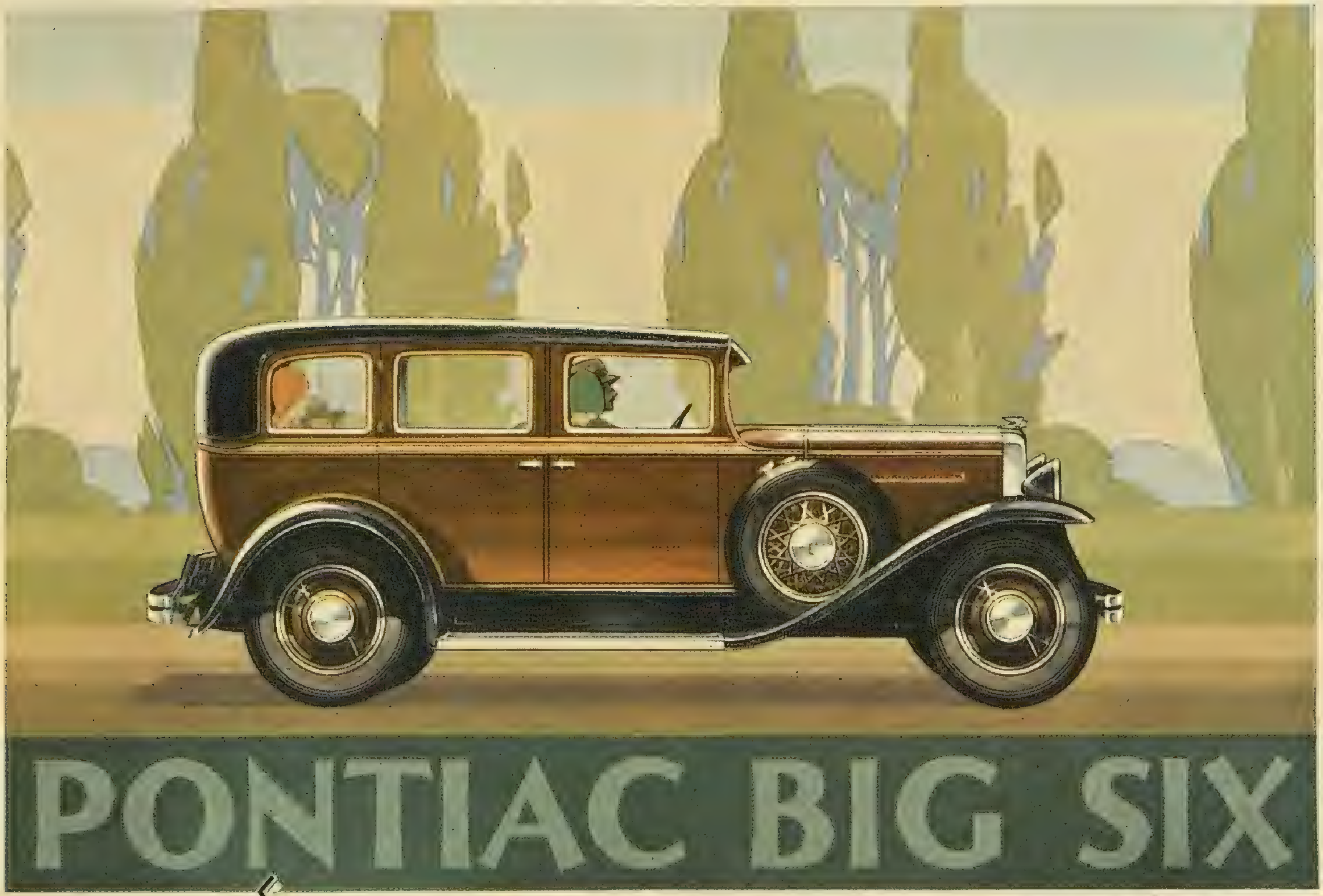


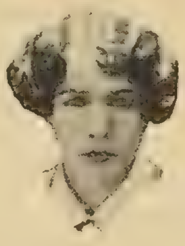
The Custom Sedan · Body by Fisher

A FAMOUS NAME
... A FINER CAR

JANET GAYNOR as Diane and Charles Farrell as Chico in Seventh Heaven.

Janet Gaynor

A Hollywood Idyll and Its Heroine



By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

who was born, grew up, and still lives in the vicinity of the west coast motion-picture center. Having begun as a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper, she has written fiction for magazines, as well as life stories of Hollywood celebrities, and a number of screen plays.

JANET GAYNOR is Romance.

As Garbo is Mystery, as Bow is Sex, so Gaynor is Romance.

She loves it, lives it, creates it. Her mind is filled with it and belief in it is her religion.

But it isn't the Valentine's Day romance which might be expected from the insipid ingénue Janet Gaynor has been painted.

She'd throw her cap over the windmill, follow a mad adventure into any danger, gamble any sort of safety and security, for the romance of which poets have sung. Maybe some day she will. It wouldn't surprise anyone who really knows her.

The Gaynor tradition that has gone out, founded upon her youth and smallness, her reticence, and the rôles she plays, pictures her as a demure and dovelike child.

The truth is different.

There is nothing dovelike nor demure about Janet Gaynor. Her spirituality, her ethereal charm, come from her romantic dreams and from her amazing innocence. For she is innocent. Like the boy Chico in that picture which made her famous around the world, Seventh Heaven, she walks the world with her eyes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JANET GAYNOR
Continued from page fifteen

always up and refuses to see or to recognize evil, violence, ugliness. They don't interest her and she ignores them.

But there is a fire in Gaynor. Her whole nature is deeply impassioned. And reckless. Tommy, the little gray-haired Englishwoman who is Janet's guide, philosopher, and best friend, told me that Janet has wings, but that there is a little devil inside of her.

When she said that I looked carefully at Janet Gaynor.

Perhaps I had expected to find this small idol of millions of movie fans dressed in pastels and ruffles, seated demurely with folded hands and an uplifted expression.

Instead, she was wearing a pair of dirty white duck sailor pants and a sweat shirt that had seen better days. Her brown ankles were bare and her tiny feet, in old tennis shoes, were curled one about the other. The thick red curls were in wild confusion, blown by the wind, for she had just come in from a run on the sands. Without make-up, her skin is brown and there are multitudes of little-boy freckles scattered over her impudent nose. The dark eyes—almost black—are restless, eager, terribly alive.

She sat cross-legged on a red and green leather cushion and stared out at the ocean, which was covered with whitecaps clear to the horizon.

"I love the ocean better than anything," she said, in her light, breathless voice. "I love the storms, but I love it best when it is hot and blue. Why does it make me feel so strong? I love the ocean and the sun and hot places. I'd like to be a beach comber and just lie in the hot sand all day and sleep out at night where I could see the stars and hear the sea pounding.

"Some day I want to go to all the hot places in the world—all the islands where there is always sunshine. I would love to do what the girl, Arden, did in your book, The Single Standard—go away on a boat with a man I loved and sail into all the wonderful, strange, hot places. What courage she had! To think of nothing but her love."

Not just what one expected of Janet Gaynor, that breathless, passionate little speech. But as I watched and listened, it came to me that she is not and will never be just Janet Gaynor. She strains ahead so. At twenty-three, there is strongly within her the woman she will be at thirty, at fifty. Unless I am mistaken, she will be more attractive, more worth while as time and experience give her power and depth.

At thirty, unless the machine of Hollywood forces her into the mold, unless too much adoration and babying from those about her still her spirit, Janet Gaynor should combine the romance which is her essential characteristic with all the mystery and sex and ruthlessness of Garbo and Bow together.

Already she has lived a storybook romance.

P. & A. photo

Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck shortly before their marriage.

THE love story of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell is so strange a thing that Janet herself declares that no one believes in it. Everywhere the Farrell-Gaynor romance has been discussed and argued about. Columns have been written concerning it.

Audiences who saw these two young things in ideal romances on the screen imagined for them a real-life romance which would go on forever. In Hollywood it was generally accepted that they loved each other, that they belonged together.

Yet Janet Gaynor married Lydell Peck, a young man from San Francisco. And Charlie Farrell became the constant companion of the suave and lovely Virginia Valli.

All that was as unpopular as an unhappy ending to a love story. A wave of dissatisfaction swept into the studio via the enormous fan mail of both Farrell and Gaynor. Dramatic explanations of the unexpected dénouement were put forth and the four people concerned were cast in varying rôles.

In some of them, Lydell Peck was the heavy. With a whirlwind wooing and a vast fortune, he had swept innocent little Janet off her feet. He had practically kidnaped her and dragged her to the altar while poor Charlie wept his heart out. Janet had thrown Charlie over, and she would be very sorry—maybe she was already.

Some liked another version better. Virginia Valli, an older woman—Virginia is under thirty—Virginia had lured Charlie away from the innocent little girl who adored him. He had left Janet for this worldly-wise siren, and she had turned to the strong and silent young man of the West and had married him to save her pride and comfort her broken heart.

THERE was even a definite story that Charlie and Janet had quarreled, as young lovers will. In the midst of their misunderstanding, their hurt pride, each had sought someone else. And, 'twas said, after Janet married Lydell Peck she realized her mistake and tried to elope to Honolulu with Charlie, only somebody found out about it in time.

Of course all or any of those things are possible.

Anything is possible in the insanity of very young love.

Many lives have been ruined by misunderstandings and jealousies, by the hurt pride which youth still regards as important.

But somehow I don't believe any of them.

The real story is sweeter, more romantic. It belongs in Barrie, along with A Kiss for Cinderella and Mary Rose. I believe it is the true story of the famous Gaynor-Farrell romance. And the reason I believe it is because both Janet and Charlie swear to it and they seem to me too young and fine and sincere to look you in the eye and lie completely. They are too inexperienced in intrigue to deceive so cleverly—unless they have deceived themselves.

A few years ago, in Hollywood, there was a girl and a boy.

They were young, terribly young, not only in years but in experience. The girl was only seventeen, the boy was just past twenty.

She was the protected idol of a sweet and devoted mother and a very unusual stepfather. They called him "Jonesy," and Jonesy was a poet, who expressed all his idealism and poetry through his belief that his little daughter would one day be a great artist and bring beauty and joy to a waiting world.

The boy came from Cape Cod, from a quiet, clean, simple New England home. Back of him were generations of Puritan ancestors.

His training had included a great love of family, a belief in clean living and right thinking, a desire for and love of simplicity. All handed to him by a remarkable and beloved mother.

Both children were poor. They knew intimately the heartbreaking grind of trying to get into pictures. The embarrassment and shame of the casting office. The hope and bitter disappointment of extra work. Seven-fifty a day—some days—didn't go far to meet their strong young needs.

Together they were part of the great legion of the outsiders, the unknowns, waiting, hoping, trying. There were thousands of them then, there are thousands now. A few succeed. Oh, such a very few! The others drift away and their stories are overlooked as we salute success.

But it was bound upon the wheel of things that these two should succeed and together create an unforgettable poem. It was destined that they should awaken romance and a vision of pure young love that a world, perhaps a little sickened with sex and violence, should hail with joy. They—the slim, eager girl and the curly-haired boy—should come to represent Young Love to many who yearned, under cynicism and hard-boiled wisdom, for lost faith in just such things.

When Janet Gaynor, out of the extra ranks, and Charlie Farrell, just a green kid, were selected to play Diane and Chico in Seventh Heaven, they were as frightened, as overwhelmed, as any two kids could be.

Janet with her "lucky shoes," worn in Seventh Heaven and at least once in every picture since.

Little Gaynor was in a daze. Everyone, everything, was strange to her. The part was tremendous. The director was new. Nothing but the strong faith of Jonesy—as inexperienced as she was—held her up.

Charlie suffered then, as he suffers now, from an inferiority complex that is very winning but devastating to himself. He shook in his shoes and thought of running away from this great but terrible opportunity.

Quite naturally, they drew together. Their friendship was born of their need of each other.

To Charlie, Janet was just a little girl—and he wanted to keep her that way. Her innocence seemed so precious. Her startling ability to act made her more wonderful, but none the less a child.

When the big love scene in Seventh Heaven came, it was Charlie who had to explain to Janet just what it was all about and how they were going to play it. He and the director, Frank Borzage, talked it over for a week.

That scene—and no one who saw it has ever forgotten it—was originally supposed to be sex run rampant. That was the way it was written and that was the way Borzage intended to shoot it. But they knew that Janet didn't realize what the culmination of that scene was supposed to be, what the real emotion of Chico, urchin of the Paris streets, was.

"YOU tell her," said Charlie. "You're the director. You're older. It's your work to explain it to her."

"Not me," said Borzage. "We won't tell her. We'll just do it."

"If I start that and we haven't told her," said Charlie, "she'll sock me right in the nose."

In the end, Charlie tried haltingly to explain to this seventeen-year-old girl a scene of uncontrollable passion. She didn't know what he was talking about—and that was the reason the scene came out an ethereal and beautiful thing. Why, it made screen history.

Janet instinctively saw all Charlie's fears for himself, his inferiority, his nervousness. She began to mother him. He had no one else. She put aside her coquetry—for if ever there was a natural born coquette, it is Janet Gaynor—and gave him comfort and advice and encouragement from the well of feminine intuition and wisdom which is born into every real woman.

Side by side they fought their way up—and fought is the word. They fought each other, of course. Regular cat-and-dog battles. Farrell thought everyone around her yes-ed Gaynor too much. (Oddly enough, they always call each other and refer to each other by their last names. A rather significant fact, if you will remember it.) Because she was so little and so appealing, and surrounded so much by older people, he felt that she got babied more than was good for her.

So he told her the truth about everything in blunt boy fashion. Told her her faults, her mistakes, whenever he saw them.

Because she knew that Charlie didn't stand up for himself enough, she scolded him, fussed at him, stirred him up to demand his rights and not to let anyone put things over on him.

If they fought each other, they also fought for each other.

With Farrell in High Society Blues, the last picture in which they played together.

THERE are many tales on the Fox lot of how Janet Gaynor went on the warpath with the higher-ups if she felt Farrell wasn't getting an even break. If Winnie Sheehan or Sol Wurtzel so much as implied a criticism of Farrell in her presence the Gaynor red hair stood right on end.

It is also recorded that Farrell has walked right out of scenes because he didn't think they were directing Gaynor in the proper way or because he was getting the best of it.

Sometimes, usually when they weren't working, they got little crushes on each other, and drove out in Charlie's car to sit beside the moon-silvered ocean.

In a strange way, through their work, they became one.

When Jonesy died, after seeing his dreams come true, Janet was heartbroken. The man who had believed from the time she was a little thing and recited pieces in the parlor that some day she would be a great actress, the man whose faith in her had given her courage to forsake the stenographic work which she hated and gamble for a chance in pictures, had seen his own justification in Diane, and then his heart had failed him.

The girl couldn't cry. Those about her were frightened. He had been more, much more, to her than many blood fathers are to their daughters. Sometimes she felt that God had sent him, selected him to be her father in the true meaning of the word. His loss froze her. No tears, no words; just that white face and the hurt dark eyes.

But when Charlie came she rushed into his arms and began to sob, with all that emotional frenzy of which she is capable, "Oh, Farrell, he's gone! He's left me!"

Often they cried on each other's shoulders. But mostly they had fun. Such laughs over everything! Such confidences! Every day for years they lunched together in Janet's bungalow—before that at the studio counter. They shared every developing thought, every moment of growth. They loved each other dearly.

"There was nothing in the world I wouldn't have done for Farrell," Janet said, "and, I know, nothing in the world he wouldn't have done for me."

The world—the big world of their growing admirers and the little world of Hollywood—sat back and smiled. The romance of the screen was coming true. In the midst of divorce and free love and tragedy, a real love story had happened to Hollywood.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JANET GAYNOR
Continued from page seventeen

But—it didn't happen.

The great affection of these two didn't grow into man-woman love. It lacked something—something that must happen if two people are to marry. Somewhere along the road of those years together, while they grew so close, they had passed that moment which flames into a great passion.

Perhaps they knew each other too well.

"We never had much time for love-making, or necking, or anything," Charlie said boyishly. "When we were together we had so darn much that had to be talked about."

P. & A. photo

Virginia Valli in Escape.

Janet longed for romance. For mystery. For the prince to come riding. There wasn't much romance about Farrell, who told her so plainly when anything was wrong with her. There wasn't much mystery to the boy whom she had scolded and comforted in every situation. He couldn't come riding because he had always been there, part of her everyday life, with its trials and hard work.

Charlie loved Janet—still loves her, will always love her. But he says that it never seemed possible to him that he could take her as his wife. She was still the little girl, the pal who had always stood by him. He couldn't realize that she was a woman.

Perhaps if they had been older they might have seen that such perfect understanding and contentment and comradeship were romantic; might have realized how rare and how hard to find. But they didn't. They were young and their dreams were not like that.

They had played so many make-believe love scenes together, had kissed so often before the eyes of directors and cameramen and electricians, that there could be no thrilling first kisses, stolen kisses, for them. Every scene of love had been enacted already—in the hard glare of the spotlights.

They loved each other not quite as brother and sister, but in a sweet fashion of friends—a fashion which is seldom seen and less seldom believed.

"It just wasn't the marrying kind of love," Janet said quietly. "No one understands. No one believes us. But it is true. If Charlie went away, it would leave a great blank in my life. But—it wasn't romance.

"If we had wanted to marry, there wasn't anything to stop us. We had years alone together, with nothing to interfere. As far as personal interest was concerned, it was to our advantage to marry. It would have pleased everyone—the studio, the public. But—you can't marry just to please others.

"I wanted romance—and Charlie never did. That is, not all the time."

That is true. Charlie Farrell loves romance—but more in the abstract. If he fell terribly in love, I dare say he could be romantic. But, like the majority of men, he desires comfort and peace much more.

When he's working hard, he doesn't want to make whoopee or be romantic in the evening. He wants to go home and be quiet, like any other average, hard-working youth. He's a quiet, home-loving person, who adores his own fireside, his dog, his books, his pipe. He doesn't want to make any unnecessary effort about living.

SO things stood, until romance did come riding.

Janet had always had beaux. Mostly, they weren't in pictures. There were, literally, dozens of them. They besieged her for dates as any popular débutante or college belle is besieged.

Hers is the old-fashioned sweetness and coquetry whose appeal to the masculine heart never changes. Very recently, girls have realized something of that, and it has become the fashion once more to be feminine, to lengthen dresses and hair, soften language and conduct. The pendulum has begun its inevitable swing back, for the chief end of woman is man, and in her heart she knows it. And she has seen that the feminine is the surest means toward that end.

Little Gaynor always knew it.

The modest and sweet demeanor was always there, seasoned with gayety, spiced with a bit of temper and a bit of imperious charm. Her little frocks were always long and delicately draped. The pretty curls were long enough to fall in clusters about her ears. The lashes drooped and came up suddenly to reveal a hint of deviltry in the black eyes. Gaynor had—and dramatized—the utterly feminine girl appeal that never goes out of fashion.

In the midst of the flappers, the frank and slightly boyish girls about her, she was a breath of that heaven which men knew when they were lords of creation. The simple art of harmless flirtation was hers. Naturally, there was sex back of it all, but it wasn't flaunted.

It went over big—very big. Perhaps—since no one has yet been able to estimate the influence of the screen upon the millions who look upon it—perhaps the startling success of Janet Gaynor had something to do with the return of girls to being girls again.

ANYWAY, Janet Gaynor had her many beaus, and went about with them to dance and to dine and to theaters, and loved Charlie Farrell in her way, until one day young Lochinvar appeared out of the sky in an airplane.

It came about this way:

Bill Howard, the well known director and one of her best friends, telephoned her from San Francisco. He and his wife were up there and they had met a fine young man whose one desire in life was to meet Janet Gaynor. If he came down on Saturday, would Janet go with him and Mr. and Mrs. Howard to the Mayfair?

Janet was going to the Mayfair with Charlie Farrell. In fact, she hadn't a free night for ten days—except that very night. She laughed a little and said she was sorry.

But she didn't laugh long.

Mr. Lydell Peck said he would be down that evening—it was then noon—and take her to dinner. He chartered a special plane and flew from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

San Francisco is different from most American cities of today. It has still a well established social order. A society more exclusive and certainly more brilliant than that of most cities. And, incidentally, an inner circle that is difficult in the extreme to crash.

Janet had gone to Polytechnic High School in that city. She had never belonged socially. There were little dance clubs at high school, small sets which imitated the Junior League. And most girls wished that they might belong to that gay and brilliant inner circle. They looked a little wistfully upon the poised, exquisite girls who went from one party to another wearing lovely gowns and jewels, surrounded by well groomed, casual young men. That world looked so gay and easy, so full of all those things which seem to belong by right to girlhood.

Lydell Peck belonged to that world by right of birth, money, and personal popularity. He had the casual ease, the well groomed look, of its members. He was the kind of man Janet had wondered about and dreamed about when as a little high-school girl it wasn't easy to find the money for a simple party frock for school affairs.

More than that, he was older than most of the boys she had been going around with. Not handsome, but tall and strong, with a sensitive face and a determined jaw. A well balanced and highly trained mind.

Tommy, who perhaps has been with Janet more and knows her better than anyone, says Janet fell in love that first night. She came home as excited as only a young girl can be. She's like a pretty little squirrel anyway, in her swift, cunning movements. She's as excitable and enthusiastic as Jack Gilbert. Red hair—black eyes—what do you expect?

A year later she married Lydell Peck.

That year was a tempestuous one. Lydell was an

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in a scene from High Society Blues.

ardent wooer, a devoted suitor. Every whim she had was gratified, every wish she expressed was granted. No girl could have dreamed of anyone more romantic, more thoughtful in all those thousand and one little things that mean so much to girls. Nor of anything more flattering than his belief that she was some goddess strayed into this world by mistake, a goddess without one fault or blemish.

The busy, trying life of a screen star had taken a great deal from the natural girlhood of Janet Gaynor. At seventeen she began hard, difficult work.

Girl friends were an impossibility. She had no time. She couldn't go to lunches or teas or play bridge. She liked boys much better anyway. So she sacrificed the kind of good times that girls have together. Her social life had necessarily been limited. There are many, many people in Hollywood whom Janet has never met.

Irene Mayer, the daughter of Louis B. Mayer, was her one intimate friend. And her idol, Mary Pickford, had always been kind to her.

Lydell Peck seemed to open so many new doors to her. And with it all he comprehended the strange exigencies of motion pictures.

ALSO, they were separated a great deal. He was practicing law in San Francisco and his father had big business interests there. He would take a plane and come down to spend one evening with her. There were always long-distance telephone calls, flowers, letters, telegrams, unexpected gifts. And longed-for visits, after weeks apart.

Here were all the panorama and paraphernalia of courtship, which this romantic young lady loved as romantic young ladies always do.

None of these things had ever happened between her and Charlie.

It is difficult to write romantic notes, to send romantic flowers, to a girl you have been working with all day long. There can't be much thrill to an evening together or an afternoon visit if you've been on the same set twelve hours a day all week, staring at each other's grease-covered faces.

HERE Virginia Valli stepped into the cast.

Virginia is one of the nicest people to be with I've ever known. A kindly, wise young woman, victim of one unhappy marriage, who has arrived too young perhaps at the place in life where laughter and contentment are about all she asks. Beautiful to look at, she has a quiet poise, a slightly ironic sweetness, that is restful and comfortable and satisfying.

In other words, Virginia is one of those adaptable people who fit themselves happily into any picture, any mood, any form of evening's entertainment.

I don't know whether she and Charlie were or are in love. I don't think Virginia places a lot of faith in love any more. But I do know she and Charlie became constant companions and were very happy. Just as Lydell Peck supplied that need of the romantic in Janet Gaynor, as he woke in her something Farrell had failed to stir, so Virginia gave Charlie Farrell the things a man needs when he is doing hard, creative work.

The four of them were friends. They went places together, spent week-ends on Charlie's boat, making trips to Catalina and Ensenada. All was well as far as they were concerned. At last Lydell Peck forced the issue. He wanted a yes or no. Janet said yes.

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JANET GAYNOR
Continued from page nineteen

There is no question that at the last moment both Chico and Diane wept many tears.

The day before Janet left for San Francisco to be married they spent together. They wept, as many of us have, for the end of a certain period of their youth which would never come again. With Janet a married woman, their comradeship could never be quite the same. The old order, the old happy order, would be, must be, changed. The freedom they had enjoyed would be gone. Her loyalty, her time, her first thought, must henceforth be her husband's. Both knew that.

They were a little sad. I have seen young girls just as sad when they thought of leaving their homes, their families, the freedom of girlhood.

In some measure, Janet was afraid of marriage. For a long time she had been the center of her own world. Everyone had thought of her always. She clung to Farrell, who was part of the old life every girl gives up when she marries, before adventuring into that strange sea called matrimony.

"Everything will be just the same, Farrell," she told him. "We will be friends just as we've always been."

"Sure, baby," he said.

They knew better.

When she had gone, Charlie realized that he had lost something. For two days he went out on his boat alone, as he does in every crisis or whenever he has anything to work out. There he faced the thing squarely. It was right for Janet to marry the man she loved. Only he prayed, in a rather earnest, boyish fashion, that she might go on being his friend, as she had always been.

Gaynor and Farrell in a tense moment in Seventh Heaven.

Something like, "Dear God, let her be happy but don't take her away from me."

Janet and her husband went to Honolulu on a honeymoon and then came back to live in Beverly Hills and at Santa Monica. He had given up his San Francisco practice and joined the writing and directorial forces at Paramount.

He and Charlie were friends.

I imagine that no man married to Janet Gaynor could distrust her. Even her gay coquetry, which marriage hasn't changed, couldn't alter the fineness of her character. Moreover, she is an honest little soul.

"I guess I lack the mental capacity or the imagination for successful lying," she told me. "I always get caught right away. So I never try it."

If she wanted to do anything, she'd be quite honest about it, and take the consequences.

Harry Jones, Janet's stepfather.

THE boys who adored her before her marriage still think she's the most wonderful girl in the world and come to see her and her husband. Phil Thompson, the twenty-two-year-old son of Tommy, used to take Janet out dancing. They danced wonderfully together.

"It's all right for you to marry her, Lydell," the boy told Peck just before the wedding, "but you'll still let me dance with her sometimes, won't you? And if you're out of town and she gets lonesome, may I take her out? I'll take such good care of her."

Janet seems to be the sort of girl men want to protect even from themselves. I'm not sure she always likes it, either.

The friendship with Farrell continued at first as it always had. During the making of High Society Blues the two of them lunched together every day according to their long-standing custom. Lydell joined them sometimes when he could get away.

So things might have gone on, except for the unfortunate things that were said, except for the wave of sentiment that swept up, showing the disappointment of the fans that Diane had married somebody besides Chico. Lydell Peck hasn't been in the easiest spot in the world.

Then came the unfortunate and much publicized episode of the trip to Honolulu.

"I'LL tell you exactly how it happened," Charlie said, "and you can ask Janet. It's the truth, but nobody will believe it. I don't know why."

Janet had had trouble at the Fox studio. Very little need be said about that here, because when Winnie Sheehan gets through with the business readjustments and once more resumes charge of production on the Fox lot, it will probably be settled in about fifteen minutes.

Winnie Sheehan is a shrewd producer and a wise man. Gaynor happens to be right. She wants good stories, suitable stories. She should become as great as Maude Adams, as great an actress, but she knows she needs proper rôles to reach the heights.

When they insisted on putting her in rôles she considered tawdry and unsuitable, she followed the precedent of Rudolph Valentino and walked off the lot. She refused to work. Her Fox contract has four more years to run.

"But I won't play any more parts like High Society Blues if I never make another picture," she said. "I won't do bad stories and silly parts if I never work again. They can keep me off the screen, as they did Rudy, but they can't make me work if I don't want to. I'm not unreasonable. There are plenty of fine stories that would make box-office pictures that are all right for me. I'm not going to let them ruin me if I can help it. I've seen it done to too many girls."

She looked very red-headed when she said that.

But Mr. Sheehan being away, and the question coming up, she walked off the lot. Then she decided that the only thing to do was to leave town immediately, to go where they couldn't get at her, until Mr. Sheehan got back.

In Honolulu she owns a little house, close to the sand and the ocean. She'd go there. Lydell was just beginning to get a foothold in this new business, and he couldn't afford to leave. So Janet and her mother packed and booked passage from San Francisco. It was all entirely unexpected. Janet hadn't planned to walk off the lot in the middle of things. But she lost her temper—righteously perhaps—and there she was.

In the meantime, Farrell was between pictures. As usual, he had put to sea in his boat. His vacation was to consist of long, lonely, lazy days on his little yacht. He had at last learned to sail it alone and he was happy. No one could get at him, no one could bother him, no matter what happened. These days were his.

That night a storm came up—a real storm. Charlie's boat began to cut capers that were nobody's business. Farrell reefed sails, closed hatches, and did whatever a man alone on a sixty-foot boat in a storm is supposed to

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

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ANITA PAGE
(left) adorable M. G. M. star, says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."

OLIVE BORDEN
(right) Radio Pictures, says: "It's a wonderful soap!"

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

do. But finally the thing got too much for him. He started his engines and made toward shelter.

At San Pedro Harbor they told him the storm signals were out for a long period of bad weather. His sailing trip was off. So he made up his mind to do the next best thing. Honolulu was a place he longed to see. He'd intended to go there before, but Janet had selected it at that very time for her honeymoon and he'd realized it wasn't the thing to trail along.

Now it was all right. He packed and left for San Francisco. After strolling around and buying the odds and ends he'd forgotten, he went aboard. He was wildly excited. After all these years he was going to Honolulu. He shaved, spruced up, and went on deck to see what was in sight—whether there would be any pretty girls to dance with, or anyone he knew.

He heard his name here and there. A few people recognized him. Evidently it was known he was on board.

He leaned against the rail beside a little group and found they were discussing him.

"Well," said a pretty girl, "if they still care for each other, they ought to just run away. I wouldn't blame them. I just adore them on the screen."

Further on a boy said, "I think it was pretty rotten of her to throw him over like that. Imagine giving Charlie Farrell up for anybody."

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK—

Elinor Smith

eighteen-year-old holder of the woman's altitude record and the American woman's endurance and refueling records

speaks her mind about

This Business of Flying

Farrell began to wonder if he was going to have such a good time on this boat after all.

An officer stopped to speak to him.

"Any picture people aboard?" Charlie said. "Heard someone say young Doug Fairbanks was going over."

"No," said the officer. "No, Mr. Fairbanks isn't with us. No picture people except you—and your little friend." He smiled.

"My little friend?" said Charlie.

"Yes. Miss Gaynor."

Farrell gasped. Well, maybe Lydell and Janet had taken a vacation and were going back to the little house in Honolulu. Well, that would be fine. Surely this time it wouldn't matter if he went at the same time.

He went up to the purser to see.

"Have you a passenger list?"

The purser smiled. "You want to know where Miss Gaynor is?" he said. "She hasn't come aboard yet. But—"

Charlie had looked at the passenger list:

Mrs. Laura Gaynor.
Miss Janet Gaynor.

IN his stateroom he did some swift thinking. There wasn't really any reason in the world why he and Janet shouldn't go to Honolulu on the same boat, with her mother. What fun it would be! How many laughs they'd have! How they'd talk and get caught up on all the things they hadn't had time to discuss!

Then he remembered the officer's "your little friend." The purser's smile. The reporters waiting. No reason—except that it wouldn't be understood and they'd be questioned and stared at and written about. Why, somebody might magnify it into anything! It might hurt Janet.

Ten minutes later Charlie was sauntering down the gangplank as though he just wanted to see the people. Coming up the gangplank was Gaynor. And Gaynor did just the same thing she'd done for five years every time she saw Farrell. She flew into his arms and kissed him.

It took quite some time to explain to Mrs. Lydell Peck why Charlie Farrell couldn't go with them. Her delight melted finally into tears. It seemed horrid, but perhaps he was right.

However, they were too late. The next morning everyone knew that they had planned to sail on the same boat and that Charlie had rushed off frantically at the last moment.

SO now Farrell and Gaynor aren't quite as happy in their companionship as they used to be. They feel that they've been robbed of something precious. But they are, at the moment, accepting things as they seem best. They see each other, Lydell and Charlie are still friends, but there is a strain, an unnaturalness, which is bound to come under such conditions.

But little Gaynor is growing up very fast. Her mother still calls her baby, Tommy calls her baby, even the studio executives call her the baby. It seems to me they have missed the signs of strong development in this red-headed girl. She's going to make herself felt, not only on the screen. It isn't every actress that has the courage to walk off a lot and away from a four-figure salary to get the right to make better pictures.

Just how her marriage is going to turn out, nobody knows. The rumors of divorce have been vigorously denied on both sides, but at the same time I don't think Janet herself is quite sure. She adores Lydell. But marriage—I wonder if she was ready for it.

On the other hand, because of a hot sense of justice and a keen loyalty, she may have the patience to make a success of this. Lydell Peck is trying to fit himself into her existence. Perhaps he can.

But somehow, even in their home, you don't quite feel that Janet Gaynor is married. Certainly it is inevitable that she will grow and awaken more and more. Ten years from now she'll be a different and an amazing person. Whether the man she will love in that new growth that is going on so very fast will be Lydell Peck or Charlie Farrell or some unknown, no one can tell.

But from now on watch Gaynor, reckon with her. It is possible that under her sweetness, her loveliness, lies something of that same fire and strength so unexpected and so wonderful in Mary Pickford. Janet is crude yet in many ways. But it's all there.

If someone said to me, "You've got to go to the moon for ten years and at the end of that time you can peek back into Hollywood and see just one person and find out what's happened to them," I know the one person I'd want to see:

Janet Gaynor.

She's going to be awfully good or awfully bad.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the first verse in the Bible?

2—What is pedagogics?

3—Which is heavier, milk or cream?

4—What is Romany?

5—Where and when are the next Olympic Games to be held?

6—What is obloquy?

7—What is the capital of Alaska?

8—What war included Perry's victory on Lake Erie?

9—What does pusillanimous mean?

10—What was Stonewall Jackson's given name?

11—Who composed the opera Cavalleria Rusticana?

12—What does *ex cathedra* mean?

13—Where is the Isle of Man?

14—What is negotiable paper?

15—What is a maladroit person?

16—To what city did the French government retire when Paris was threatened during the World War?

17—For what kind of stories is Hans Christian Andersen remembered?

18—What is a merry-andrew?

19—What is the Reichstag?

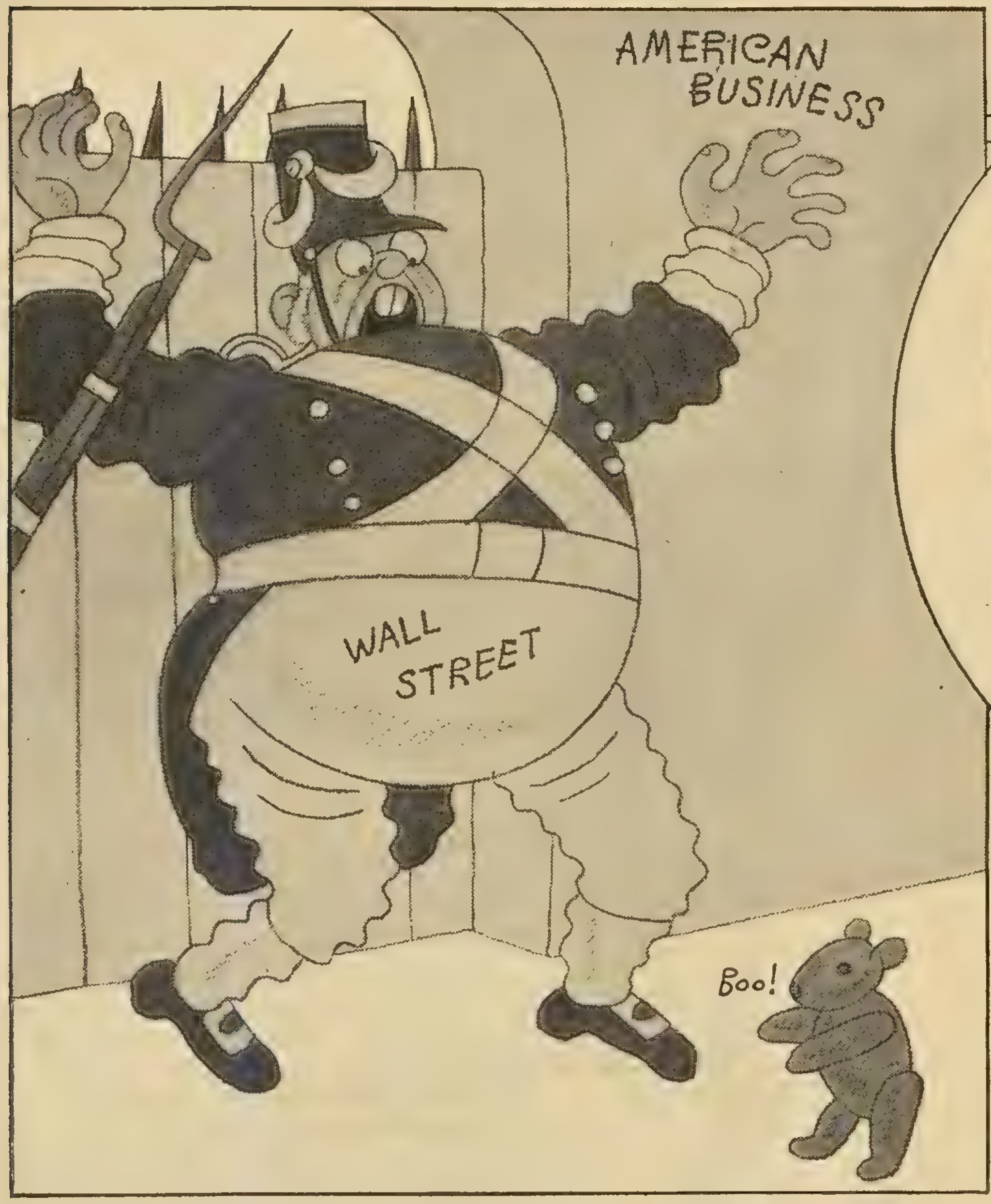
20—What South American countries have no seacoast?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-two.)

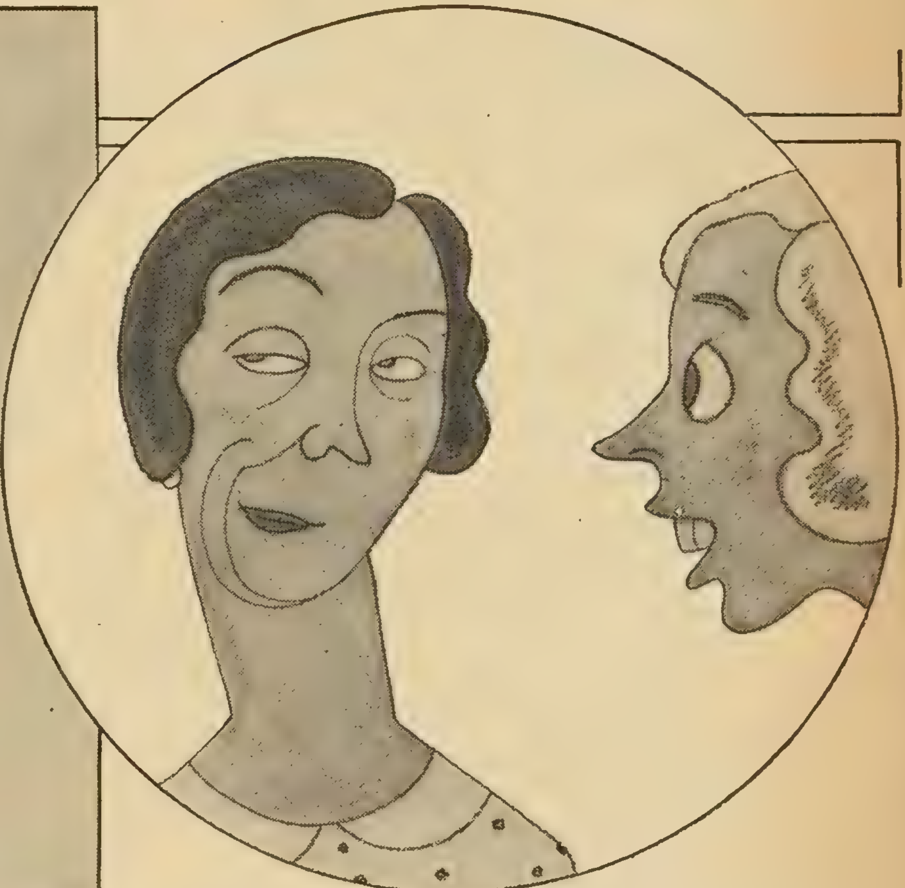
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

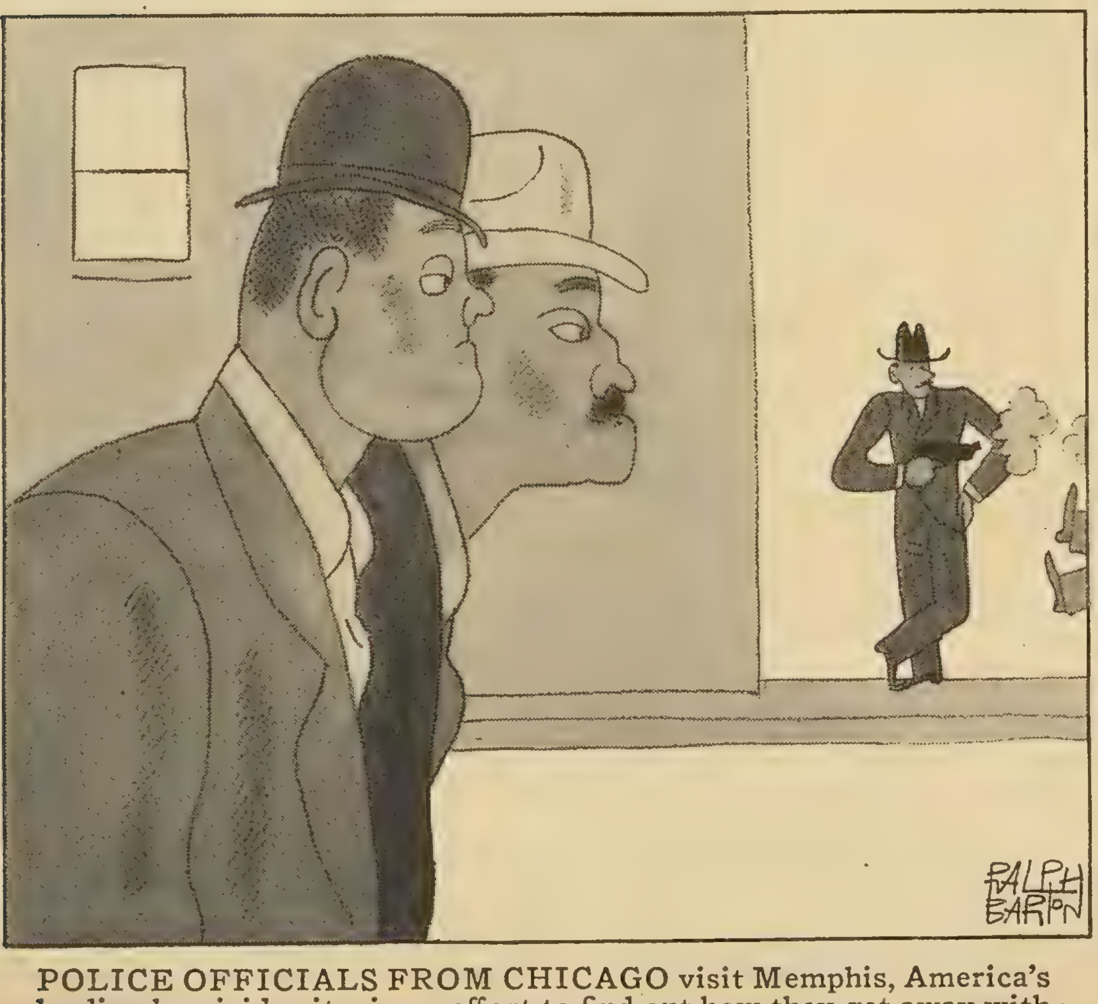
By RALPH BARTON



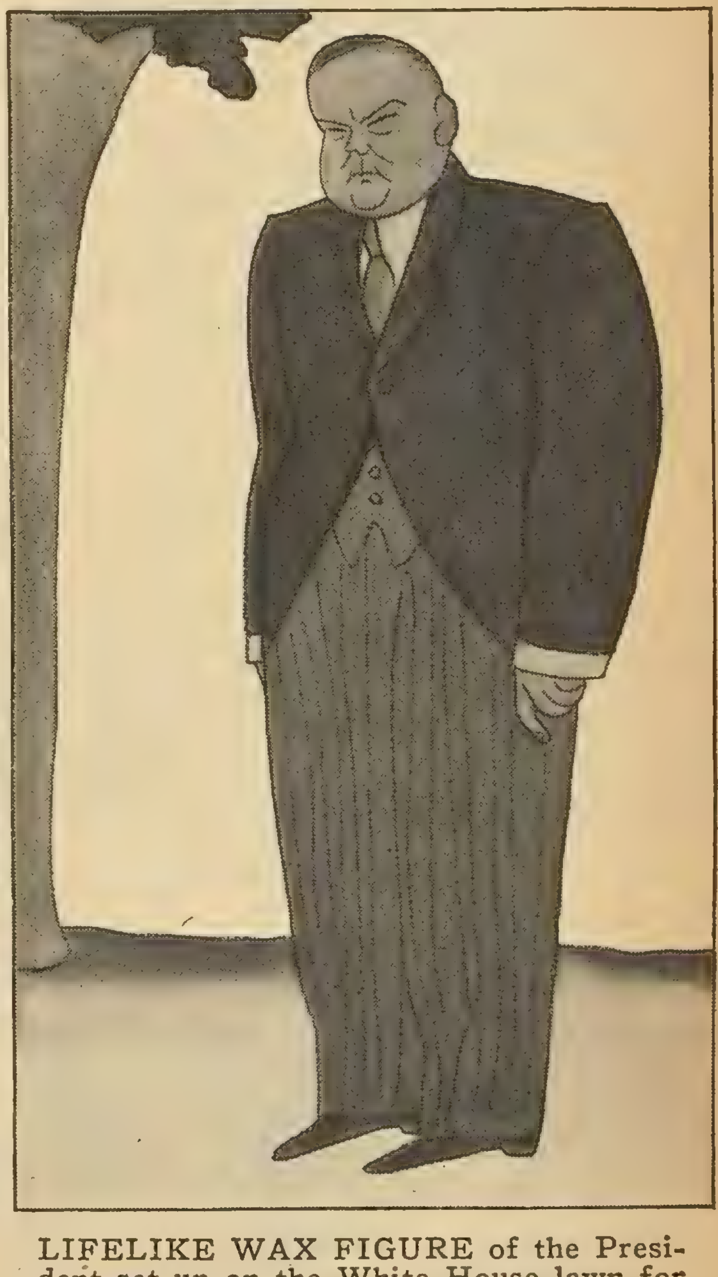
THINGS MIGHT BE A LITTLE SAFER AND SANER if we could manage to put a more courageous sentry at the gate.



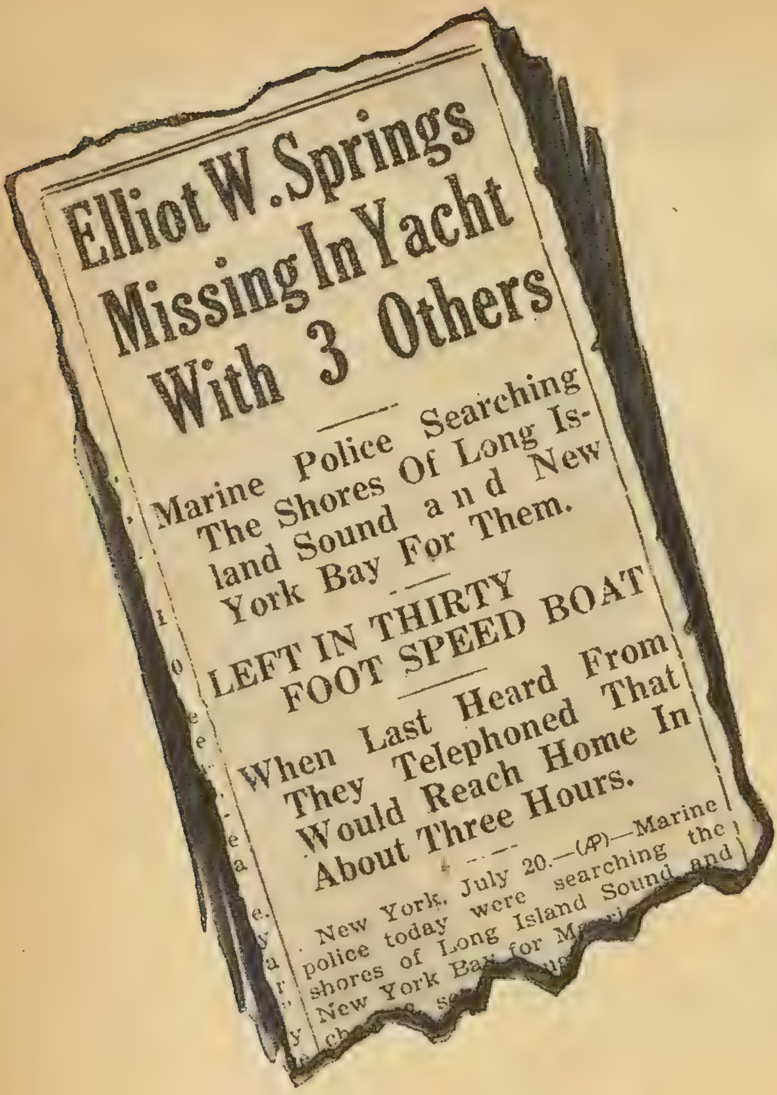
STUDY OF THE EXPRESSION on a lady's face as she listens to praise being showered on her husband.



POLICE OFFICIALS FROM CHICAGO visit Memphis, America's leading homicide city, in an effort to find out how they get away with it with so little publicity.



LIFELIKE WAX FIGURE of the President set up on the White House lawn for delegations to be photographed with.



Elliot W. Springs Missing In Yacht With 3 Others

Marine Police Searching The Shores Of Long Island Sound and New York Bay For Them.

LEFT IN THIRTY FOOT SPEED BOAT

When Last Heard From They Telephoned That Would Reach Home In About Three Hours.

New York, July 20.—(AP)—Marine police today were searching the shores of Long Island Sound and New York Bay for

SHIP

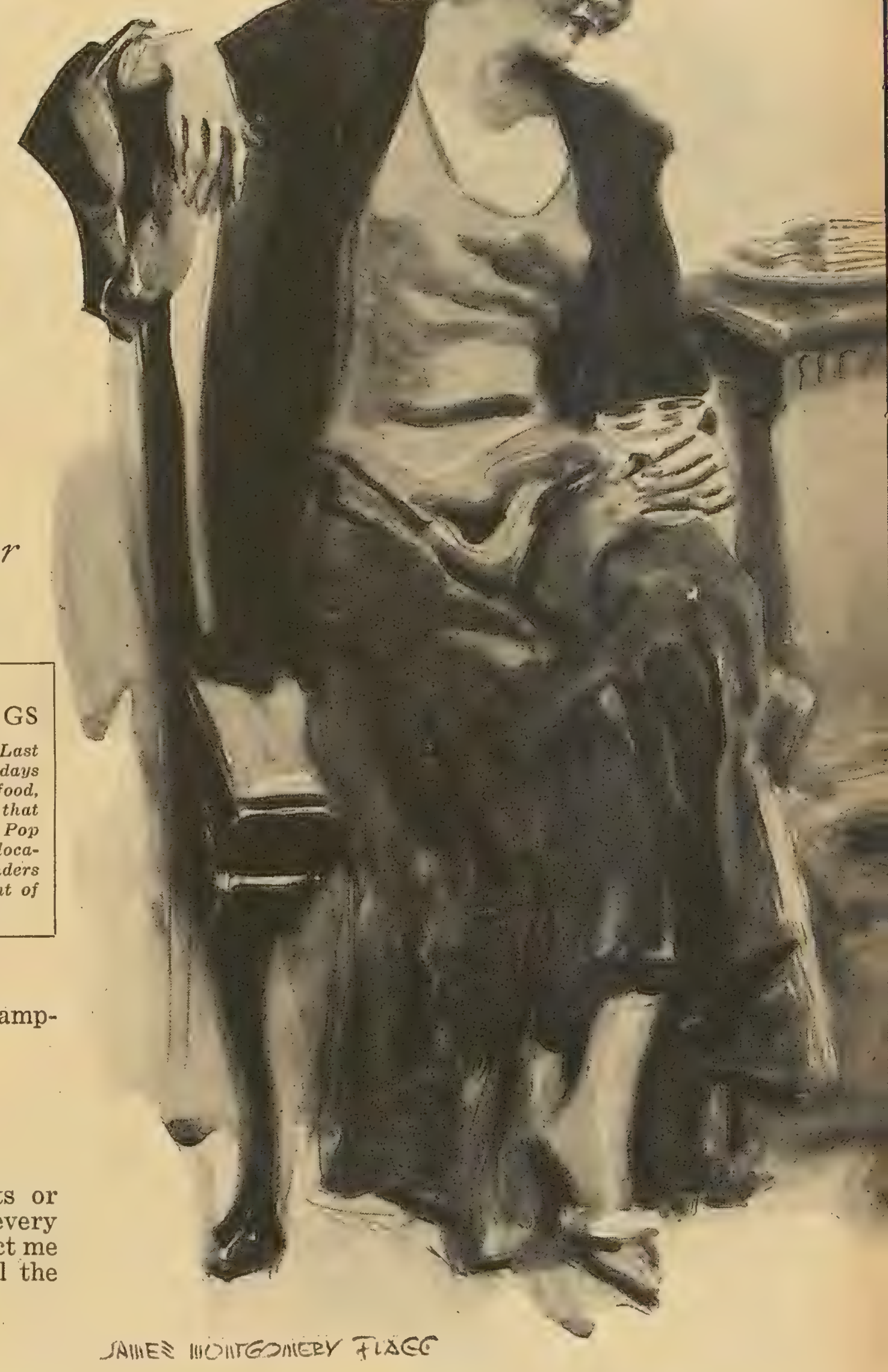
The Story of a Shanghaied Lover

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

who sends this note with his manuscript: "Last summer I was shipwrecked and spent two days and a night in an open speed boat without food, water, or a hat. This story is a result of that experience. If any correspondent of Vox Pop writes in to question the size of the boat, the location of Stratford Shoals, or the number of cylinders on an outboard motor, I will be glad to see that he gets a blueprint of the boat, a chart of the Sound, and a good poke on the nose."

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



After a bottle of champagne I felt almost human.

I WAS worrying over a manuscript when Larry Campbell wandered in.

"Working?" he asked, sinking into a chair.

"That's the general idea."

"Say, do you want a good plot?"

"No."

"This is an original plot," he insisted.

"Rats. There are only fourteen different plots or situations possible, and they've been overworked by every writer since stenographers used chisels. Don't expect me to lend you an ear and listen to a plot. I have all the plots I need."

"This is a complete story."

"Then I suppose I've got to hear it," I groaned.

So Larry began:

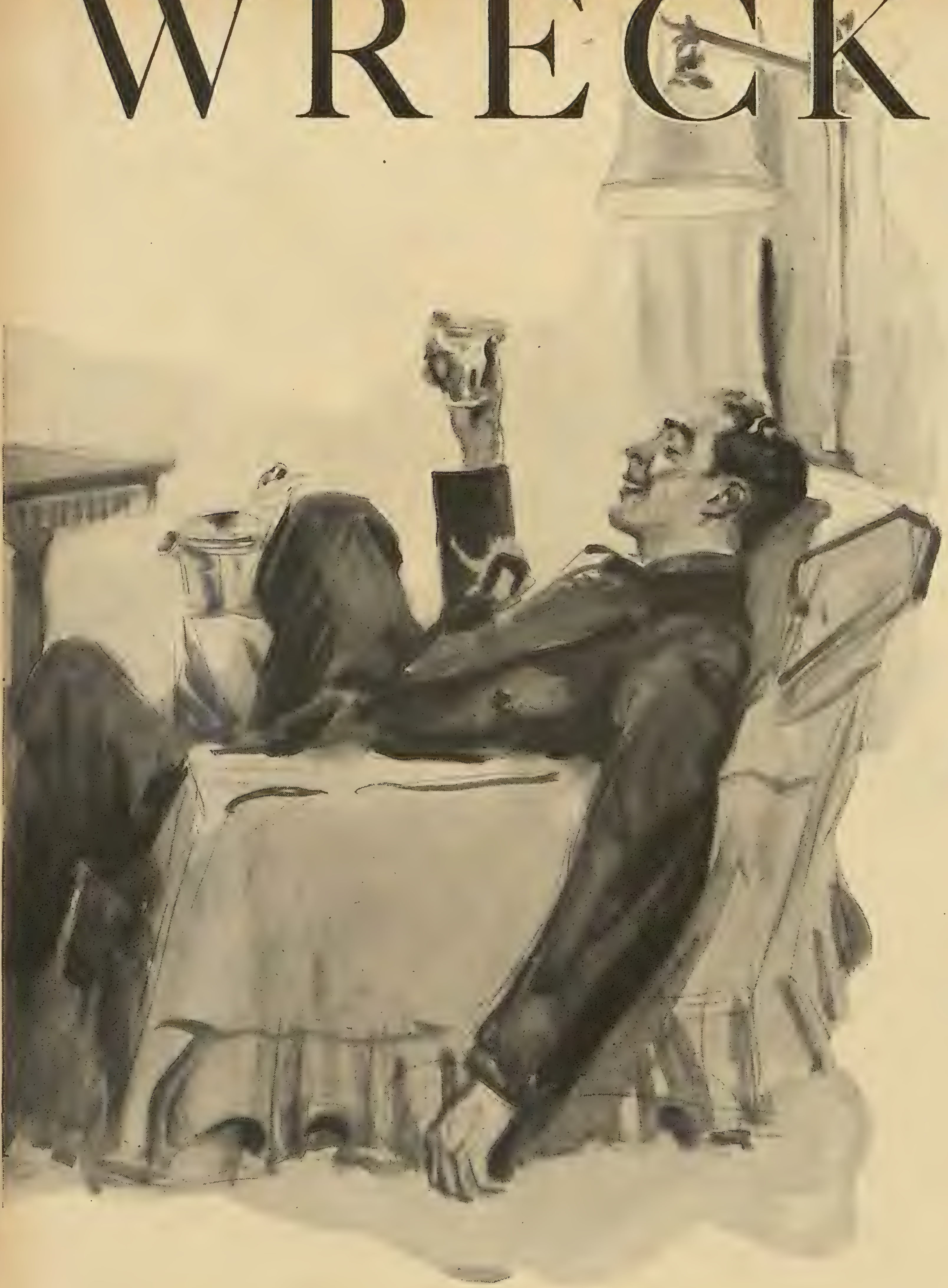
Just after war was declared we had a big poker game down at college. I had a streak of luck and when the smoke cleared away I had all the cash and some rubber checks. That called for a trip to New York before the gang could suck me into another game and get the cash back.

I went up Saturday afternoon and had a date with a girl at the Plaza for a tea dance. She stood me up. It was too late to make any other dates and I didn't want to spend my winnings on myself. So I fiddled with my watch and waited hopefully.

There was a girl sitting across from me that made the waiting less painful. Her face was a fortune even in those days before Brisbane made two bulls buy where only one bull bought before. I liked everything about her. She sat there for half an hour and kept glancing at the clock. Somebody else was late too.

I knew you couldn't pick up anybody in the Plaza, and I didn't expect to pick this one up anywhere, but I hung around a while just to enjoy the view. I didn't get a tumble from her, but I noticed she began tapping her foot when the music started downstairs. Her toes fairly itched. So did mine.

WRECK



For a moment I felt no pain and was not at all opposed to marrying the girl.

and blushed in confusion.

I didn't give her a chance to recover, but steered her quickly toward the tea-room entrance.

"Never mind about the details," I told her. "Come have tea with me and I'll try to redeem the afternoon. You can go home in five minutes if you want to."

But she didn't want to go home. She wanted to dance. Her mother must have been frightened by a saxophone, because she certainly knew what to do when the music began to steam. I shook a wicked hoof myself in those days.

WHEN the orchestra left I mentioned dinner. She had an engagement with the missing beau, but wisely decided to return an eye for a tooth and play with me. We separated to dress and then I picked her up at her house in the Fifties. She told her mother I was an old friend of somebody she had visited that summer and we were off.

At the door we met a gentleman in a big Simplex roadster who was quite annoyed. But it didn't get him anywhere, as I did not suggest he join us, and Ada quite definitely refused to accept his explanation of a puncture in Bridgeport and a traffic jam in Stamford. So the Princeton tiger growled at the Yale bulldog and called a taxi. I was glad to hear also that he had been looking for her since six o'clock.

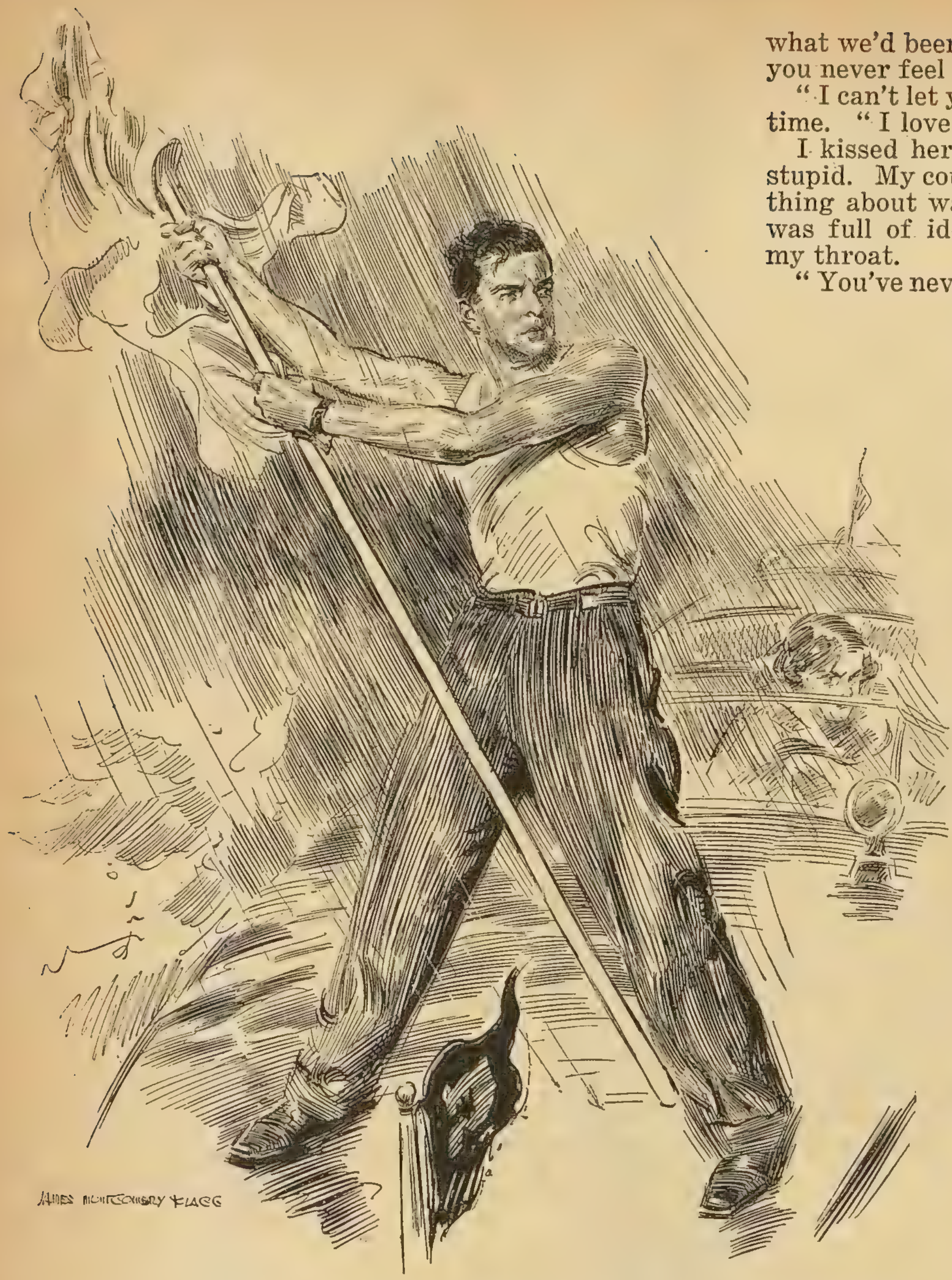
Mister, that was an evening! We dined at Delmonico's, saw a show, and went back into our dance at the Midnight Frolic. When the Frolic closed we went to the Beaux Arts and finished up at Healey's. The only reason we quit then was because we couldn't find another orchestra.

Finally I gave up both of them and started on my way. As I went out I noticed she was getting ready to leave, so I hesitated outside the door and fumbled a glove. She came on out and looked for a taxi.

"Some people certainly are inconsiderate," I remarked to no one in particular as we stood side by side. "At least they might telephone to say they weren't coming."

"Yes," she said without thinking, "and it's the last time I will ever wait on him. He must think he's Enoch Arden." Then she realized she was talking to a stranger

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



I tied my shirt on a boat hook and waved it until a heavy sea nearly knocked me off the bow.

SHIPWRECK
Continued from page twenty-five

This wasn't her usual program by any means. It was really an adventure for her. She had intended to go home after the show, but when she found out that I had enlisted in the aviation corps and was expecting to sink a Merrimac any day now—well, she had to do her duty by her country. That was all there was to it!

So we danced the night through, and after some treasonable struggle on her part and martial argument on mine I got one kiss for good night and an extra one for good-by.

When I got back to college my orders were waiting for me and I shoved off for ground school.

TWO months later I was mobilized at Mineola and got two days' leave before sailing. I went into New York and called up Ada. She canceled all dates and joined me in a dance marathon. I was in uniform then and the world was mine—at least the immediately adjacent portion.

Now that our hero was actually ready to bid farewell to the pleasures of this earth and receive his fiery baptism in the waters of Lethe, you couldn't blame us for getting sentimental—in a nice way, you understand, in a nice way.

Anyway, Ada was thrilled about my going to France to die for her. She didn't want to say good-by—at least not yet. I had to be back at Mineola at ten next morning and by midnight our conversation got involved and our breath began coming in jerks. We had lost interest in dancing and were sitting on a bench in Central Park trying to make sense in spite of the war and moonlight and what we'd been waiting on for twenty years. It's a way you never feel but once—thank God!

"I can't let you go like this," she said for the twentieth time. "I love you so, and you're sure to get killed."

I kissed her chastely and reflected that I was rather stupid. My course in ground school had taught me everything about war except how to bid a nice girl adieu. I was full of ideals and principles and my heart was in my throat.

"You've never asked me to marry you," she commented. "Why don't you? We can go over to Jersey and be back in a couple of hours."

"You forget I am sailing tomorrow."

"Well, let tomorrow take care of itself. We've got tonight for our own."

"Oh, no. I can't do that. It wouldn't be fair to you."

"That's my concern."

"No, I can't. I probably won't come back."

"I know it. But you haven't gone yet."

"I might be wounded and come back a cripple. I might be blinded."

"LET'S not talk about that. Hundreds of soldiers are getting married every day. I want to get married."

"Why? Do you think black will be becoming to your style of beauty?"

"Because if I wait much longer there'll be nobody left but Chinamen. All the white men will be killed or married in another year."

"So you just want to get married, do you? Is that it?"

"I want to marry you. But if you don't marry me I'll marry somebody else. Charlie West wants me to marry him."

"What's Charlie West doing?"

"He's in Naval Aviation."

"What as?"

"He's a supply officer."

"I thought so. All right, marry him and see if I care. You don't love him and even if his father did leave him a couple of million—"

"Well, you won't marry me."

"No, I'm going to France. Charlie is going to stay here like a bridegroom should. I couldn't do my duty if I had you to worry about all the time. I'd be thinking more about getting back to you than about putting up a good scrap. And besides that, it isn't fair for a man to go off to war when he ought to be faithful to a wife back home."

"Oh, I see what you're driving at now! You're looking forward to those French girls. I know all about them. That's why you're so anxious to get to France, you great big hero! You think I might give you an occasional twinge of remorse, do you? Well, go on. I hope you get your fill of French girls before you get killed. Come on, let's go have a last dance. I won't detain you any longer. And I'll promise not to worry you. The French girls can do that."

But after the last orchestra had finished the last note she cried on my shoulder for an hour before I started back for Mineola. Next day I sailed.

Eighteen months later I was back in New York with forty-eight assorted stitches, a taste for the simple life, and a terrible yen to see Ada again. I called up her house and talked to her mother.

"Ada doesn't live here any more," she told me. "She married Charlie West in 1917 and lives out on Long Island at Sands Point. I know she'll be glad to hear from you. Be sure to call her up."

I got out of the army and went on home. That sap! While I was getting shot full of holes she'd married a gob kiwi! I reflected thankfully that she was right about those French girls. Two million dollars in the bank or twenty dollars on the mantelpiece—what was the difference? And for ten years I stuck to my opinion.

Then I was in New York a couple of weeks ago and ran into Joe Gish in a speakeasy.

"I met a lady last week who asked me if I knew a fellow by your name," Joe told me.

"Who was that?"

"A Mrs. West. I don't remember her full name but it's no trouble to recall her face. Somebody told me her husband had died on her about a year ago and left her the finest cellar on Long Island. She's not hard to look at."

"Where does she live?"

"How should I know? My wife was along, so I couldn't ask her for the telephone number."

I had another drink on the strength of that news. The old angina was getting pectoris again.

I got a Long Island telephone book and spent an hour finding her number. I got her in a few minutes and she seemed glad to hear my voice again. She wanted to know if I had ever married, and, when I said I hadn't, she told me she was coming in to town and would have dinner with me if I wished. Just the sound of her voice made me think it was 1917 again and I was going away to the war. But this time I wasn't going to sit on a park bench until my boat sailed. . . .

"Say, listen here, Larry," I interrupted. "I thought you were going to give me something I could use. Every fiction magazine in the postal union, including the Scandinavian, publishes that story regularly—youthful lovers part and meet again after fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, or fifty years. The old love is revived. Then they go into a clinch or realize it was all for the best. End it any way you want—true love or asthma. No, Larry; have a heart and run along. I've got to finish this thing here. I'm going to call it Pent Up on a Penthouse."

"But wait," insisted Larry. "You haven't got the cream of this story yet. The worst is yet to come. I'll guarantee that you never heard anything like it. This is something new. Besides, it's a true story."

"That doesn't make it a good one. But go ahead. I can see you've just got to tell someone how you got away with murder. I suppose you drank up all the late lamented cellar."

So Larry went on with his story:

ADA picked me up in her car at the club, and after another look at her I wasn't sure I was so bright when I dashed off to war. She hadn't aged noticeably, though she had filled out in the right spots. No, I wouldn't say she had filled out, but she had everything she ought to have everywhere she ought to have it. She looked just as good in 1930 as she did in 1917.

She could dance as well as ever and my feet were still on a pre-war basis, so we gave the old waxed floor a good beating. Matrimony hadn't hurt her dancing any.

When the last orchestra gave out on us there was a streak of dawn in the sky. Now where?

She suggested we go back to her place for breakfast and I was agreeable to anything but leaving her. I was feeling no pain. We were right back on that park bench again.

But we didn't go back to her house. We passed a yacht-club landing and she asked me how would I like to take a spin in a speed boat first. If she had suggested a dive in a submarine I'd have agreed.

We parked the car and rowed out to where her speed boat was moored. I pulled off the tarpaulin, tied the rowboat to the buoy, and cast off. She started the motor.

It was a thirty-foot open boat with a two-hundred-horsepower motor that would do about forty-five miles an hour. It had one windshield, two cockpits that would seat six people, and a covered engine compartment. It had a steering wheel and gear lever like an automobile, and the arrangement was the same as an open touring car.

I knew nothing about motorboats, so she drove. I've never lived near any large body of water and I'm anything but a sailor. She seemed thoroughly familiar with the boat and on intimate terms with the Sound.

It was a beautiful summer morning and I was feeling no pain. We bounced from wave to wave like a car on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SHIPWRECK
Continued from page twenty-seven

a rough road and the salt spray gave us a fine appetite. We were having too much fun to turn back, so we decided to continue our cruise and take breakfast at Bridgeport.

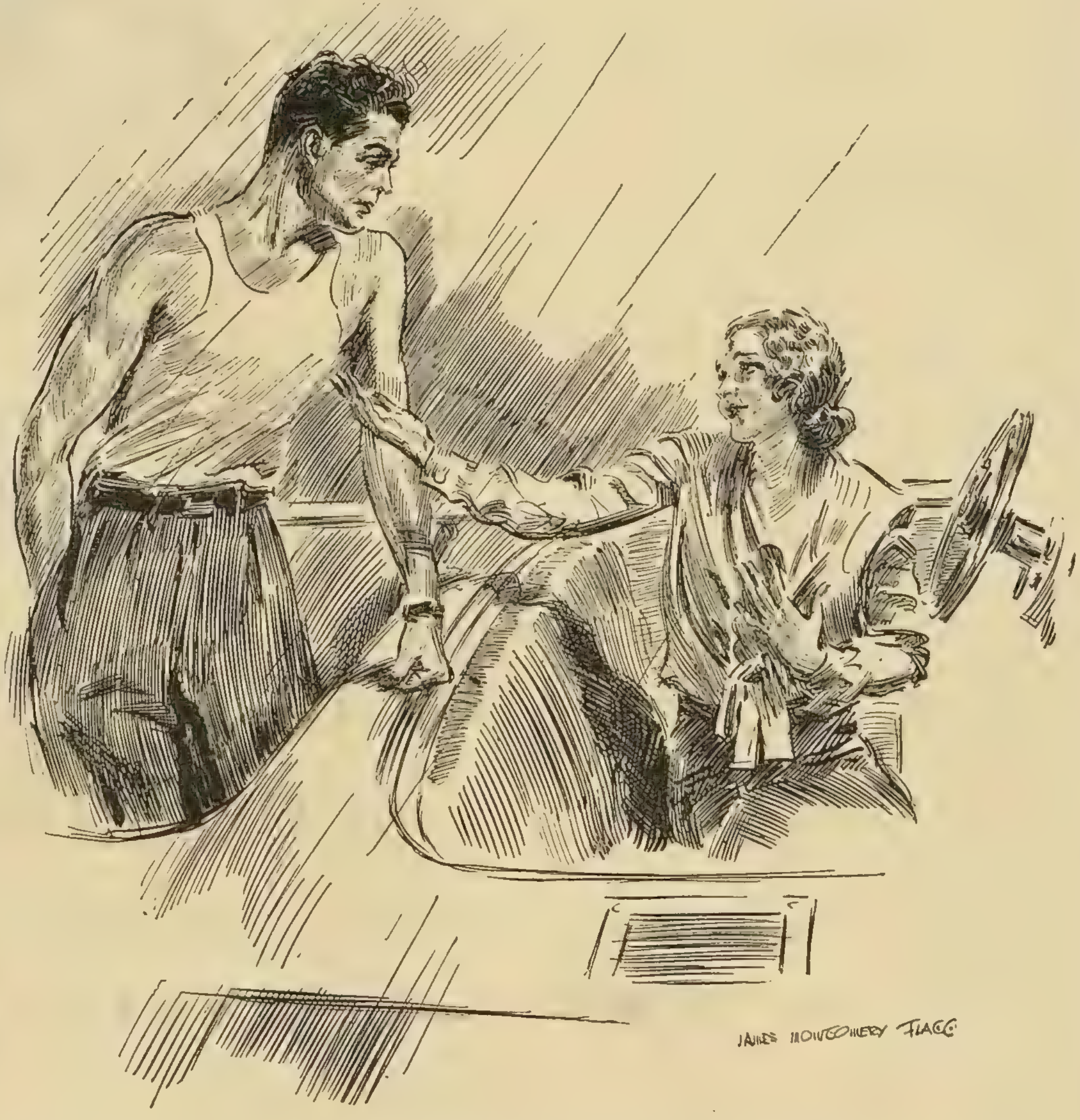
We had brought along some champagne and breakfast was a decided success. We had a nickel piano for dancing and the whole yacht club to ourselves.

The next thing on the program was lunch. She suggested we cruise on up to Watch Hill or Newport. I was still feeling no pain and was agreeable to anything.

We lunched at Watch Hill and started back. We got gas at New London and then headed back across the Sound by compass.

She could drive with one hand and I held the other. It was like old times again. I was as pleased as a kid with a new pink-nosed puppy and Ada didn't seem to be feeling any pain herself. In fact, I suspected that she was encouraging me.

A boat is a lot better than a car in several ways. Never kiss a girl while she's driving a car. If she doesn't like it she will swing on you and may run the car into something. If she does like it she's sure to run into something.



She began to cry. I couldn't stand that. "Hang on to that tarpaulin," I told her. "I'll marry you."

"Why have you never married?" Ada asked me. "You lived through your old war and there was nothing to stop you after that."

"Yes," I said, "but I spent eighteen months in the army and found out how to appreciate the freedom I fought for. I've been my own boss ever since and I'm going to stay that way!"

"Nobody has ever tried to take your precious freedom away from you, have they?"

"No. You spoiled my taste for these flappers and hot mamas. None of them could pace you. You were such a sweet child."

"But not sweet enough to keep you from those French girls."

"COME on, let's talk about something pleasant. I didn't see anything over there to make me forget you. You wanted a husband and you got one. That ought to be enough for you. But I'm a confirmed bachelor. You don't mind, do you?"

"No," she said. "You jilted me once and that ought to be enough. It's disgraceful to let you take advantage of my tender heart this way. It was just that uniform that made me love you. Move over there and mind your own business."

She gave me a push and almost turned the boat over. It's a good thing we weren't in a car.

By that time I was so drowsy I couldn't keep my eyes open. The champagne, the salt air, and the roar of the motor were too much for me. Ada or no Ada, I had to take a nap. I slept for half an hour or so and then woke up when Ada shook me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"There's something wrong with the motor."

It had stopped.

I rubbed my eyes and yawned.

"Well, what do we do now?"

"I don't know. Didn't you learn all about motors in the army? See if you can start it."

I pressed the starter button and the motor turned over easily, so I knew there was nothing broken inside and the bearings were free. But it wouldn't start.

I raised the engine compartment covers and took a look at the engine. It was a big brute with a lot of gadgets that meant nothing to me. I looked it all over and couldn't find anything wrong. The carburetor float was not stuck and there was plenty of gas. I had Ada press the starter to see if both sets of plugs were getting juice. I was convinced of that after I got a shock that would have stunned a mule. All the cylinders had compression. I tinkered around a while and confessed I was stumped.

I LEARNED long ago not to disconnect anything unless I knew how to put it back, so I left well enough alone. Besides, I had no tools except a rusty wrench and a pair of bow-legged pliers.

A heavy sea was running now and I began to get a little worried. There were also some dark clouds gathering above us.

"How far are we from shore?" I asked.

"About five miles on one side and fifteen on the other."

"That's comforting. Which way is the tide running?"

"I don't know."

"Which way are we drifting?"

"Out."

There was a strong wind blowing from the west.

"Do you think it might blow us out to sea?" I asked.

"It might. Can't you fix the motor?"

"No. What do we do now?"

"There's an outboard motor in case of an emergency."

"Yes, I saw it. What shall I do about that?"

"There's a bracket on the stern where you can attach it. It will take us in to shore."

The outboard motor was in the engine compartment, bolted to the floor. It took me half an hour to get it unbolted and out on the rear deck. It was as big as an ordinary motorcycle and just as clumsy.

It began to rain a little and the deck was slippery, which made my balance uncertain. I was wet, chilled, and disgusted. To forestall any argument I will admit freely that I was also uneasy. I like my water marked "off" and "on."

In the middle of this Ada spoke up.

"We are drifting out pretty fast. I think you'd better drop the anchor," Ada advised me while I was struggling with the bracket.

"All right. Where is it?"

"In the bow compartment."

I crawled up in front of the windshield and got the anchor out on deck. I made one end of the rope fast to the deck and threw it overboard. We still drifted. The rope wasn't long enough to reach bottom, so I had to pull the anchor up again and piece on some more rope. I knew nothing about knots and it was a painful job. I tied the wrong ends of the rope together the first time and I nearly went overboard when the rope coiled itself around one leg on the slippery deck.

I wrapped Ada up in the tarpaulin to keep her dry. We had no coats. I didn't even have a hat.

"Can I help you any?" she asked.

"No," I told her politely. "You've done all the work so far on this trip, so it's my turn now. Take a nap."

To my disgust she did.

Meanwhile I struggled with the outboard motor. I nearly dropped it overboard twice and my back was practically broken by the time I got it on the bracket. It weighed over a hundred pounds and the boat was trying to loop over all the waves it didn't dive under. The Sound was practically out of control.

Of course there was no gasoline or oil for this hypothetical emergency. I searched the boat but couldn't find a funnel or a can. I woke Ada and asked her about the matter, but she said her mechanic looked out for such things and she didn't know anything about it. She suggested I sit down and take it easy. But I was too worried about our situation.

I COULDN'T find any sort of vessel, but I was ingenious. I took Ada's hat and got down in the engine cockpit. Neither the wrench nor the pliers were any help in the small space, but I managed to get the strainer loose and drew out some gas into the hat. The hat leaked and I had no funnel, so it took about ten trips over the slippery deck to fill the tank on the outboard motor. Then I opened a handhole cover in the crank case and dipped out enough oil with a breather cap.

That was all I accomplished for half an hour. I was already feeling bad from the alcohol in my system, the loss of sleep, and the pitching of the boat, but the fumes from the gasoline in the engine compartment finished the job. I was deathly ill. I lay on the deck in the rain with my head over the side and wished I was dead. Every time the boat would roll my stomach would slap me in the face. I thanked God that Ada was sleeping peacefully. After driving the boat for two hundred miles she had a right to be tired.

When my stomach settled a little I tried to start the outboard motor. You are supposed to wind a cord around the flywheel and jerk it. But I couldn't find the cord. I tried my belt and a piece of rope, but neither would work. I found some cord in the hem of the tarpaulin, but I had no

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SHIPWRECK
Continued from page twenty-nine

way to cut it as I had no knife. With great ingenuity I beat it in two with the wrench. I then wrapped it around the flywheel and made ready to put-put to shore. I gave it a few frantic jerks, but nothing happened.

I examined the thing. The gadgets were Greek to me, but I finally figured out its anatomy. Everything was in place except a couple of loose wires. I traced them down and found they were spark-plug wires, but there were no spark plugs. It was a new motor and the cylinder holes were corked up.

I woke up Ada and asked her if she knew where the plugs were and she said she hadn't the faintest idea. I looked under everything but the boat and couldn't find them. However, I was still ingenious. I took two plugs out of the old motor. I was very proud of my ingenuity until I found out they wouldn't fit. Upon that discovery my remarks woke up Ada. She told me we were drifting badly, so I took the put-put off the bracket and carried it up to the bow to add to the anchor. No one will ever know how I got the anchor up and attached the put-put to it. I think that was when I put my foot through the windshield and skinned my knee. But it did stop our drifting and expressed my feelings toward the put-put satisfactorily.

"What are the chances on getting picked up by another boat?" I asked Ada.

"Pretty slim now," she told me. "We're just off Stratford Shoals and the regular course is either to the north or south of us. All the small boats have gone in on account of the storm."

"Could we signal?"

"You might try."

"Well, have you a red petticoat on, that I could tie to the boat hook and wave for help?"

"In the first place, petticoats haven't been worn since the Nineteenth Amendment, and, in the second place, the distress signal is white."

"All right. Give me what you can spare."

"They're pink and nobody would know what you meant even if they saw them. Use your shirt."

SO I tied my shirt on a boat hook and waved it until a heavy sea nearly knocked me off the bow. It looked as if we were going to have a real storm.

"We're too low in the water to be visible for any distance," Ada comforted me. "Sit down and rest yourself."

"You don't think we'll be picked up?"

"Not tonight."

It was getting dark by that time.

"You mean we are going to have to stay out here all night in this hurricane?"

"Probably."

I groaned. I understood now why King Xerxes had the sea spanked with red-hot chains.

"Have you any rockets?" I asked her.

"No."

"Have you any life preservers?"

"No. And if you had a pair of water wings you wouldn't know how to blow them up."

"Well, what have you got with you?"

"My hero!"

"One more crack like that from you and you swim home. It's time for the band to play Nearer My God to Thee and not Barnacle Bill the Sailor. What about pulling up the anchor and drifting toward the regular channel?"

"We might get run down in the dark by a steamer. The Fall River boats will be out before long. I don't think it will be safe to drift."

"WELL, I don't want to seem nervous, but do you think we're in any danger?"

"Not unless we sink or get rammed."

"Thanks for the comfort. Don't get your feet wet. Is this boat seaworthy?"

"Unless the waves break over it and it fills up. In that case you'll have to keep it bailed out."

"With what?"

"I don't know. You'll have to find a way."

"You mean to say we are going to drown here in spitting distance of Times Square?"

"I hope not."

"Wouldn't that be just my luck? After getting shot at for six months without flying through the gates ajar I find the Lord was only waiting for a chance to drown me. I was fully reconciled to having a bullet end my career of crime, but I don't like to be salted down. And I've got a terrible hangover. I want some ice water before I pass away. I have to work my Adam's apple with my fingers when I want to swallow."

"Well, don't worry about it. Make yourself comfortable."

"How?"

"You can have half this tarpaulin. Crawl under. It's dry and warm."

I gave up.

But two of us couldn't get comfortable on that seat. And I was so nervous I couldn't enjoy propinquity to anything but the shore.

I turned on our running lights when the sun went down and began flashing SOS with the searchlight. I saw plenty of boats passing at a distance, but none of them saw us. Maybe it wasn't SOS I was flashing. Neither of us was sure. You forget code in ten years. I was dying of hunger and thirst and my ingenuity was all used up. I finally curled up in the rear cockpit under a seat cover and waited for the dawn. I wasn't at all sure I was going to see another one. But I was so miserable I didn't much care.

We were still afloat at daybreak, but our position was no better except the wind was toward the Long Island shore fifteen miles away.

I got ingenious again. I pulled up the anchor and the put-put so we could drift. I found a canoe paddle and stuck the blade into the exhaust manifold for a mast. The boat hook made another one and I used the tarpaulin for a sail. I fastened the ends to the ensign staffs and by standing the seats on end I kept the tarpaulin full of wind. It was the first time I ever rigged a sail and I can guarantee it will be the last. Right away we began to move. I navigated with the seats. My course wasn't direct, but by noon we were in the middle of the Sound. By opening the engine compartment and wedging the doors I got some additional driving surface.

It was a bad day, so few boats were out, and for some reason those didn't see us, in spite of the fact that I waved my shirt until my arms gave out. Ada cheered me on and reported our position regularly, but she seemed more interested in getting some personal attention. There was never a time when I cared less about having a woman along on a party. Particularly one who was responsible for getting me drowned, skinned, blistered, and discouraged. I made her hold the end of the sail in the stern while I navigated from the bow.

"I WISH I had Joan Lowell along," I yelled to her.

"What could she do?"

"At least she could play strip poker."

"There're no cards on board," she shouted back. "Don't you think you've compromised me enough as it is?"

"What do you mean compromised? That's a fine thing to start worrying about now. And you haven't really been compromised."

"I can't help that, but I've been out here with you alone two days and a night. What will people say when we are rescued?"

"If we get rescued I don't care what they say."

"But I do."

"Oh, I see. Your reputation will be ruined, eh?"

"Yes, I'll be disgraced. I can never show my face in polite society again."

"You sound damn' hopeful about it. Well, I can't help it. I didn't forget the spark plugs for the put-put or the signal rockets. You don't even wear a petticoat. And besides that, we aren't rescued yet. What can I do about it?"

"Aren't you going to be a gentleman?"

"You mean am I going to marry you?"

"Yes. My brother will shoot you if you don't."

"That's a promise. I'm used to being shot. But don't let him duck me."

She began to cry and let go her end of the sail. I couldn't stand that.

"Hang on to that tarpaulin," I told her. "I'll marry you. God knows I don't want to marry any fool who takes me out in a boat without anything for an emergency except a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SHIPWRECK
Continued from page thirty-one

bottle of champagne and a powder puff, but it's as much my fault as yours. A party is a party and I won't leave before the check is paid. Maybe after food and water and a bath and a week's sleep I'll feel equal to looking you in the face again. Yes, if your reputation is besmirched, I'll make good."

"How do you think I feel? I'm just as thirsty as you are. I haven't had my shoes off for three days and two nights. And I'm so hungry! It's no fun being shipwrecked with you, Nero."

"What do you mean, Nero?" I demanded.

"Well, all you've been doing is fiddling around while I've been burning up."

"I don't care."

"But you will marry me?"

"Unless I drown you first. We're gaining on the tide. In five hours more I can swim in to shore and get help."

Our throats were too dry so we couldn't talk any more. I landed Ada and tied the boat to a pier.

There was nobody in evidence, so we walked to a road and found our way to a filling station. That first gallon of water tasted awfully good.

Ada got our bearings and telephoned for her chauffeur to bring the mechanic to get the boat.

We went straight to Ada's house in a taxi. She found some dry clothes for me, and after a hot bath and a bottle of champagne I felt almost human.

She gave me a good dinner and we turned on the radio and danced a while. For a moment I felt no pain and was not at all opposed to marrying the girl. I couldn't see that I had much to say about the matter anyway, so I enjoyed the evening as best I could. Then she sent me back into town in her car.

On the way to town we passed the same yacht-club landing where we started our ill-fated cruise. The moon was out and to my great surprise I saw the boat tied up to the buoy with the tarpaulin on it. I stopped the car to make sure.

The mechanic was just rowing in and I waited to speak to him.

"YOU'RE a fine mechanic," I told him, "to let a boat go out like that."

"Like what?" he asked.

"Without any spark plugs for the outboard motor."

"There were plugs for it in the tool box when it left here. I put them there myself."

"There were not. I looked for them myself. There weren't any tools either."

"Who're you when you're home?"

"None of your business. But I was on that boat and had a lot of trouble with it. You ought to be fired and I expect you will. Why don't you keep the motor in shape?"

"It was in shape. Maybe if you knew something about motors you could have brought the boat back yourself."

"I do know something about motors."

"Not much. The motor is all right now."

"What was wrong with it?"

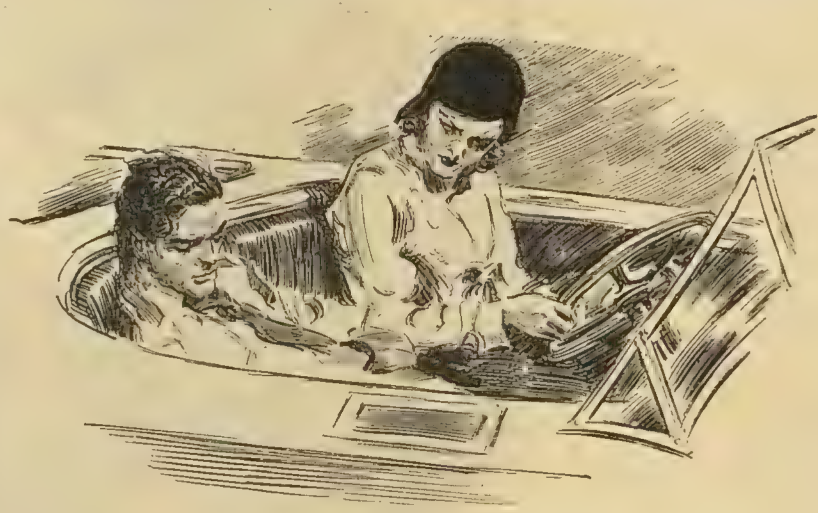
"You or some other fool dropped a handkerchief into the air intake. What sort of game were you playing?"

So that was where my handkerchief went! Compromised indeed!

I retired in defeat and resumed my trip to town.

The next morning I was so stiff that I couldn't get out of bed.

I also had a cold, a sore throat, a taste in my mouth like a bushel of barnacles, and numerous sprains, cuts, contusions, and bruises. I never felt more pain. After the doctor left I called Ada.



The champagne and the roar of the motor were too much. Ada or no Ada, I had to take a nap.

"Why did you throw those spark plugs overboard?" I demanded.

"Who says I did?"

"Why did you stuff my handkerchief into the air intake?" I persisted.

"Because I wanted to stay out all night with you. Or all week."

"Do you mean to tell me that you broke my back, parched my tongue, ruined my stomach, and scared me out of seven years' sleep just to play a joke on me?"

"I stayed out there with you, didn't I? It wasn't a joke, either. It was—"

"Oh, wasn't it! You made me do everything that Columbus did but climb the mast. Fortunately, there was no mast. Then after you made me a sailor you made me a sucker. I didn't see anything about our shipwreck in the papers. Does anybody know about it?"

"No. The servants think we stayed at Watch Hill."

"Then you aren't compromised and I don't have to marry you. See how you like that joke! Good-by."

And with that I hung up. . . .

"WHAT do you think of that for a story of love and adventure?"

I laughed.

"There was nothing original in the idea, though her method was a bit novel," I said. "But I don't understand, Larry, why a woman with a cellar full of prewar hooch and a bank full of money would be wanting for a husband. And by no stretch of the imagination can I conceive why any woman would go to all that trouble to get you for a husband. The girl certainly used extreme measures."

"I'll say she did. But I'm going to get even. Wait until I finish with her!"

"What are you going to do?"

"She's never been up in a plane and says she is crazy to go. I promised to take her. Well, I've got a new plane that will do everything to her stomach that her boat did to mine.

I'm going to fly to New York next week and take her up for her first ride. I'm going to fly her upside down until she can't tell the horizon from a hole in the ground. Then I'll spin down in some deserted spot and have a good forced landing followed by a nice walk home. Boy, what a ride that girl is going to get!"

"Well, be sure and kill her, Larry," I implored.

"Why?"

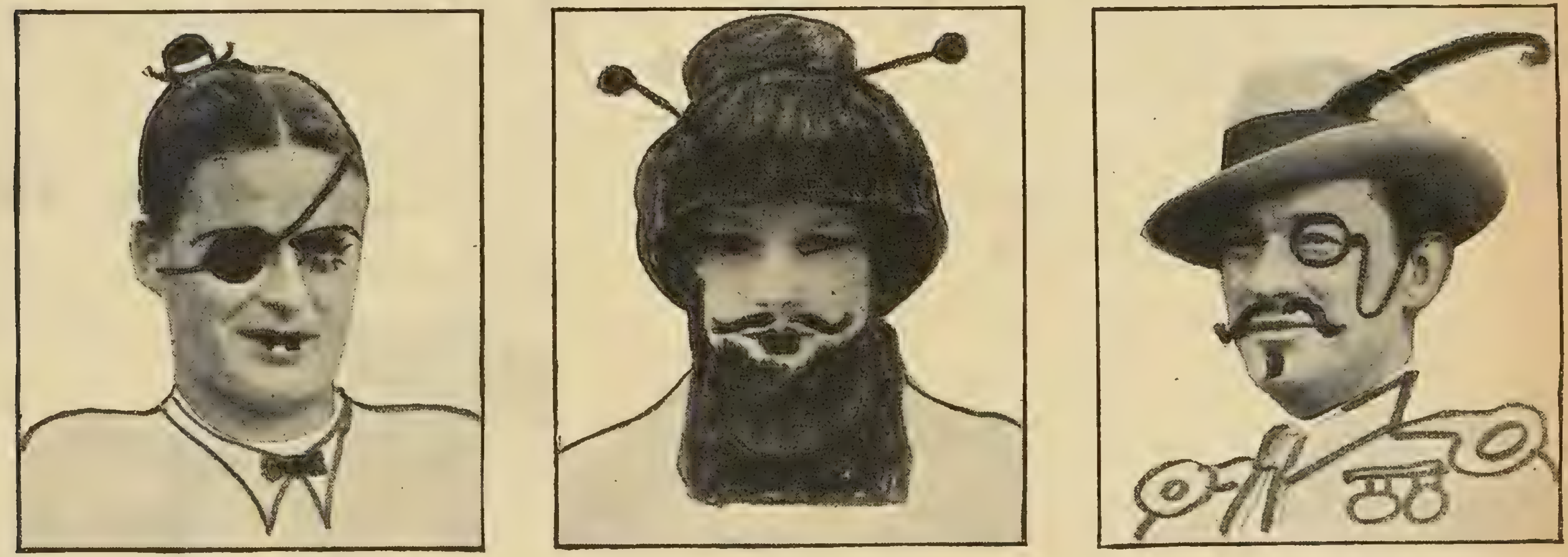
"Because unless you do, I'm going to be out a wedding present and I can't afford one now."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."
2—The science of teaching.
3—Milk.
4—Language of the gypsies.
5—Los Angeles, California, in 1932.
6—Defamatory language; state of being in disgrace.
7—Juneau.
8—War of 1812.
9—Of weak or mean spirit; cowardly.
10—Thomas Jonathan.
11—Pietro Mascagni.
12—With authority.
13—In the Irish Sea.
14—That which may be assigned or transferred in the ordinary course of business.
15—One who is clumsy or awkward.
16—Bordeaux.
17—Fairy tales.
18—A clown; buffoon.
19—The national legislative body of Germany.
20—Bolivia and Paraguay.

Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*



The pictures above give a rough idea of what you can do to a photograph with a pen or pencil. Below are the same pictures, unmarked. See what YOU can do to them, and mail them as directed in the rules below. This set of pictures must reach us before midnight, August 2.

BOBBY JONES
greatest golfer of them all

HELEN WILLS MOODY
women's tennis champion

JAMES J. WALKER
mayor of Greater New York

Liberty offers One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50

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The Rules Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

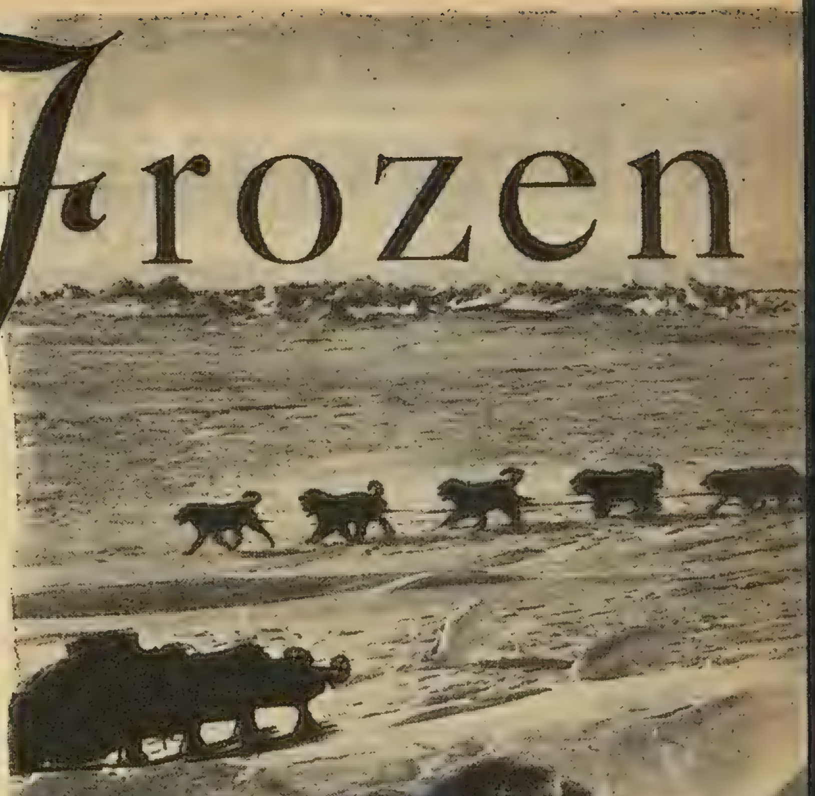
You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced as quickly as possible, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published.

We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.

PRIZE AWARDS FOR THE FUNNY FACES IN THE JULY 12 ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK

Filming a Frozen



The Byrd Picture—and Some Others

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE

Edited and Distributed by Paramount. Photographed by Willard VanderVeer and Joseph T. Rucker.

SPACE prevents listing the illustrious cast of this picture. The names of the leaders of the expedition are, of course, familiar to you: Rear Admiral Byrd, Dr. Gould, Balchen, McKinley, and June. The other sixty-five men who risked their lives and gave up civilization for two years in order that this expedition might be successful will have to remain nameless here.

This is a thrilling picture of a real adventure. The voice of Floyd Gibbons, the famous headline hunter of the radio, has been synchronized with the film beginning with the take-off from Little America of the trimotored plane for the pole, carrying Byrd, McKinley, June, and the pilot Balchen, and continuing until the end of the picture. He tells the story in graphic phrases.

You will be thrilled by the actual flight above the pole and by the finding by Dr. Gould of a cache of Amundsen's, buried at the base of the Queen Maud Mountains on his expedition to the pole in 1911-12. You will be touched by the pathetic story of a brave and faithful dog and you will be amused by the antics of whales, seals, and some funny and curious little penguins.

The photography is exceptionally beautiful. If you want to know what the bottom of the world looks like, don't miss seeing With Byrd at the South Pole.

★ ★ ★ RAFFLES

CAST

Raffles	Ronald Colman
Gwen	Kay Francis
Bunny	Bramwell Fletcher
Ethel	Frances Dayde
McKenzie	David Torrence
Lady Melrose	Alison Skipworth
Lord Melrose	Frederick Kerr
Crawshay	John Rogers
Barraclough	Wilson Benge
Lord Crowley	Edmund Breon

Produced by Samuel Goldwyn. Directed by Harry d'Arrast.

After a hiatus of five years the amateur cracksman again makes his appearance on the screen. This time Raffles is to be heard as well as seen, and he is impersonated by Ronald Colman. (Do you remember House Peters in the silent film?)

John Rogers, Ronald Colman, and Alison Skipworth, in Raffles.

Caught Short plays up Polly Moran and Marie Dressler.

Colman makes the audible Raffles an attractive crook and you can't help sympathizing with him and wanting him to elude the police, even though you have a feeling that the crook film, good or bad, is passé.

This adaptation of E. W. Hornung's play was made by Sidney Howard. There are some interesting scenes of an amateur cricket match.

The most exciting scene is of Raffles' escape from his own apartment and from the clutches of the great Scotland Yard detective.

Kay Francis is an attractive Gwen. Alison Skipworth's Lady Melrose is a little exaggerated.

This is good entertainment, but it is not as thrilling as Colman's Bulldog Drummond.

★ ★ THE LADY OF SCANDAL

CAST

Elsie	Ruth Chatterton
Edward	Basil Rathbone
John	Ralph Forbes
Lady Trench	Nance O'Neil
Lord Trench	Frederick Kerr
Lord Crayle	Herbert Bunston
Sir Reginald	Cyril Chadwick

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Director: Sidney Franklin.

Adapted from the play known as The

Rear Admiral Byrd in With Byrd at the South Pole. Above, a scene from the same film.

Ruth Chatterton and her Piccadilly chorus in The Lady of Scandal.

Iigh Road, by Frederick Lonsdale, this icture is presented very nearly as it vas on the stage, even to its unhappy nding. The Lady of Scandal is a silly itle for the film, as it means nothing so ar as the story is concerned.

It is about a charming London actress vho becomes engaged to John, son and eir of Lord Crayle.

The engagement causes consternation n the family and a council of the most mportant relatives is called. John peruades Elsie to call on the family.

Edward, Duke of Warrington, head of he clan, falls in love with Elsie and she vith him. She breaks her engagement to John, and Edward is about to sever his connection with Lady Helen Hale when news of Lord Victor Hale's death is brought to him. Lady Hale expects Edward to marry her, and Elsie, realizing the situation, sacrifices her love in order that Edward may preserve his honor. She returns to the stage.

The acting is exceptionally good throughout and the settings are lovely, but the play, as you know from what I've told you of it, is somewhat weak.

★ ★ CAUGHT SHORT

CAST

Marie Jones	Marie Dressler
Polly Smith	Polly Moran
Genevieve Jones	Anita Page
William Smith	Charles Morton
Frankie	Thomas Conlin
Johnny	Douglas Haig
Priscilla	Nanci Price
Sophy	Greta Mann
Mr. Frisby	Herbert Pryor
Mr. Kidd	T. Roy Barnes
Mr. Thutt	Edward Dillon
Miss Ambrose	Alice Moe
Manicurist	Gwen Lee
Peddler	Lee Kohlmar
Fanny Lee	Greta Granstedt

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Charles F. Riesner.

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a farce suited to their personalities. The frenzy for speculating in stocks which swept the country last year is the basis for the comedy.

There are a number of good hearty laughs throughout.

★ BEAU BANDIT

CAST

Montero	Rod La Rocque
Coloso	Mitchell Lewis
Helen Wardell	Doris Kenyon
"Bobcat" Manners	Walter Long
Perkins	Charles B. Middleton
Howard	George Duryea
Buck	Jim Donlon

Produced by R. K. O. Directed by
Lambert Hillyer.

The one redeeming feature of this picture is the setting in the sand dunes of Arizona. It is badly acted, except for the work of Mitchell Lewis as a deaf and dumb Man Friday to the bandit Montero.

Do you know that—

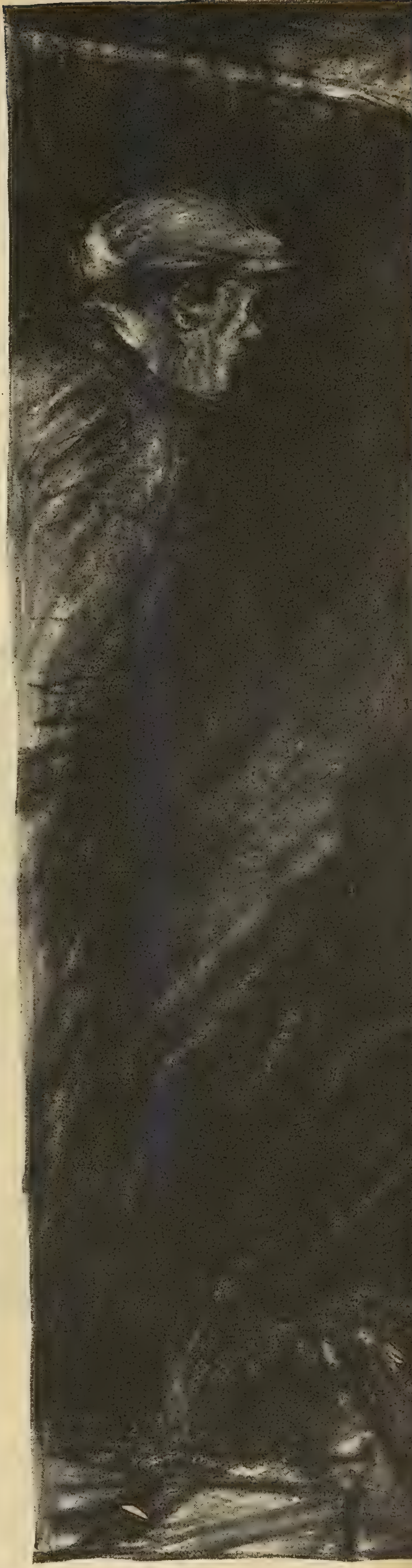
Dorothy Burgess, who plays the adventuress in Swing High, and who made a hit as the vamp in In Old Arizona, is a niece of Fay Bainter, the celebrated actress, and a cousin of the late Dave Montgomery, famous comedian? . . . Helen Cohan, daughter of the only George M., has just been signed by the Fox Studios to play in Lightnin' with Will Rogers?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

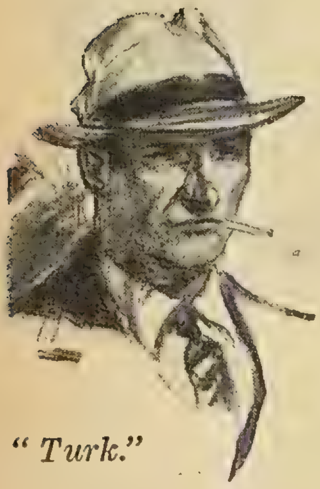
★★★★—None.

★★★—Holiday, The Social Lion, In the Shadow of the Law, In Gay Madrid, So This Is London, Swing High, The Bad One, True to the Navy, Ladies Love Brutes.

I Crack Some PETES



"O. K.?" he asks again.



"Turk."

A Heist Guy's Adventures in Safe-Robbing

As Told to Eugene Segal

By

ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

"ROY CHADWICK" is an alias of an all-around racketeer who is notorious in southern Ohio. It was under this name that he took his first "rap," a term in a state reformatory. He is known to Charles P. Taft, 2d, son of the late William Howard Taft, who came in contact with him while prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio. Mr. Taft says this actually is Chadwick's story, and originally was not told for publication.

A GUY is walking down the street from the depot in Middletown, Ohio, one night in January, 1922, and I'm tailing him a block away, all set to take him for the few bucks he might be carrying. Feature that for a hustler who had fifty grand in his pants not a year ago.

Honest, I'm ashamed of myself. Since the auto racket went bad on me a month before, I'm the same punk I was at the beginning of my hustling, back in 1914. Going after this small change, I feel like a panhandler.

I'm hoping none of my friends see me when, from across street, someone yells:

"Hey, that's my mark! I seen him first!"

It's Art, the boy who worked with me on our last auto theft and took it on the lam to St. Louis when I got nabbed. He's just off the train. One month is enough time to allow the dicks to grow cold on any job short of murder.

Art is all prettied up like a guy who has run into some good business, but he's dragging along the biggest, greasiest monkey I ever saw. This dirty-face stands about six feet six and is busting out of his clothes. You have to stretch your neck to see his cap, it's that small.

"Where did you pick this up?" I ask Art.

"Jim here is a buddy of mine from St. Louis," he answers.

"Yeh," Jim says to Art, "and tell your wise-guy friend I'm an A-one pete man and there ain't any can I can't crack. What do you think of that, wise guy?"

"Does old big shot go around telling that to everybody he runs across?" I ask Art.

Jim and I start right off being good friends. The three of us go to a booze joint to talk business. Jim brags he's cracked nearly every safe in St. Louis.

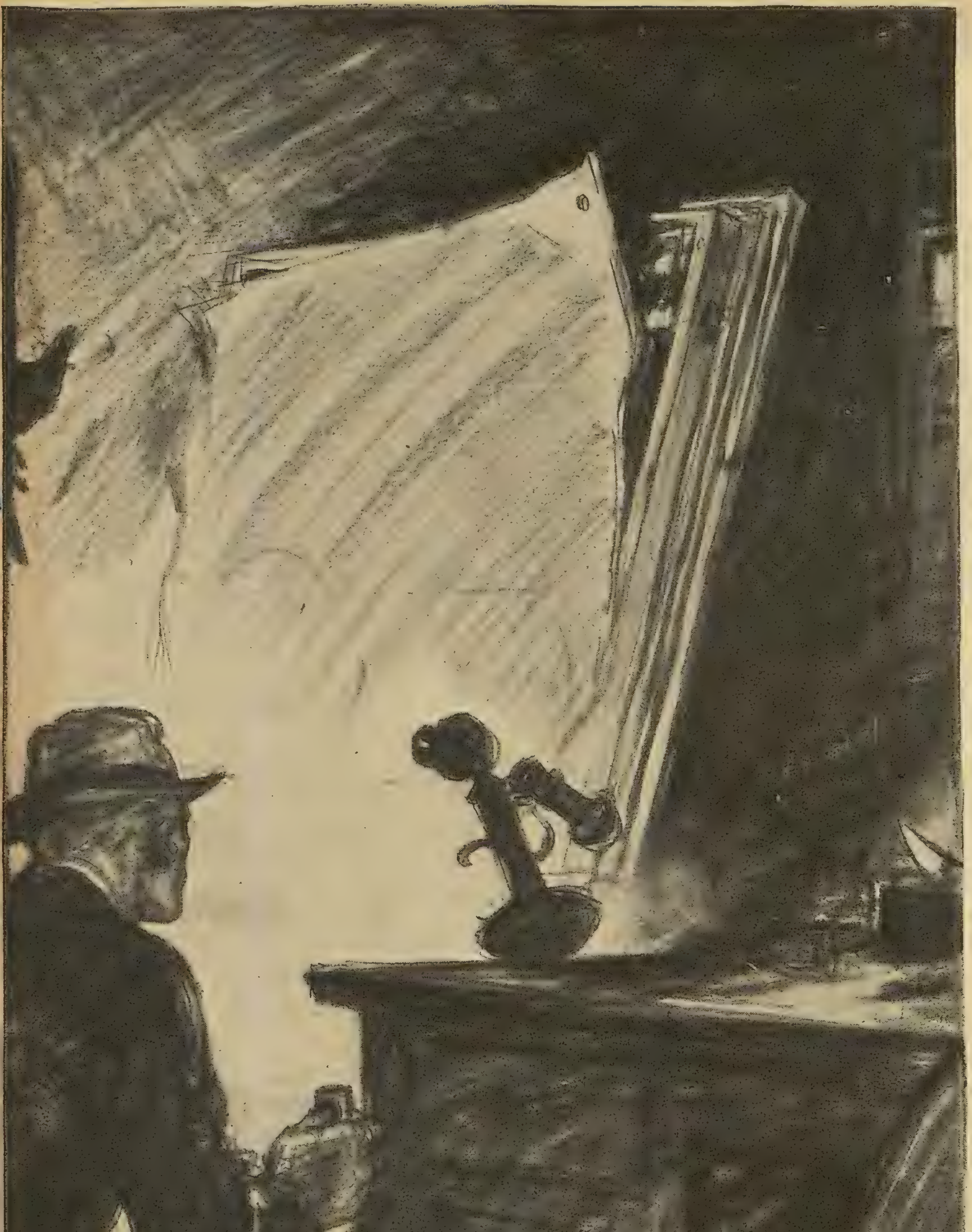
Art tells me not to pay any attention to Jim but that the boy actually has a good reputation as a pete worker. Jim is all for going out and busting a peter right then.

"What have you got to open it with?" I ask him.

"Here's what," he says, feeling his muscles.

I decide to give him a try. I figure the pete racket is something I ought to know. A good thief should be an expert at every kind of work so that when one breaks bad for him he's ready to start on another.

Jim asks for a grain elevator, coal yard, gas station, or feed store. He explains that these places have plenty of dough on hand this time of the year. He likes grain elevators and coal yards best because he says they usually have no night hacks and no houses near by. Safety is what appeals more than anything to a bum article like



"Let 'er go," I answer. The door flies clean across the room.

Jim, for, as I find out later in my work with the top-notchers of the pete racket, there is a way to deal with night hacks and neighbors as long as the mark is good.

Next day, Jim, Art and I drive past a grain elevator in the country near Hamilton, Ohio.

"Swell," says Jim. "I couldn't have picked a better spot myself."

That night we set out for the place in a blizzard. We go a couple of miles when I say:

"What I want to know is how are we going to crash this box?"

"Seeing you mentioned it," says Jim, "I ought to have a sledge."

I could have ditched the outfit right there. But I stick just to see what Jim would do. We bust a tool box on the roadside where a section-gang was working and Jim selects a cold chisel and a five-pound hammer.

WE crash the grain elevator about 12:30. The peter turns out to be a toy about three feet high. Jim laughs at it.

"I'll be in that baby in about thirty minutes," he says.

When Jim starts battering away, I grab my rod and rush to the door. The noise sounds like a couple of boiler factories. First he knocks off the com and drives back the shaft. The door holds. Jim stands back, scratching his head under that little cap of his. Then he knocks off the hinges, but that's no good either.

"Why don't you try biting it?" I tell him.

"All right, wise guy," he comes back. "Now watch me crease her."

Art holds the chisel and Jim beats. They cut a line down the middle of the door. The noise is worse than ever and keeps up for two hours. Then the door falls apart and Jim paws his way through the box, strewing papers all over the office. He finds nearly five Cs, not so bad when you're flat, but Jim sure earned his end of it. When we get back to the car I look at my watch and find we've been in the place four hours.

I tell Jim that if this is the pete racket I don't want any part of it. Art says he's got the finger on a coal yard he'd like to take off and if this sting turns out as tough as the other, we'd both quit. It's a go with me.

We kick in the coal office, near Middletown, the next night. Jim swings the sledge back over his shoulder like a ditch digger and I hold my ears. One smack and the com falls off. Another and the shaft is driven back.

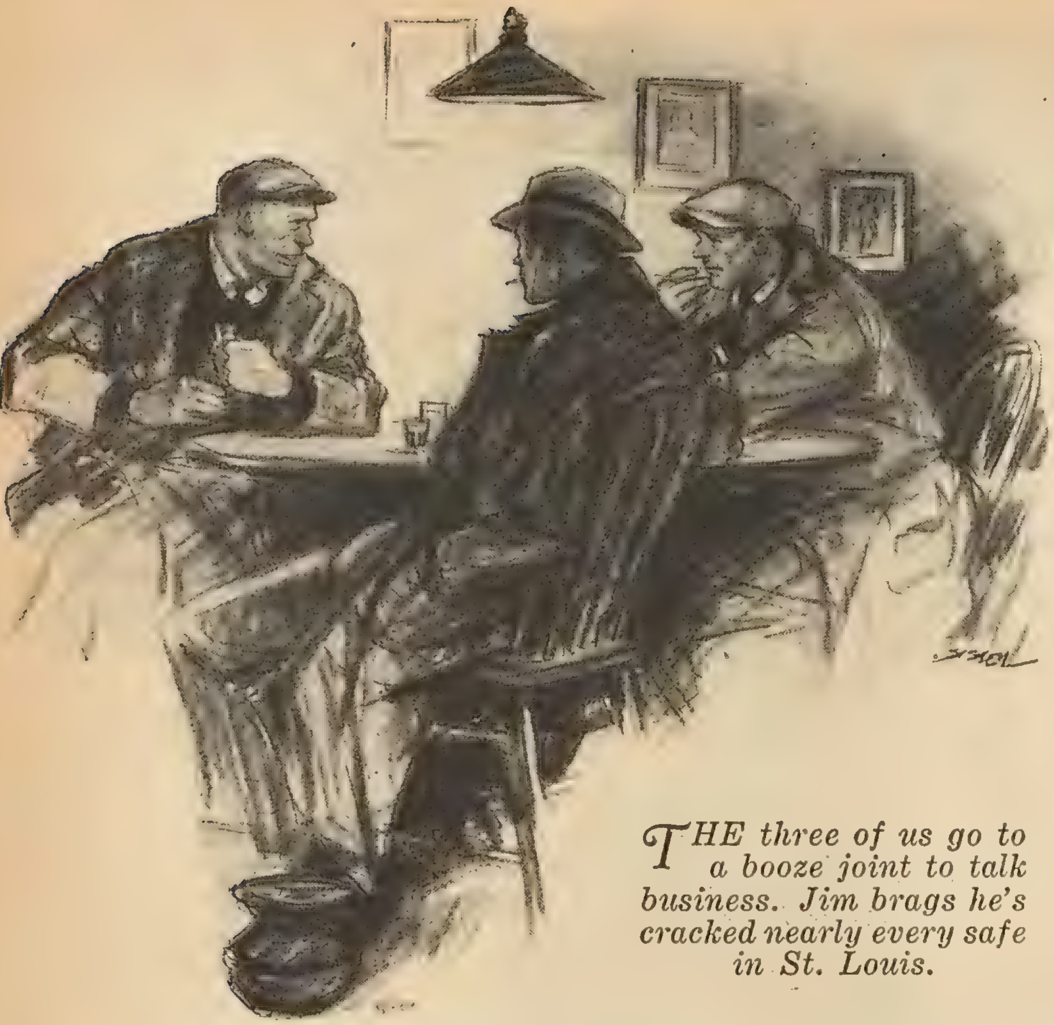
"Now I'll sit down and wait," I say.

Jim tries the door and, believe it or not, it opens.

"That's the way they all come for me, wise guy," Jim says, grinning.

We're out of the joint after twenty minutes with some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



THE three of us go to a booze joint to talk business. Jim brags he's cracked nearly every safe in St. Louis.

I CRACK SOME PETES
Continued from page thirty-seven

thing like five and a half Cs. Art and I ride along with Jim the rest of the winter. Sometimes he takes half the night or fails entirely. But the next try he makes his in almost immediately, so we're induced to stick. Once I ask Jim why we don't use soup and he makes the excuse that fireworks are meant for kids.

In four months we take about fifty boxes for a total of more than fifteen grand. Jim leaves for Indianapolis in April. I stall the whole summer because I worked pretty hard and have enough dough to get by on.

"Next time you see me don't talk to me," is the last thing Jim said to me.

But in October he sends me a kite saying business conditions are very good in Muncie, Indiana, and if I meet him there at noon the next Sunday, he'll see that I find employment. I have a hard time figuring out "employment." That's a tough word for Jim.

When Jim finds me at the Muncie depot, he says:

"Come on, wise guy. And don't act like a heel around my friends."

He tells me his mob is working the peters. There were four of them, but one was grabbed by the law so that left a vacancy for me. I expect to meet a couple of plumbers like Jim, and it's still a mystery to me how he ever got in with good company.

Jim drives me to a camp where I get a knockdown to the other two—Dan and "Turk." We're not talking long over a few drinks before I'm convinced they're the real goods. These boys have a national reputation. Dan is classed in the pete racket as a high-class mechanic. He's a tough egg and things have to be strictly on the up with him or he leaves you leaning.

TURK, a little, dark monkey with a big nose, is a man of very few words. He's a sure shot with a rod and always takes care of the night hacks who might be in joints we crashed.

Turk spends a few days showing me every rat in Muncie and warns me to steer clear of the petty larceny guys as they are also finks of the law. I get a good picture in my mind of all the fuzz on the city's force because breaking into a new town without first spotting the dicks is like walking into police headquarters and giving yourself up.

I'm anxious to get started on some work as I want to learn the professional ways of the pete racket. This is the kind of work any hustler can be proud of. As long as he knows how to open a peter, he doesn't have to lose his self-respect.

But Turk won't let me rush him into a job.

"Wait a minute," he says. "There's enough petes for everybody."

It's about a week before he says we're ready. The mark he and Dan have decided on is the office of an oil company in Marion, Indiana, which they learned ought to come for about two grand. They were tipped by a steer guy in Eddie's saloon, a place where thieves and hangers-on of the underworld congregate. Muncie, around 1923 and for a few years after that, was the headquarters of more high-class hustlers than any city ten times its size. Gerald Chapman was there in 1924 and I came close to putting in with his mob on my return to the city that year, shortly before he was nabbed for killing the copper in Connecticut. I want to tell you about that later.

Eddie, the saloonkeeper, was a go-between for the thieves and stashed their dynamite caps and soup.

THE best time to bust any peter is on a Friday night because all the week's receipts are in by then. The money goes to the bank on Saturdays, so that usually you won't read in Monday's papers of any big pete jobs pulled over the week-end.

The first Friday that rolls around we spend casing the mark in Marion. We want to see that the dough isn't going to the bank that day.

On Saturday morning we return. I go into the oil company's office and ask for "Mr. Williamson." I say I'm a garage man and he owes me a balance of twenty-eight fifty on a bill.

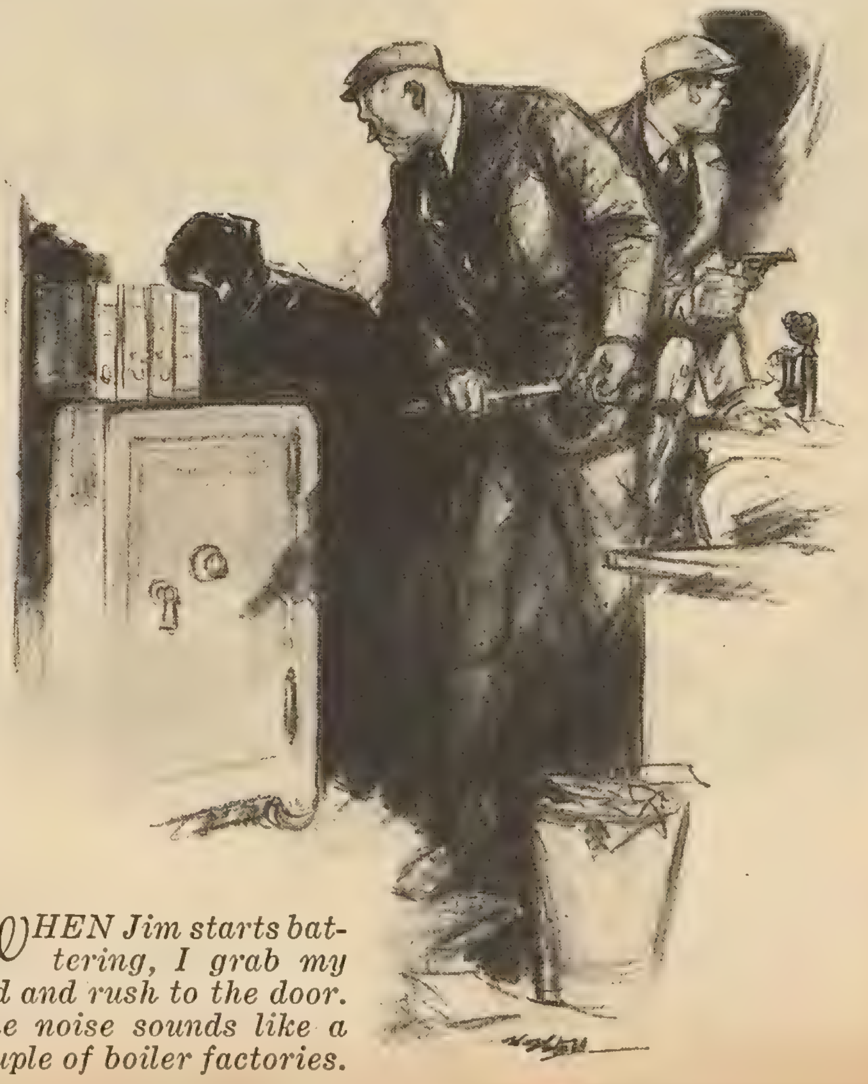
"We have no Mr. Williamson," the man tells me.

"That's funny," I say. "He told me he works here."

"There must be a mistake," the man answers.

"Well, is there anybody here with a name that sounds like Williamson?" I ask.

I'm stalling. Over in a corner the cashier is counting the money and I'm waiting my chance to glom the size of the pile without giving myself away. Dan and Turk told me to see if the safe is the old "rope" style, which gets



WHEN Jim starts battering, I grab my rod and rush to the door. The noise sounds like a couple of boiler factories.

its name from the iron rope trimming around the edges, and which can be opened with a hammer and punch. The new type of safe, like they have here, has a heavy metal plate shrunk into the back facing of the door which keeps the combination shaft from being driven back. On this kind you have to use the soup.

The man finally tells me there's another oil company in town and that maybe Mr. Williamson is there. By this time I took in the whole works, so I'm satisfied to leave.

In about an hour we see a guy leave the place with a satchel and we tail him to the bank to make sure it's the dough he has. Now we know we must crash the oil company office no later than Friday night. Dan, Turk, Jim, and I could have taken that messenger on the way to the bank, but it's a mistake to give up your kisser when you're figuring on working a territory for a full season. One big advantage of the pete racket over the heist is that after a job you can get around town without the constant fear that some monkey is going to put the finger on you. Many a hustler has been nabbed that way.

During the next week we get a schedule of trains running in and out of Marion. Near the oil company is a railroad track and we're timing our job for when a train would be passing. Dan explains that when your charge blows, the neighbors, half asleep, will think it's a torpedo on the track. A second shot, though, will smarten them, and if you have to use a third, you'd better be ready to take it on the hot.

On Friday night we cut some telephone wires that lead into a residence adjoining the oil place. Dan is willing to blow a pete right below anybody's bedroom as long as there are no telephone connections. I've been with him when he did it.

WE crash the joint through a back door about 12:45 A. M. We leave the door open because this is going to be our out. Our car is parked on a side street.

First we search the plant for a night hack. Finding none, we're set to start. I'm stationed at a window. My job is to say when the train is passing and it's O. K. to make the big noise, or to give the office if someone is coming. Turk is standing at the door. He's to stick the heat on any intruder and bring him inside where we can tie him. But, knowing Turk's reputation, I'll say he'd blast the guy rather than go to the trouble of wrapping him up.

At 12:55, Jim, the big sledge-hammer man, knocks the com off the safe with a couple of smacks. Then we wait. The train isn't due past this spot until 1:10 A. M.

Jim isn't shooting off at the mouth any more, with Dan and Turk around. He just takes orders.

At 1 A. M. Dan goes to work. First he uses some wall-paper cleaner to make what looks like a cup that's cut in half from top to bottom. Then he plasters the open side of the cup to the safe door, around the hole left by the broken com. In the cup he puts a dynamite cap to which are attached two copper wires. He then passes the wires around the handle of the safe. He has to do this, I learn, because the wires are going to set off the charge and if he's holding them when the shot blows they're going to cut his hands. After they're fastened to the handle they run on into loose ends for several feet.

Dan is just about through with the wiring when I see the locomotive's headlight. You just can't believe that big safe is going to be split wide open by the time the train gets here.

"Step on it!" I yell to Dan.

"Keep your shirt on," he says.

He's working faster but with no more effort. He takes a two-ounce bottle of nitroglycerin from his pocket. Before pouring it into the cup on the safe door he asks me if everything is O. K. He's taking no chances on having the charge run out on him if, after he's poured it, someone passes outside and he has to wait to blow.

Dan finishes the job when the engine is no more than twenty-five feet away. He's crouched at the side of the safe as the train rumbles past.

"O. K.?" he asks again.

"Let 'er go!" I answer.

He scratches the loose ends of the wires on the ter-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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I CRACK SOME PETES
Continued from page thirty-nine

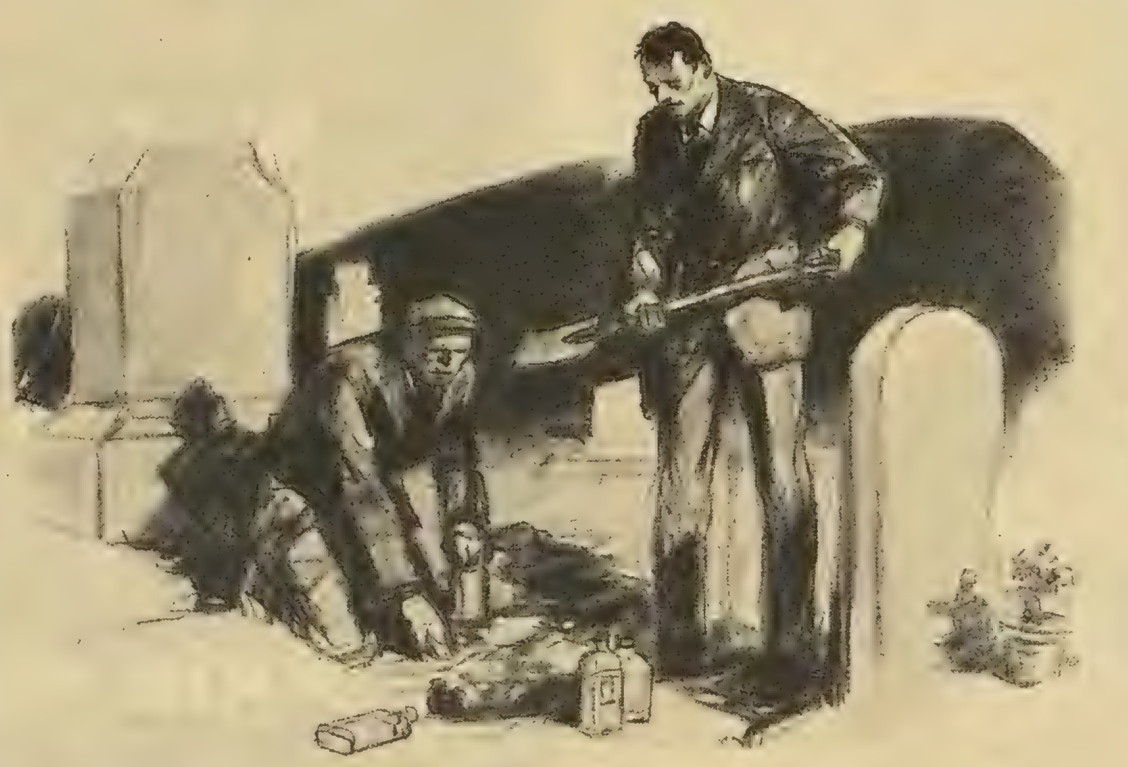
minals of a flashlight battery. The door flies clean across the room. The pete is a stout one and Dan gave it an extra dose. But we find nothing. We figure the paper, if any, must be locked in the keester. This is a compartment that's built inside most safes.

A guy who can open a keester is never going to be outclassed by anybody in the pete racket, and Dan is the guy. He's mad and sets to work again.

First he knocks off the pressure bolt. He has some broken safety-razor blades which he wedges into the crack along the top edge of the keester door. This leaves an opening for him to force in some wall-paper cleaner the whole width of the box.

Following the cleaner, a strip of gauze is plugged in. Dan cups the box at one of the upper corners. He pours the soup with an eye dropper. The gauze sucks up the stuff and the wall-paper cleaner keeps it from running into the keester.

Meanwhile, we've spilled water over the carpet on the office floor.



We carry the soup back to Muncie in quart bottles and bury it in a cemetery.

"Now throw that thing over this pete," Dan orders.

The second shot has to be muffled. When we've got the safe covered he tells us to get the hell out of the way or he'll blow our heads off.

There's a thud. Dan grins and stuffs his pockets full of paper. Jim grabs the tools. No pete man likes to leave anything that will smarten the law as to how a job was done. Nine out of ten dicks don't know.

We're out of the place with nearly three grand.

DAN, Turk, Jim, and I work steady through the winter. Good spots are lumber yards, wholesale groceries, gas and electric and telephone offices between the first and fifth of every month, and movie houses when they're showing a feature picture. If they're not, we wait until they have one.

Our busy weeks are the ones before Christmas and Easter. There are a lot of stores we saved until Christmas, knowing they don't do much business the rest of the year. We have to rush to handle them all in one week. The clothing stores get a play around Easter. We bust as many as three peters in a single night in order to keep up with the work. Our biggest take is eight grand in three nights and our take during six months is about fifty grand out of sixty-five jobs.

Our work is so heavy that often we run out of soup. There are two ways to obtain grease. The first is to steal it, and that is what we did. We drive over to Portland, Indiana, where there is an oil drilling company called "the pete man's friend" because it has an unguarded supply of nitroglycerin that's used by safe workers from all over the Middle West. We carry the soup back to Muncie in quart bottles and bury it in a cemetery, a baseball field, and in different places around the city. This is done so that the law will never find it on us and so there will always be some handy.

"Mob Talk" in This Story, and What It Means

Pete—A safe.
Hustling—Crime in general.
Punk—A novice.
Monkey—As used here, simply an uncouth "dumbbell"; sometimes the mob term for a Jew.
Night hack—A night watchman.
Rod—Revolver; pistol.
C—One hundred dollars.
Com—Combination knob.
Soup or *grease*—Nitroglycerin.
Rat or *fink*—Squealer; informer; stool pigeon.
Kite—A letter.
Put the finger on you—Point you out to the law.
Glom—Get a look at.
Give up your kisser—Show your face, risking identification.
Stick the heat on—Cover with a gun.
Case a mark—Reconnoiter and plan for a robbery.
Heist—A holdup.
Brig—Prison.
Junker—A dope addict.
Smoking my joint—Looking for me at my lodgings.

The second way to get your soup is to make it out of dynamite stolen from a hardware store or stone quarry. You crumble the dynie by rubbing it between your fingers and put the powder in a sugar sack. Half fill a lard can with water, put the sack in and boil it. Pretty soon the grease will sink to the bottom of the can. Throw away what's left in the sack, drain off the water, and you have soup. It's not the best kind, but a two-ounce bottle will contain about four or five shots. The way you test its strength is to taste it, and if your temples throb it's good enough.

MY first connection with Dan's mob ends in April. That's when the pete man's business falls off. Then people begin to keep their windows open and you're liable to stir a rumble.

I return to Cincinnati, and Dan, Turk and Jim go west.

For the next few years, excepting a couple of months when I'm back in Muncie, I follow up my pete work along with bank heists and hijacking, as a member of a Cincinnati mob. Whereas Dan and Turk won't touch a pete mark unless it's perfectly cased, this Cincinnati outfit goes in for flyers.

We load a car with soup, tools and caps, and set out on a tour. Whenever we see a mark that looks good we note it in a book. Then we back-track a few days later and take off everything we have listed. That's a flyer.

We made all of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. We rarely went below the Mason-Dixon line, unless some heavy dough was promised, as they're used to trying black men down there and burn you up with long time. You hardly ever hear of any big jobs being pulled in the South.

During three years I was in on no less than a hundred pete plays, some good and some bad, and realized as my end about twenty-five grand. At the same time there was money coming in from other jobs.

In October, 1924, a kite from Jim tells me to join the old mob at Muncie. The following few months were nothing to talk about except for my meeting with Chapman.

Chapman is on the lam just after shooting that copper up in Connecticut. My knockdown to him comes through Eddie the saloonkeeper, who, I guess, is impressed by my friendship with Dan and Turk. Eddie, it turns out, is a guy who likes detective stories. I happen to quote him a hot one I got out of a magazine, and after that he'll keep me in the back of his place for hours, telling about how this dick made that master mind and how some punk fresh from the farm outsmarted Scotland Yard.

One day Eddie gets personal.

"You were in the auto business over in Ohio, wasn't you?" he remarks.

"Yeh, I did a little work in that line," I say.

It doesn't make me feel bad at all hearing I'm a mentioned article around where the smart guys hang out.

"I'd like to see you put in with Chapman's mob," Eddie goes on.

That's getting a rating. It's understood that Chapman is taking up with nobody unless he's a guy who can hold up his end with the best men in the hustling class.

Eddie sets me in with a couple of Chapman's buddies whose names I don't want to mention. They were two of the toughest gunmen in the country. One of them in particular becomes my side-kick. He and I double on a couple of liquor heists, and then, one night, when I'm sitting with him in a car in front of the saloon, Eddie comes out followed by two short guys, one heavy and the other lean.

"Roy," Eddie says, "shake hands with Gerald Chapman and Dutch Anderson."

Chapman, the skinny guy, gives me his hand, but Dutch just says, "Hi."

"You're a stranger around here," Chapman remarks in a quiet voice.

"I don't get over this way much," I tell him.

"It's not a bad dump," he says. Then he changes it. "Rather a pleasant community," he puts it the second time.

THAT'S something I noticed about Chapman. He was always trying to improve his talk to keep the lingo out. Often, when he was among his own kind, he'd slip but never let it pass without a correction.

Chapman's exercises in good language were part of his business. In casing a job he had to meet legitimate people and he was smart enough to know that a mob word would give him away. Any high-class hustler can put on the dog in honest company, but Chapman did it better.

Unless you know a junker when you see one, you'd never guess Chapman was on the dope. You'd probably pass him up as a well-to-do business man. He wore at least five Cs worth of clothes, usually a brown suit with a white silk handkerchief sticking out the breast pocket. His hair was a little gray, parted in the middle and slicked back. He had a high forehead. He wore shell-rimmed glasses attached to a ribbon around his neck.

His eyes were kind of hollow and sad, and his face white and bony. It was a junker's face, but not bad looking.

While I'm talking to him he seems to be taking in every word and chews gum as fast as a jaw will work.

Chapman was an easy guy to get along with. The only person he hated was a fellow who let his woman hustle for him on the street. No matter what the papers said, I don't think he had much dough when he was hung at Hartford a year and a half later. He was always giving it away. Whenever he was out high-lifing it, he never picked up the change of a ten or twenty bill. That is what marks a guy as a big shot.

Chapman's right-hand man, Dutch Anderson, was just a tough. In appearance he was nothing more than a dumb Dutchman. He looked like a guy who couldn't get across street by himself. You've seen round noses with big pores and blue veins. That's the kind he had. He had a full face and a mouth that sagged. He tried to keep up with Chapman in dress, but was the kind that always looked like a bum no matter what he wore. I have an idea Dutch got by with as much as he did because nobody would suspect a dumb-looking monkey like him.

The day after my meeting with Chapman, Eddie tells me I went over swell and the big boy is willing I join his mob. I figure I reached one of the high spots of my life when I was asked to put in with a guy who could take a mail truck for two and a half million and then make a break from the Federal brig at Atlanta.

But I have to turn down Chapman's invitation because in a few days I'm taking it on the hot out of Muncie. My trouble started with a road heist.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"To hide me in some deep and woody glen
Far from unhealthy haunts of sordid men
— And smoke."
— Henry Lloyd

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and smoke . . . and smoke!

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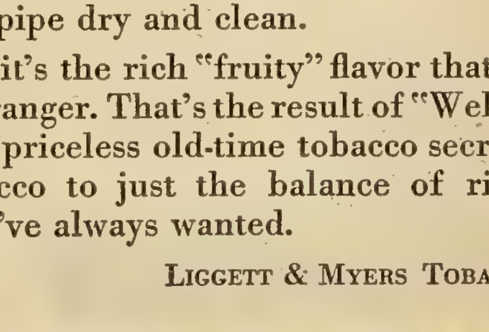

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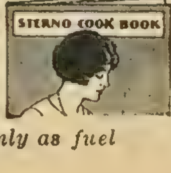

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[I CRACK SOME PETES
Continued from page forty-one]

Dan and Turk hear of the owner of a gambling joint who is supposed to be walking around at nights with five grand in his pocket. You can't pass that up, no matter what your special racket is, so on a Saturday night we take him and his wife on a country road.

They come for only four and a half Cs and a diamond ring. During the heist, Jim, dumb as usual, calls me by my alias. It so happens that in Muncie is a thief with a name sounding something like it. The law picks him up, but the gambler and his wife fail to identify him.

He gets a hunch I'm the man wanted, so as soon as he's through with the show-up, he makes for my house. The law must have tailed him, because after he has given me the office and left, I see the dicks smoking my joint. I duck out the back way and down an alley. On a side street I notice the dicks are tailing. But I take it easy, pretending as if I don't owe anybody anything.

At the first corner I turn off and look around for a hide-out. Can you imagine, there's a millinery store right in front of me! I couldn't ask for anything better, as the law never would think of looking in there.

"I want a hat for my wife," I tell the girl inside.

"What kind of a hat?" she asks, looking at me as if I'm a nut.

"Oh, a green one with flowers," I answer.

"Has she a small head?" the girl goes on.

"About a seven, I guess," I say.

"Maybe you'd better bring her in," she comes back.

"All right," I say. "I'll do that."

But at the door I see the dicks scouting the block. So I go back to the girl.

"Don't you think you should let me see what you've got in hats so I can give my wife an idea?" I ask.

She drags out a flock of millinery and I give it all careful inspection.

Suddenly I dash out of the store. A bus is passing, bound for out of town. I take a chance, but the dicks have given up the search. I catch the bus and am away from the heat in a few minutes.

Some day I'm going to buy a hat from that girl in Muncie.

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Youthful Ambitions

A small boy pulled away from his mother's hand, ran up to a traffic officer on a busy corner, and, with admiration beaming in his gaze, inquired:

"How old were you when your mother let you be a policeman?"—Edna V. Snyder, 649 S. Burnside Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Made to Fit

Grandma found her spectacles all bent and out of shape. To question her small granddaughter directly would be futile. So she said: "Claire, did grandma's glasses fit you?"

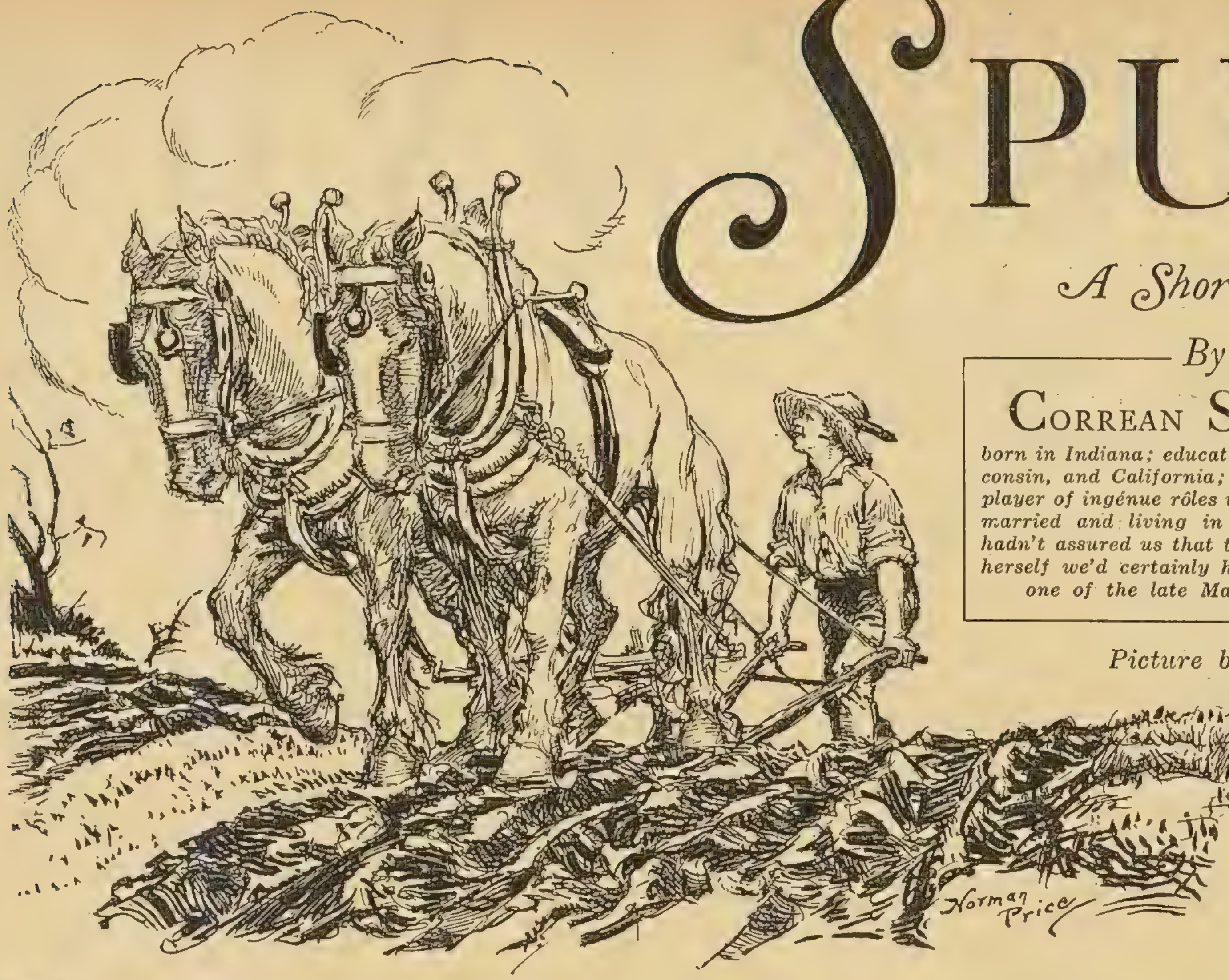
"Not until I bended them," came the answer.—Iola McMillen, 410 Winona St., Winona, Minn.

* * *

Frightened Miss Evans Away

Small Kitty was sitting on the porch steps when a spider, spinning his web, hung himself in midair close to her face. Startled, she jumped up and said:

"Go 'way from me, spider. I's not Miss Muffet; I's Kitty Evans."—Mrs. George Evans, Box 82, Troy, Ohio.



SPUDS

A Short Short Story

By

CORREAN SANDBERG

born in Indiana; educated in Illinois, Wisconsin, and California; for three years a player of ingénue rôles in Hollywood; now married and living in Chicago. If she hadn't assured us that this is a picture of herself we'd certainly have vowed it was one of the late Mabel Normand.

Picture by NORMAN PRICE

HE hated potatoes. Said there wasn't no dreams in the darn' ol' things.

THE town of Brule was humming with excitement. Not since Coolidge came to the little white church had there been such a stir among the inhabitants. Rumor had it that the "Widow O'Neil," after fifteen years of doubt, was a real widow. O'Neil had died somewhere in the north of Canada and left the woman a fortune. It was the fortune and not his death which caused the furor.

Mr. Benson, president of the little bank, had reached his swivel chair at nine sharp. The little bank held more customers for that hour than it had ever held in all its history. Seemed like everyone in town had pressing business right under the nervous president's nose. Much to their disappointment, however, Mr. Benson asked the tall thin woman who entered to come into his private office. And he closed the door on the curious eyes.

"Did you want this entire ten thousand placed in a checking account, Mrs. O'Neil?" he asked.

The woman shook her head. "No. You can put it in the savings. I intend to put my boys through Harvard with that money as soon as they finish Normal School."

"Rather a high goal for a woman who has raised prize potatoes for a living," the banker thought. "Harvard!"

"Hm-m! Yes," he agreed slowly. "No doubt their father would have wanted it spent in that way!"

"No! Their father wouldn't have wanted no such thing, Mr. Benson, and I can't let you think he would, neither!" the woman contradicted flatly. A grim line etched itself around her mouth. "Mr. O'Neil never worried all these past fifteen years whether his family even had enough to eat—let alone any far-fetched ambitions about sendin' 'em to college!"

Benson settled back in his chair. He surveyed the woman before him with a new interest. She had been coming into his bank for a number of years and yet he had never really looked at her until this morning. Not such a bad looker, at that. Tall and a little too thin, but features that were fine and clear cut. Wide eyes with a snap in their brown depths and reddish hair that curled in spite of the tightly drawn knob on the slim neck.

"Mean to say you never had any help from your husband since he went north, Mrs. O'Neil?" he asked.

Mary O'Neil shook her head. "Not a speck! Never had even a line from him. I never knew but what he was dead long ago. Not that it matters. There wasn't ever any love lost between us after I made Tim settle down to real work. And when he pulled that stunt with my prize spuds—I hated him."

"What stunt was that?" queried Benson curiously. Evidently there was more story connected with this enormous check than he had thought. He knew from his correspondence with the Hudson Bay Company that the money was for furs O'Neil had trapped, and that they were found in the cabin when the mounted police discovered him dead there.

Mary O'Neil was looking at the banker, but her eyes gazed through him. Her voice was crisp and clear.

"You know that farm of ours is the finest potato land around here. When we first settled there it didn't take me long to find that out. Tim hated work, but I made him do it. Being cooped up in a house when he had been used to the trap line and freedom turned him bitter. He hated potatoes anyway. Always said there wasn't no dreams in the darn' ol' things—like there was in furs. Maybe he was right. I don't know.

"Anyway, one terrible hot day when we had dug spuds till our backs was about broke his terrible temper got the best of him. He flung them from him. He ran for that old light buckboard we had filled with the biggest spuds. And he ran it right into the river at the bend there. I screamed at him like a crazy woman. It didn't do no good. They went in where it was too deep. After that I hated him more than ever. And it wasn't long after that he left. Walked out and never came back.

"That winter was terrible for the children and me. Mr. Benson, Tim O'Neil's family wouldn't never had got that money if he hadn't died. I'm grateful to have it. And he paid for his sins. I hain't pretending I'm sorry, either!" The woman stopped.

Mr. Benson frowned. "But, Mrs. O'Neil, he had made a wonderful haul! Why, those furs were worth every cent the company sent. They said there were several silver fox in the lot. He would have been rich—if he had lived."

For the first time, Mary O'Neil smiled. A wry smile.

"Did the company tell you *what he died from?*

Benson shook his head.

The woman's voice rang through the room like a trumpet.

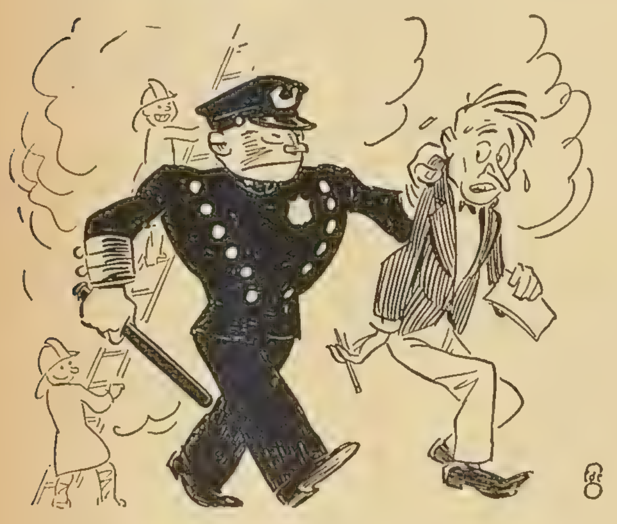
"Well, they wrote *me*, all right. He died from—*scurvy*, Mr. Benson. Folks in the north get that—when they can't get *spuds* to eat!"

THE END

Vox

How Very Interesting

Pensacola, Fla.—If all the paper, pencils, and typewriter ribbons used in trying to write successful short short stories for publication in Liberty were put together in one huge pile and set afire up on the rim of the arctic, every Eskimo in the Arctic Zone would probably die of the heat.



They tell me that in one city this short short story mania has grown to such proportions as to threaten the very moral fiber of its more phlegmatic citizens.

Impecunious youths, ambitious for literary laurels, have been known to climb up fire escapes, duck into dubious-looking doorways, and even in a few instances to ascend telephone poles in their frantic search for an original plot—whence they were dislodged by peeved and outraged cops.

In one instance there's a story related of how a covey of these literarily inebriated youths rushed up to the scene of a fire.

One of these, in his passionate desire to be on the "inside," ducked past the police line. A nimble-footed patrolman overhauled him and demanded to know what was the big idea.

Drawing himself proudly erect, the youth said:

"I am a writer."

"Yeh—what do you write for?"

"I write," said he proudly, "for Liberty."

"Then you been loose too long already," said the officer. "Come on along with me."—*Winfield Brady.*

All Right. How Old Is a Coon?

Evanston, Ill.—You've only one saving grace. Once in a coon's age you hit the bull's-eye. Now ask me how old is a coon.—*M. S. Ferguson.*

No Offense Intended

Omaha, Neb.—In your issue for July 5, the front cover carries a picture of two children who are celebrating July Fourth, one of whom is rigged out with a Knight Templar chapeau and a Knight Templar sword.

Don't you think this is rather bad taste, to adorn a child with articles that comprise part of a uniform that carries the emblems of the Christian religion, and that is held by Knights Templar as a sacred investiture?

There are a hundred articles you could have used for this purpose, without degrading part of the uniform of an order that is founded on sacred history and traditions, and which only tends to bring it into disrepute.—*John Mellen.*

Gangway for the Short Short Critics

Hynes, Calif.—Well, the Vox Poppers who have been knocking most all the short short stories surely have to put their hammers up for that "He'd Have Said Good-by," by Phyllis Duganne, in the July 5 issue of Liberty.

Was that story there? Say, it's there yet!—*F. E. Morrison.*

San Francisco, Calif.—The first time I find an author who didn't come from England at an early age, wash dishes in Cambridge, paint portraits and then work twenty years on some big newspaper, I'm going to frame his short short story. Why? Because it's pretty apt to be a good story.

I'm looking for an author from Boldercreek, Igo, or Gaspoint who has never seen the inside of a college, never been off the ranch, and, above all, who has never worked on some big newspaper.

I'd just like to know what somebody has to say who isn't from England or hasn't worked on a paper.

It gets my goat to see these experienced, educated, so-called authors turn out such things as "The Two-Fifty Hat" and several other short short stories that preceded it.—*J. P.*

Ah, But We Heard You, Grace

Vincennes, Ind.—Thanks for restoring the antic little pictures to the Vox Pop page. They always were the life of the party.

When you left 'em out, I didn't kick. I didn't leave the party flat. I just wept silently, and I'm not pretty when I weep—even silently—but I got what I wanted.

I don't understand it—but I am grateful for many things I don't understand, so thank you anyhow!—*Grace Trump.*

Yeah. They Don't Always Fit

Jamestown, N. Y.—Your Vox Pop captions serve the same purpose as a key to a box of sardines.—*F. H. Connelly.*

Dr. Thrasher Cures Colds

Utica, N. Y.—Some of your Vox Poppers seem only to be able to grab at a single small feature, and then start to berate the whole works.

I do not believe anyone with a brain as big as a mustard seed could or would see in Mr. Thrasher's weekly cover pictures anything but a cleverly entertaining series of especial human interest.

Each picture seems to have its own delightful point and the marvel is that one artist can be so versatile.

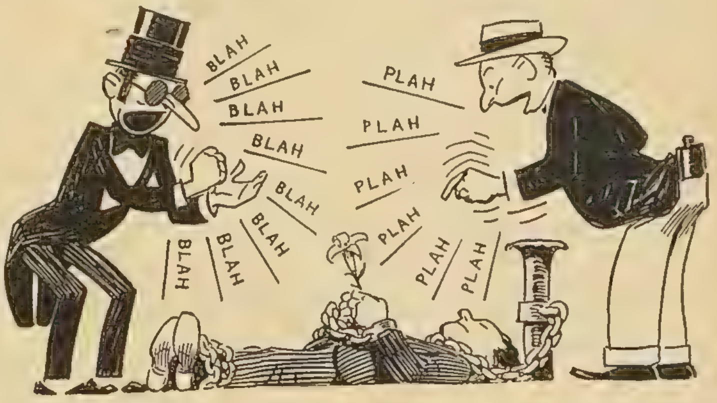
The laughs I have had out of those pictures have helped to break up several colds and wafted away at least one bad attack of the glooms.—*T. J.*

Safety First

Decatur, Ala.—I have formed a habit of beginning to laugh at Ralph Barton's "News of the World" just one week ahead so that when the copy finally arrives I've passed the crisis.—*Bruce W. Black.*

Points of View on a Piece About Death

New York, N. Y.—Saw your editorial, "Execution by Gas." Now, why debate whether it's better to hang a man, or electrocute him, or gas him?



The idea is to make him dread the state's method of execution, so he won't obey that impulse and bump somebody off.

That being the case, why not chain him down and put on a prohibition debate over him, and let the wets and drys talk the poor simp to death?—*Liberty Enthusiast.*

Harrisburg, Ill.—If your editorial, "Execution by Gas," could only be driven home to some of our soft-hearted lawmakers! It was truly a wonderful article.—*F. C. Henley.*

Telegram

GLADSTONE MICH — YOUR EDITORIAL ATTEMPTING TO COMPARE THE PAIN OF DEATH WITH THAT IN A DENTISTS CHAIR IS TERRIBLE STOP YOU DESERVE THE WRATH OF THE ENTIRE DENTAL PROFESSION AND OF ALL OTHER HEALTH GIVING AGENCIES—DR D D STEWART DDS

Pop

Meditations on Dogs and One Thing and Another

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Edith Flinn Patterson, in your Vox Pop, was arguing from insufficient knowledge of the nature of the German shepherd when she criticized Thrasher for his cover picture showing a shepherd dog snarling at the two kids.

Two weeks ago in San Diego one bit a mailman and two children severely. My roommate, Herman Stewart, was severely bitten by his German shepherd pet, and had to kill him.

Several German shepherds have been running wild in the hills back of Beverly Hills, killing pets and threatening humans to such an extent that the police have had to launch an organized hunt for the killers.

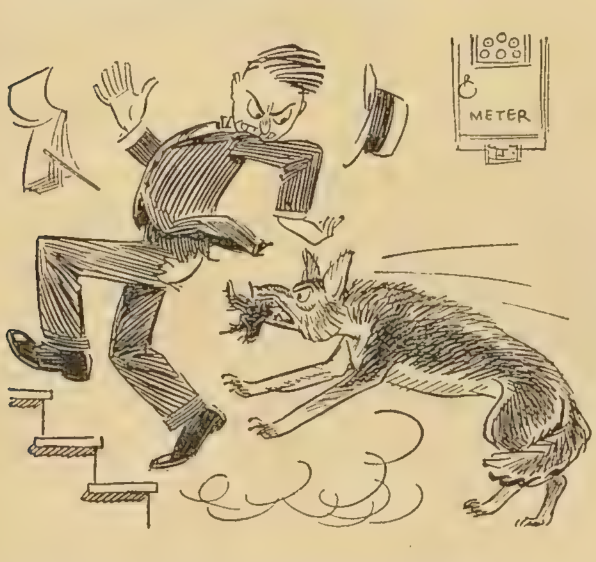
There is no sense in having such uncertain pets in any city.

Leslie Thrasher's picture was not in the least misleading.—*A. F. Stumpf.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In your Vox Pop was a letter by a dame named Patterson in which she jumped on Thrasher for one of his cover pictures and said she'd protested to the Shepherd Dog Club of America. She states that evidently Thrasher knows nothing about dogs.

Here's a word from one who has had quite a lot of experience along that line. I wish to God that woman had my job, reading meters. She would soon find that all these kind dogs who don't bite their owner think they are entitled to take a leap at everybody's neck or something.

I know all kinds of grocery men, telegraph boys, and telephone men who tell the same story. The hell of it is, the women feel insulted when we object to the dam dogs taking a chunk out of us. If women like this would keep their noses out of other people's business they would be doing the world a favor.

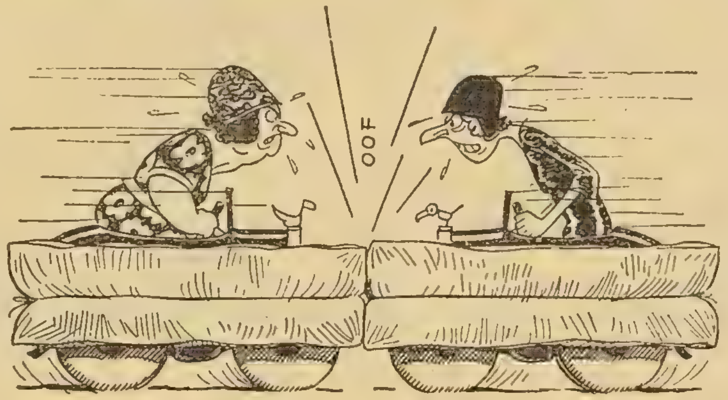


I wish all these weak-minded women who think there are no vicious dogs could be locked up indefinitely with about a thousand of the worst for a few years. They would soon change their tune.—*J. C.*

They're Still At It

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Say! I'm getting pretty sick and tired of all this talk about whether women drivers are safer than men drivers.

First Grace Robinson writes a lump of near-tripe called "The Woman Driver," then a bunch of men come right back at her with letters, then she prints their letters and gives 'em a piece of her mind.



Well, they do say a woman has to have the last word.

Why argue, when it's all so simple? Just equip all women drivers with cars with bumpers all around the cars, instead of just in front and in the rear—bumpers backed up with good strong springs.

See that the maximum speed of these autos isn't over ten miles an hour—and let the dear girls go to it.—*Man Who Loves Women Drivers.*

LEXINGTON, KY.—I can keep still a long, long while—but some things do rile a person.

For instance, this bunch of male pikers who are afraid to give women drivers a little credit. Jealous, conceited creatures!

It is a wonder they would give the women credit for having brought their children into this world!

Go to it, Grace. Heap the coals on. Your article was fair, but the minds of these yelpers seem strangely perverted.

I'm a man . . . and not a perfect driver . . . and not so hot-headed or warped that I can't be fair.—*E. L. Moore.*

Gentle Plea for a Few Good Editorials

NEW CASTLE, PA.—I thank Liberty for that article entitled "Workers That Can't Lose Their Jobs," by Sidney Sutherland.

It's about time for the press of the nation to wake up to the real important issues of the times and quit yapping about prohibition.

Now, if Liberty writes up a few good editorials about this subject instead of the usual spiel about liquor and golf it will merit the thanks of millions of workers.—*Arthur L. Lewis.*

We Didn't Say Golf Is Within the Reach of All. Sorry

GROVELAND, FLA.—I read with astonishment your recent editorial concerning golf. Is it possible you really think that golf is the one game within the reach of all? I wonder.

First let us take the small towns and cities with less than twenty thousand population. There we usually find a country club. Do you know what happens when anyone but the select few tries to take advantage of the club? He is not refused membership, but in the house and on the links he is treated so coldly that he soon decides that he doesn't like golf much after all.

In the larger cities there are municipal golf courses. These, you will have to admit, are entirely inadequate to care for one-tenth of those who would like to play.

In the rural communities one seldom finds a golf course of any kind. Of course some of the wealthier agriculturists hop into their roadsters and journey to the nearest links, but what happens to those who have neither car nor clubs?

Although you might cite exceptions to all this, it is in general the truth all over this *free* country of ours. No, my dear Ed., golf is still a rich man's game. —*A. Duffer.*

Kicks About Kate

DELAWARE CITY, DEL.—Give your movie reviewer, Kate Cameron, the air before your hitherto best feature grows as weak as present-day beer.

Here's to you for much stronger reviews.—*P. D. Geoghegan.*

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—If you want to be the "largest" in 1935, give this dame Kate Cameron a prolonged vacation.

How did she get on your staff—or is she an emergency?—*C. Paul Stanley.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Why let this Kate Cameron hand out four stars thoughtlessly and indiscriminately to any sort of a poor picture? As long as the show has plenty of music Kate thinks it's swell, and you have no idea how it is making me growl and groan.—*D. L. J.*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—If Kate Cameron is a picture critic, I am going down to Los Angeles and beat Conrad Nagel out of his job. I know I can be as much of a lover as she is a critic.—*Jack Wormwood.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Oh, K-K-K-Katie! S-stop giving p-poor films s-so many s-s-stars!—*Movie F-F-Fan.*

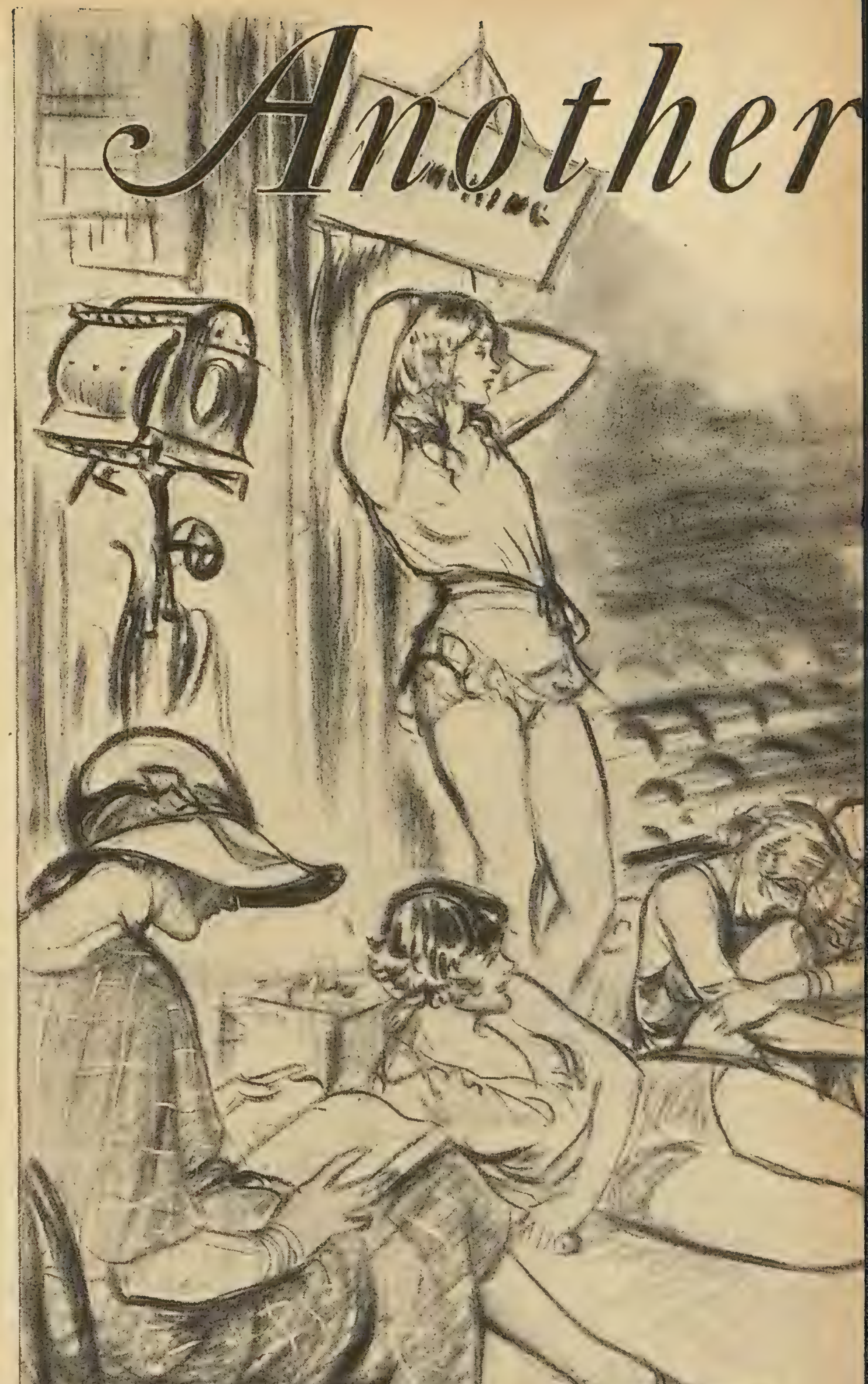
Still Another

A Love Story of Today in America

By

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER



The dancers did most of the work.

What Has Gone Before:

JULIET ROGERS knew that a lot of girls married without love. She knew, too, that when "J. D.," owner of the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency, asked her, just one of his stenographers, to be his wife, an amazing thing had happened.

She didn't dislike J. D. Of course he was too old, but it wasn't that—it was Keith. Juliet loved Keith Morris, one of the staff in the copy department. She and Keith were engaged—had been for a long time. She felt that she must have been under a spell not to have told J. D. "no" at once.

When she did tell him, he was nice but businesslike about it, and when she said she had better leave the agency he was businesslike about that, too. So she trained another girl to take her place, gave up her job—and life became harder than ever. And it had been hard enough before.

After she had said she would marry Keith, Mrs. Rogers—"mama"—made the awful discovery that Keith's mother had been Minnie Streeter, mama's hated girlhood rival back west. Mrs. Morris disapproved, too. She was a widow and wanted Keith to herself.

Besides family difficulties there was a lack of money.

Then Juliet's dad was killed by an automobile, her sister Thelma eloped, and there was much less money. And mama was lonely and unhappy in the surburban home at Glen Hill.

Juliet was faced by the need of finding a job quickly. She accepted one in a smaller agency, but business was bad and she was fired. Then followed a succession of jobs, all so hopeless that when Bert Thomas, a client of the Fredrickson Agency, pressed on her a job as show girl in The Big Show, she accepted—and this in spite of Thomas' reputation for having an irresistible way with girls. Now go on with the story.

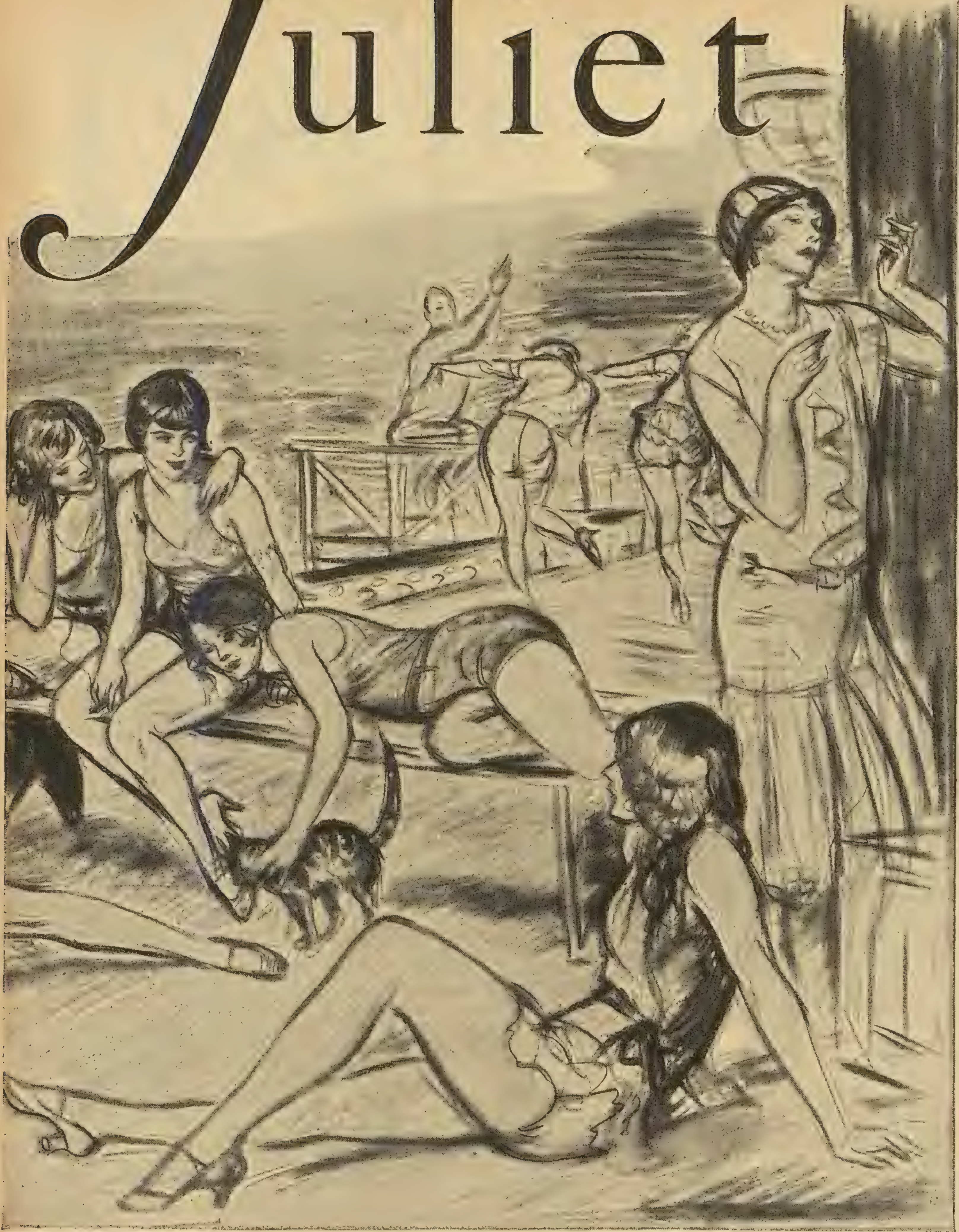
PART SIX—THE BIG SHOW

ON Sunday Juliet met Keith at Long Beach. The day was warm for April, but the wind was high, so they had a long stretch of white sand to themselves. Juliet liked to meet Keith here best of all. He seemed to fit in so perfectly with the ocean and the wind and the feeling of space and freedom. His height, his broad shoulders, and his very blue eyes made him look as if he belonged out of doors. Juliet could never quite get used to the fact that Keith was an office man who sat at a desk and wrote copy.

She wrapped her coat tight around her and sat close to Keith, so that she could rest her head on his shoulder. She had the lovely feeling of being alone in the world with him—an emotion she loved, and one that was so hard to achieve in New York. Now there was only the sound of the surf, and the sand, and the dark rough water meeting the sky—and she and Keith.

There was no need to say a great deal. Juliet was happy just to be with Keith. She had a lovely feeling of con-

Juliet



The show girls spent most of their time waiting—and applying lip rouge.

tentment. And the wonderful sense of excitement, too, that being with him always gave her.

Their own problems still interested them more than anything else. When could they marry? How could they plan to make things happen so that they could be together—have each other always? What could they do to make the wheels turn faster? You can't go over things in the same way, week after week, discussing a marriage that seems so definitely in the future that you are almost afraid to say "when" and substitute "if" instead. Juliet wanted, and knew that Keith wanted, desperately, to make some definite move. And they were completely hemmed in. The mothers. Money. A chain of circumstances that bound them in entirely.

Keith said: "I love you, darling. You know that. There must be a way! I must do something so that we can have each other soon. I don't want to keep on like this, month after month, waiting for you."

JULIET, too, wanted love—and the fruition of love. And, instead, they had to arrange things just to have a day together. Even perfect hours like this came seldom.

"Don't you want me to go in The Big Show?" Juliet asked. "I think it will be fun. I guess every girl has a desire to show off—the exhibition complex you told me about. It ought to be a lot more exciting than office work—a dull office, at that. And all that money! Starting at fifty dollars! I can't believe Thomas really will give me that much. Won't it be wonderful?"

Keith smiled at her enthusiasm.

"Of course I don't object to your going into The Big Show," he said. "After all, I trust my girl. You'll be just as safe on the stage as if you were working in an office—though I wish you didn't even have to do that. This Thomas isn't making eyes at you, is he?"

"I think he is," said Juliet. "I feel like Little Red Riding-Hood with the Wolf just about to spring. I'll probably start my conversation on Monday with 'What great big eyes you've got, grandma!' I'm always reading about the manager who pursues the innocent little chorus girl. Still, I've rather an idea that Thomas' advances are exactly the same with every new girl in the show. Even Thomas couldn't go around having fifty affairs a season!"

"Of course you're right," said Keith. "The theatrical manager's pursuit is probably just another legend.

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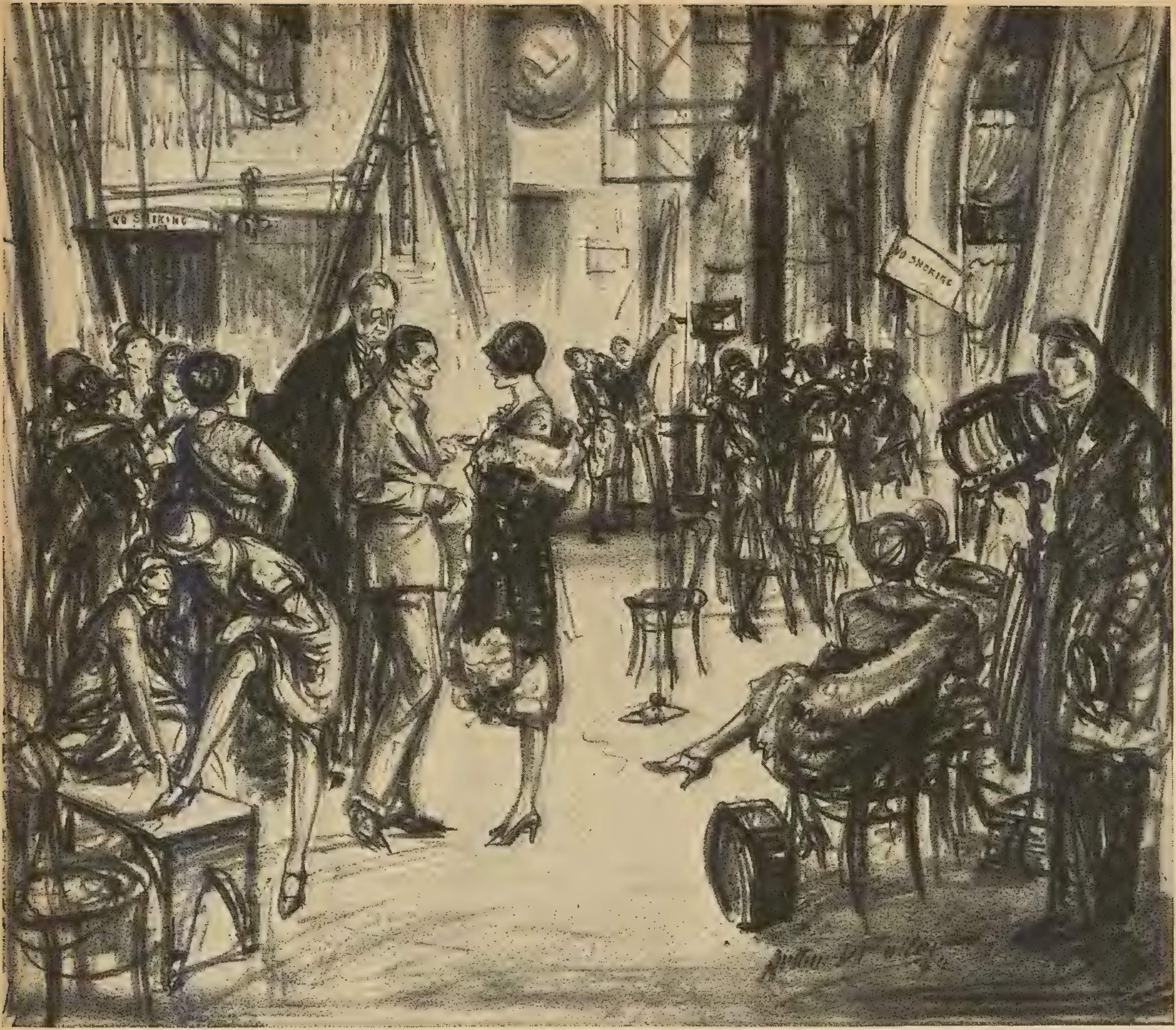


"I've—I've never acted at all," Juliet said, and she knew that was the wrong thing to say as she said it.

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-seven

But I'd rather discover that some other way than having you make the experiment. I know you can take care of yourself. And it can't possibly be long before we can get married—and then you'll have other things to do. If you think you'll enjoy the stage—"

"I know I shall," said Juliet. "And won't you be proud of me being a show girl?"

"I'm proud of you anyhow," Keith answered. "I was proud from the first minute you said you'd have dinner with me. You'll never know what a grand, puffed-up feeling I get when I'm waiting for you. I watch other fellows meeting just ordinary girls. I stare into the crowd—and then, suddenly, there's a sort of a glow, and the slimmest, loveliest, shining-haired girl in the world appears. And I want to shout, 'It's too late! All the rest of you must take second-bests! That's my girl!'

"But I'll certainly be able to impress new acquaintances—though I don't know just why I should want to impress them. Imagine being able to point out the best-looking girl in the biggest show in town! Honey, you know it's you I care about. I'd care just as much if you were selling ribbons at Woolworth's—or if you weren't selling ribbons at all. In a blue-and-white kitchen, say, mixing something in a dish that was going to turn out to be *my* dinner. That's my idea of how you'd really look handsome!"

"You darling!" said Juliet.

They talked about a little household where business offices and the stage would both be far in the background and where the problems of a household budget and the kind of curtains to buy would be uppermost.

"When we're married—" "You and I—" "The tiniest, dearest little home in the world—"

They knew the kind of house they wanted. A little white clapboard house with green shutters, a garden big enough for Keith to work in Saturdays, and a garage for the car they'd be able to afford, by some magic, after they got into the house. The living room would be a smaller but quite recognizable replica of one of those lovely homes in Locust Gardens.

THERE wouldn't be a maid in cap and apron—just at first. But there would always be awfully good things to eat. And comfortable chairs—and soft lamps and a fireplace. And, upstairs, a big bedroom with twin beds. And a guest room, too. And a third little bedroom—And the mothers suddenly would be friends and take turns in coming for week-ends—and would be awfully excited over the occupant of the crib in the third little bedroom.

Juliet's head lay against the rough shoulder of Keith's overcoat and his arm was tight around her. She was glad he used tobacco that had a nice smell to it. And she closed her eyes and felt the wind against her face. And she was very happy and didn't see why life had to hold more than this: being here with Keith—Keith telling her he loved her and wanted marriage and a home right away.

But there seemed no possibility of marriage and a home for her and Keith. There were, instead, the same old obstacles. Keith's mother, who nagged him constantly about Juliet, and who had to be looked out for. And mama, always annoyed about Keith and worrying now about show business. Mama, too, had always read about girls who went wrong on the stage. And mama believed what she saw in print. You never know what a girl is coming to, these days!

On Monday Juliet dressed carefully. Her clothes were a little shabby, but when one is slender and twenty-four—and doesn't appear to be nearly twenty-four—it's easy enough to look well.

She reached the New York Theater promptly at ten. That seemed late, after months of getting to an office at nine. She didn't quite know where to go. The house was dark, so there was no one in the ticket office. Finally she located the stage door. A man lounging there told her to go around to the elevator. She found that finally, was directed to Thomas' office on the ninth floor.

Juliet was surprised at what she found there. She had thought that theatrical producers were erratic souls who had quaint studios. They usually did, in stories. She saw, instead, a dignified outer office, full of rather shining mahogany, and at the switchboard a pretty girl who wore a most severe expression, although she called you "dearie."

A man who picked his teeth industriously was waiting, and two frightened-looking little blonde girls sat in a corner and twittered to each other.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Thomas," said Juliet, and gave her name.

"Just a minute," the telephone girl said. And then, "Mr. Thomas'll see you in a little while, dearie."

THE man who was picking his teeth turned his attention to his finger nails. Juliet decided he'd be able to complete quite an elaborate toilet if given time enough. The little blondes chirped at each other and patted their hats almost in unison. Juliet decided they must be a sister team, for, although their clothes were in no wise identical, they gave the appearance of always doing things at the same time. They had quick little movements and looked like pert but tired canary birds.

A door opened and an oldish-looking man came out. A buzz then.

"You can go in now, dearie," the girl nodded to Juliet.

Juliet turned the door knob. The door was locked! She started to ask about it, when she heard the peculiar buzz familiar in apartment houses when a button has been pushed to unlatch a front door. She tried the knob again. The door opened easily on to a thickly carpeted corridor.

"Come right in, Miss Rogers; I'm waiting for you," Thomas called to her.

The room was an immense one, impressively furnished. The windows were cut to resemble those in a cathedral. The walls were paneled in dark wood. The ceiling was beamed and frescoed. It seemed impossible that the outside office could be so usual and only a step away.

Thomas sat in a great throne chair at an elaborately carved Renaissance desk.

Juliet liked the room. It was theatrical, but not in the way she had expected. Whom was all the effect for? she wondered. Other producers? The actors Thomas interviewed? People who invested money in his shows? Newspaper men? She felt rather ill at ease—and knew that this was exactly the feeling Thomas had hoped to produce.

"I'm glad you're getting sensible," he told her. "The Big Show has just gone into rehearsal; you won't miss a thing. As a matter of fact, sometimes when I watch show girls walking across the stage I wonder why we don't wait until the dress rehearsal and shove them on from the wings. Some of the dumbbells never do learn what it's all about—but the public has got to have its beauties. I hope, sister, you'll look as good from the front as you do to me this minute—and that you've got brains. If you have, there's no limit to how far you can get ahead."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

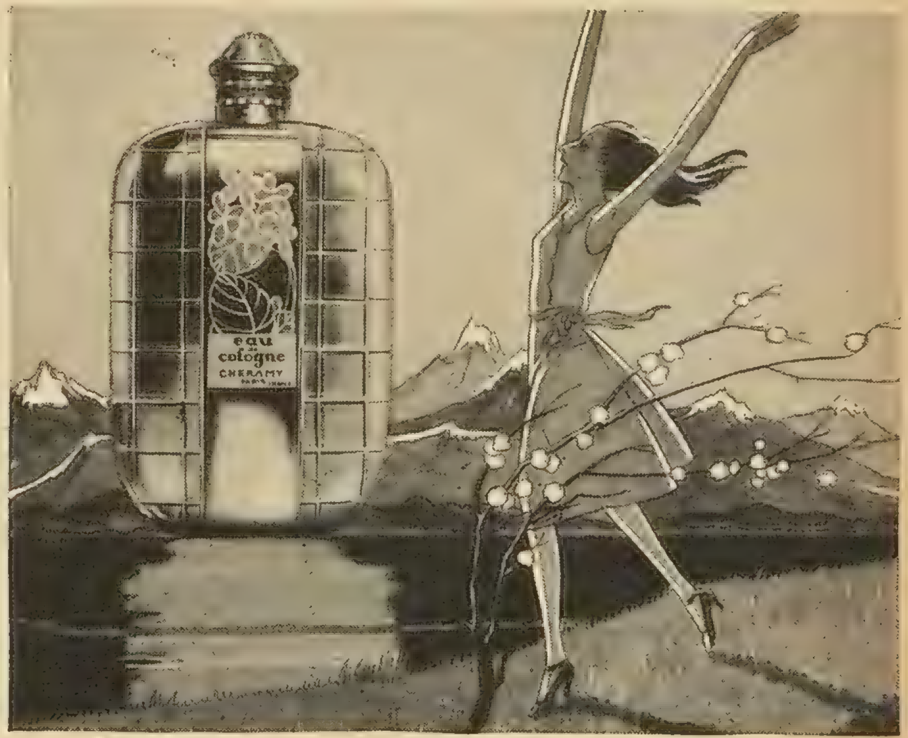
This Summer feel Fresh-Crisp and Gloriously Cool

Use this New French Lotion for the Body that cools the blood, retards perspiration, soothes, deodorizes and gives tireless energy throughout these humid stifling days.

SMART women of France know the invigorating shock, the thrilling coolness of Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne. This magic French Lotion for the Body revitalizes like a breeze, stimulates like a swim, awakening your blood to active circulation and your skin to supple youth.

And it's cleansing, too—a perfect rinse for sticky, ocean brine; for the dust and grime of motoring; for the excess oiliness of a heated skin. Moreover it is an astringent that retards perspiration and deodorizes every pore.

Test it under the most trying conditions—when you're limp with the heat, sleepless with the humidity. You'll find it worth the effort required to mail the coupon below. Enclose 10c with it and receive a generous trial flacon delightfully fragranced with Cheramy's supreme floral odeurs—so popular in Paris.



FLORAL
EAU DE COLOGNE
"A BODY LOTION"
by CHERAMY
PARIS

ODEURS

Joli Soir (*Gloaming*)
Fougère (*Fern*)
Muguet
Jasmin
Lilas
Ciel Bleu (*Blue Skies*)
April Showers
Pois De Senteur (*Sweet Pea*)
Mimosa
Rose
Violette
Chypre
Lavande

CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. E18
539 West 45th Street, New York

Enclosed you will find 10c for which you will send me a generous trial flacon of Cheramy Floral Eau de Cologne—a cooling lotion for the body.

Please designate perfume desired

Name..
Address..
City..
State..

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-nine

"Thank you," said Juliet. What if—if she really did have a future? She knew she couldn't sing or dance—the requisites for a success in a musical show. Still, if Thomas thought she could do something—

"Ever since I first laid eyes on you I hoped you'd have sense enough to get into show business," Thomas went on. "Where can a girl start at fifty a week without training? Why, some of my famous girls, like Doris Delaney and Margaret De Haas and Frances Nestor, are getting two hundred a week, and Ziegfeld and White and Carroll are paying the same thing. And a girl can get a lot of extras, too. If she gets to be a bum it's because she was a bum at heart to begin with and not because of show business. Get that straight, Miss Rogers. There'll be all kinds of chances, and it's up to a girl to know which ones to take."

Juliet had dreaded going into Thomas' office. She had felt he would make definite advances to her. Had she been mistaken about him all these years? He was important, attractive. And here he was treating her the way he might have treated a daughter of one of his friends. Giving her advice, even.

"I hope you'll look as good from the front as you do to me."

"Go down on the stage," he told her. "Barney Shrader, the casting director, is there. And Fred Lawrence, who puts on the dances. Tell them I sent you. I'll be down later."

Juliet never had been back stage. There had always seemed a great mystery about it—and here she was actually going to rehearse in The Big Show!

She hesitated at the stage entrance. Then she pushed open the heavy door, went in.

The set was "broken," the scenery pushed back out of the way, so that the stage was large and bare. A piano stood near the center. And groups of girls were everywhere. The big empty auditorium stretched out dark in front.

A MAN near the piano turned as Juliet came in. He was a dapper, almost effeminate little fellow, and wore a very light spring suit and gay tie.

"Want me?" he asked Juliet.

"Mr. Thomas told me to see Mr. Lawrence or Mr. Shrader," she told him.

"I'm Fred Lawrence. What can I do for you?"

The girls stared at her. Juliet felt horribly embarrassed.

"Mr. Thomas told me to see you about—about being in the show," she said. "He'll be down later."

"You just come from him?" A big man who had been entirely surrounded by girls came up to Juliet. Again she felt the girls scrutinizing her.

The man wore a suit that looked as if it belonged to someone still larger, though Juliet knew it had been made for him and that the material was of the best. The skin on his face seemed badly fitted, too, hanging around his mouth in folds, and his collar seemed only for the purpose of tucking in some of the extra skin.

"What's the name?" he said.

"Juliet Rogers."

"What shows you been in before?"

"I've—I've never acted at all," Juliet said, and she knew that was the wrong thing to say as she said it. Oh, well, Thomas knew she'd never been in a show. She wondered what the girls thought of her.

"All right," said Shrader. "Wait until *he* gets down."

Someone thrust some sheets of paper into her hands, and she was one of a group around the piano, learning the lyrics for The Big Show.

Thomas came in, nodded to the girls. Evidently he spoke to the men about her, for no one ever again questioned her right to be there.

Juliet met Keith for dinner. They went to the familiar little second-floor Italian restaurant they both liked so well. It seemed lovely and calm, being with Keith now. He was so fine and dependable. He didn't have to put on an act, stage himself elaborately, the way Thomas did. He was wonderful, just being himself.

SHE told him everything that had happened. About Thomas' office. And the big stage. And the lovely, well groomed girls who seemed so perfectly at home there.

"There's something about it I don't like," said Keith. "It's not what I want for my girl. But of course I don't want you to stop now. I've some plans—they're so vague I don't even dare tell you now. You'll hear about them soon enough, when there's anything really to tell. If they go through, maybe we won't have to worry—either of us. Of course it will take time. I wish I were one of those fellows who could make a sudden fortune. I'm afraid I'm not. I never thought very much about success until lately. I wanted to get ahead, but I took it for granted that if I worked hard things would take care of themselves. Now I want you, and things for you— Some day, darling, and I hope it won't be too long off—"

"You dear!" said Juliet. And their hands met under the table.

Keith—and Keith's love. That was more important than The Big Show, than anything else in the world. If Keith did succeed—and of course he would if he put his mind to it—everything would turn out all right, be wonderful!

It was several days before Juliet got to know the girls, learned who was who on the stage of the New York Theater. There were girls who were very young, and girls who pretended a youth long since past. Girls with dolly curls and wide, innocent eyes, generously assisted by mascara. Haughty queens in elegant gowns that even a show girl's salary never could have paid for. And even lovelier girls very simply dressed.

These girls were all beautiful; and though Juliet knew her skin was just as smooth, her figure just as slender, the others had an assurance she did not feel. They wore their clothes with an air. There were girls who were definitely petted darlings. And ambitious girls who wanted success far beyond a New York revue chorus.

Juliet loved watching the girls as they talked and preened. She studied her lyrics, and was surprised that some of the girls seemed so slow in learning them. If they were in any other business they'd have learned them without any nonsense.

Each day new girls came in: a famous show girl, or a dancer, or a girl who had been with another show. She'd be welcomed warmly by those who knew her. And then a girl who had been rehearsing every day and whom Juliet had grown accustomed to seeing would disappear. Juliet knew the lyrics and the music now. There was Love Again:

I'm glad we made amends again.
Here we are, friends again.
Let's see that friendship ends again
Never!

The birds sing gay above again.
I feel like a turtledove again.
Let us stay in love again
Forever!

Then there was the Jazz It Up, Baby, number; It's Always Too Early for Home; and Never Say Never to Me.

Keith laughed at the songs when Juliet sang them to him. Juliet thought some of them rather foolish, but, after all, she felt she had heard just as foolish songs in other shows.

One day all the little girls appeared suddenly in practice clothes. What clothes those girls did wear! They were transformed suddenly from pert little creatures of Broadway or Park Avenue, according to their type or pose, into mischievous gamins. A few wore brief trousers of gay satin and silk blouses. Others wore abbreviated little gingham dresses. Some seemed to be trying to imitate stage pirates or old-fashioned wax dolls. Rehearsals for the numbers were on!

Thomas was funny. Sometimes he wouldn't come to rehearsals for days. Then, when he did come, he always made a sort of grand entrance—sending someone in advance to let them know he was coming. Or keeping them waiting. Or appearing, without warning, in the orchestra pit. He was like a child, always showing off, doing things for effect, posing. And yet he was forceful, attractive too, had a great vitality. Everyone always made a great fuss over him.

JULIET had thought that rehearsals would be very gay. They were long and tiresome and not gay at all. You went over and over a number a dozen times.

The dancers did most of the work. The show girls spent most of their time waiting—and applying lip rouge. Literally that. They would sit and gossip, and take out their vanities, put on lipstick and smooth it as carefully as if it were a rite, and snap their vanities shut. And stroll around. And then take out their vanities and do their lips over. They would go out for a cup of tea and stroll back again and apply their lipsticks. Their little fingers were always stained from the indelible carmine.

Not that there wasn't work for the show girls. Juliet learned how to walk across the stage—a rhythmic, slow walk. She rehearsed in the ensembles and in the numbers where the show girls would cause "Ah-h-hs" from the audience because of their elaborate costumes.

The little girls danced until they almost fell over from fatigue. The Jazz It Up, Baby, number was especially difficult, introducing as it did some difficult buck steps, quite a novel routine.

Juliet liked Dovey Landon, one of the tallest and most dignified of the show girls, whose pose combined an odd wistfulness and a slow languor—and yet who could enter into an animated argument quickly enough. She liked, too, Daisy Kelly, who wore a large square emerald and every couple of days seemed to appear with a new diamond bracelet.

"Don't your arm get sore wearing all your bracelets?" Rosina Marillo asked her.

"I take turns with them," said Daisy. "I couldn't think of wearing them all at one time. Too many diamonds are vulgar, don't you think? Five diamond bracelets is all any young girl really ought to wear, if she has good, quiet, refined taste."

And Juliet never knew whether Daisy was being funny!

Some of the girls lived at home and helped support their mothers, the way Juliet did, she found out—commuting to Long Island or to Westchester, or even to New Jersey. A few lived far uptown. The majority, though, lived in convenient theatrical hotels or in small apartments, two or three girls sharing an apartment.

An occasional girl had an elegant apartment which she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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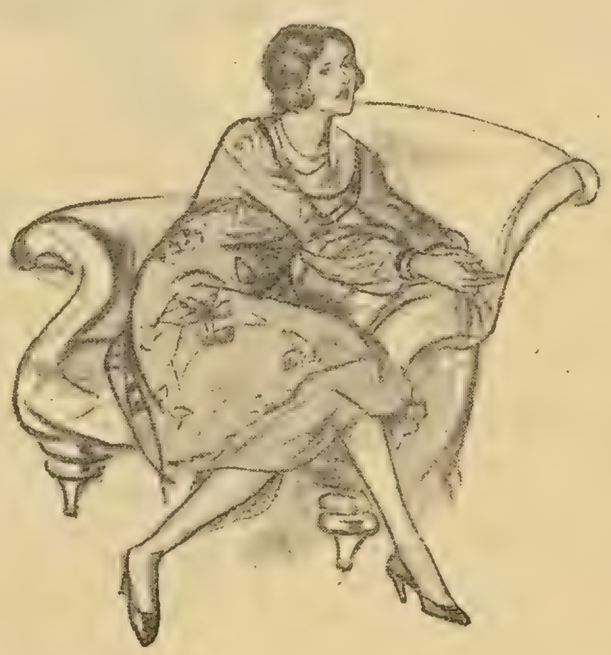
STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-one

appeared to have all alone, Juliet learned—and there never was a doubt who paid for that. Juliet had thought that these girls would be looked down on for their obvious "life of sin." She was surprised to find they were treated with just a little deference. They were in the show because their special boy friends were proud to have them there. Some of them even made a pretense of being self-supporting. A hundred dollars a week—and an apartment on Park Avenue, and a long, dark limousine with a chauffeur in correct uniform, and silver-fox furs, and little model gowns that you could pick up around two hundred dollars if you were a good shopper.

But you didn't have to have all that to be respected in the chorus. Freda Reynolds was spending most of her money on singing lessons, and wore funny little fifteen-dollar dresses—and was so lovely you didn't believe she was real. And Ruth Pickett, who was almost too fat for a show girl and was always suffering because she couldn't eat what she wanted to, quite frankly admitted that no man ever gave her anything, not even carfare back home, and yet the girls adored her, too.

She was impudent and fresh and seemingly told everyone what she thought, though Julie noticed that she didn't quite lose her perspective about Freddy Lawrence or Bert Thomas.



It was the only time Juliet had ever been by herself in a hotel.

Nearly every night after rehearsal Juliet had dinner with Keith. That was the nicest part of the day. As always, it was what Juliet looked forward to. She thought, "I'll tell Keith that," when anything happened. She told him things she learned about the girls—little life histories, some of them funny, some of them pitiful.

The girl who had a millionaire in love with her, and didn't care for him, and was too fat for the show. She fell in love with a trombone player and the trombone player turned her down. So she lost fifteen pounds, and now she had her job and an even nicer millionaire in love with her.

And the girl who, after months of discouraging a rich old man, allowed him to call on her in her apartment—and five minutes after he got there he dropped dead.

A dozen other stories.

Juliet repeated to Keith the most interesting things about important people that drifted into the theater. She knew already a hundred stories of Broadway.

KEITH laughed about his vicarious stage experience, but Juliet knew he enjoyed talking with her about the people she met and heard about.

Juliet found "the ladies of the ensemble" were, on the whole, the cream of girls who had to make a living, plus a sprinkling of girls who didn't have to work but who were lured by the idea of being on the stage. The theater taught them a hundred things, was their finishing school.

Most of the girls were definitely using the chorus as a stepping-stone. A very good stepping-stone it proved, with an excellent salary on the way. The girls were definitely exhibitionists, but it was a delightful way of exhibiting to stroll across a stage and delight an audience containing a good per cent of appreciative males, some of whom might become suitors or, possibly, husbands.

Juliet learned that occasionally a girl did get her millionaire, though frequently he proved a disappointment after she got him. The average girl, she found, was glad to marry a member of the orchestra, or a newspaper man, or one of the young doctors or lawyers or stockbrokers she met on parties—and probably never would have met if she hadn't been on the stage. The stage had definite matrimonial weight. And economics being what they were, didn't every girl always think of a good marriage?

Juliet knew if it hadn't been for Keith she would undoubtedly have been glad of the matrimonial possibilities she heard about. Having Keith gave her a wonderful feeling of attainment. She didn't have to search or look eagerly into the face of every new male. She remembered how she had felt before she met Keith. Life had seemed empty, meaningless. Now she had Keith. She could smile understandingly at the other girls and their interest in new men. If they could find men like her boy!

Rehearsals dragged on. You gossiped or read while you waited. Juliet had seen articles about how well read chorus girls were. She saw, now, that the girls *did* read, but not much more than other intelligent working girls.

Juliet and Keith, dining together, smiled over the funny things that happened at rehearsals. Over Thomas' poses and the seriousness with which everyone connected with it took show business. Being with Keith after rehearsals was wonderful. It brought everything into proportion again. It was like coming back to reality after hours in a make-believe world.

FOR the first weeks rehearsals were during the day, so on the evenings they were both free they had dinner together, and after dinner walked up Broadway or went to a movie or took a long bus ride. And occasionally, for a treat, rode through Central Park, very close together, in a taxicab.

"You're not going to let those girls change you?" Keith asked one night.

"Of course not. How can they?" Juliet told him. "I already believe the way they do about a lot of things. Their veneer of hardness is just what any other New York working girl has to have. Underneath they're searching for what I've already found. For love."

"I hope you're right," said Keith. "You're all I have. All my hopes are bound up in you. Without you nothing would matter at all."

Juliet felt the lovely warm thrill she always had when Keith said dear things to her. Keith meant so much more than everything else in the world to her.

Things were difficult at home. Except for the few weeks when she had been out of work, Juliet had always brought home her salary. Now there was no money to bring home. Mama hadn't been able to save anything. She was awfully worried, and told Juliet every day about the neighborhood bills that were due. The grocer had to be paid every week. The butcher, too. This month the telephone bill would be awfully large. What were they going to do?

You rehearsed for four weeks without pay, Juliet discovered. And the fifth and sixth weeks you were paid only half a week's salary. She found out that most of the girls got an advance before the show opened. She was relieved when, after three weeks of rehearsals, Thomas asked her if she didn't need some money. She took it gratefully. But the magnificence of her new salary dwindled. Why, it would be weeks before she would be really getting her salary in full! She'd have to spend more money on clothes than she had spent before, too.

Rehearsals grew longer. You rehearsed all day—and then went back after dinner for an evening rehearsal. Juliet grew awfully tired. But that was nothing. The great difficulty was that after she had had dinner with Keith she had to hurry back to the theater—couldn't even spend the evening with him.

The chorus rehearsed with the principals now. Juliet was not as impressed with the principals as she had thought she would be. She found them a rather dowdy-looking group, not nearly as smart as the girls in the show. They were affected, conceited.

Sonny Alcott was the star of the show. He thought everything he said was humorous—and valuable. He repeated the oldest jokes, specializing in Jewish humor, and everyone laughed and was greatly honored when he stopped to talk. He was ill bred, crude.

Billy Scott was a comedian who was always just a little unhappy. He assumed a pose of great gloominess and profundity: Pagliacci sad beneath his motley. He wasn't as crude or as conceited as Alcott. And he took his smaller billings without a word. Alcott dictated the size of type in which he wanted his name to appear and exactly how he was to be billed.

Jane Crane, a pale, colorless little thing, was the ingénue. Jane had learned some easy dance routines, and she did them with a nice rhythmic listlessness. Her voice was reedy and thin, but well trained. Juliet felt that half of the dancers in the chorus could have done a better job with her part.

Gertrude Appleton was as funny off stage as she was on. Although her humor was obvious, it went over well. Her great trick was singing in two voices—following a chorus sung in an undistinguished soprano by another chorus in a deep contralto. Even the company gasped over this wonderful achievement.

The lesser principals were recruits from vaudeville: impudent, sophisticated, childish, garrulous, a bit awed at finding themselves in The Big Show, but feeling it wasn't a bit more than they deserved—or expected, if it came to that.

The show was whipping into excellent shape. Freddy Lawrence said so, and Barney Shrader, and Thomas himself. And a dozen important-looking men who came in with Thomas.

Juliet went to the costumer's. A cotton lining was fitted faultlessly to her slim figure. Then the elaborate gowns were made to her measurements. In the Fountain number, the first-act finale, she wore blue-green taffeta with a shimmering overdress of silver lace. In the Jazz It Up, Baby, number her costume was modernistic purple and orange.

Photographers then. Rather absurd poses in the new costumes—and in everyday dress—for layouts in the Sunday rotogravures.

REHEARSALS continued. And one night, when everyone was tired, there was a dress rehearsal!

Keith came to the dress rehearsal. Juliet had told him every detail of the show. She couldn't stand his not seeing it before the tryout.

Juliet thought the dress rehearsal especially exciting. She got the feel of people in the audience. The costumes looked grand. Everyone was nervous. And Juliet knew Keith was out in the darkened auditorium!

After the rehearsal Juliet could hardly wait to see him. She hurried into her street clothes and out of the theater.

"How was it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Fine. You looked wonderful. But strange and awfully far away. Not my own dear girl at all."

"I'm exactly the same as always," said Juliet. "You know that. But I *am* excited. Just think—I'm really on the stage!"

"I know you are," Keith answered. And Juliet wondered if she detected sadness in his voice.

A three weeks' tryout then, opening in New Haven. Juliet hated to leave Keith, even for three weeks. Otherwise she liked the idea of being out of town with the show.

The company went to New Haven in private cars. Everyone mixed most pleasantly. It was a lot of fun, traveling with the company.

Juliet shared a hotel room with Lois Fisher, a tall, black-haired show girl who had amazing dark eyes and a mouth that pouted even more than Juliet's.

It was exciting, putting on the new costumes. Being hooked up by the dresser, whom you tipped at the end of the week. Standing in the wings while the orchestra played. And then walking on languorously as the curtain went up.

IT was a beautiful show. Everybody said so. The audience seemed to like it a lot.

Some of the other girls got flowers and telegrams. Juliet didn't expect anything—and Keith sent her a telegram! She tucked it into her bag—and looked at it every fifteen minutes.

The whole thing seemed a little unreal. What was she doing in show business? She hadn't even been stage-struck. Now all she wanted out of life was to marry Keith, be happy with him. Well, she had to do something while she waited. And surely show business was more pleasant than office work. If she hadn't met Thomas on the street— Funny, how things happen!

After the opening in New Haven most of the girls went on parties with college men. They wanted Juliet to go with them. She went back to the hotel instead. It was lonely there. Lois Fisher had gone on a party. It was the only time Juliet had ever been by herself in a hotel.

She read Keith's telegram over and over. And she tried to write him how much he really meant to her. Funny, it was the first time she had ever written Keith a letter. She tore up the first page three times. Even when it was finished it sounded stupid, not at all what she wanted to say.

Two weeks of split weeks. Four towns that all looked alike. Four almost identical hotel bedrooms—golden-oak dressers; beds with hard-looking white counterpanes; window shades that wouldn't quite go up or down.

It was lonely without Keith, lonelier than Juliet had dreamed it would be. It was the first time they had been separated for more than a day or two since they had started going together. Keith sent letters and telegrams—dear letters, the kind that could be read over and over again. And Juliet wrote to him every day.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page fifty-three

And then she was back in New York again. Keith hadn't been able to get away from the office to meet her at the train, but it was wonderful to be back, anyhow. Even the station and the ride out to Glen Hill seemed pleasant. Juliet wanted to shout, "I'm home again!" The shabby house seemed friendly. Mama, a little more worried and nervous than usual, gave Juliet a warm welcome and fluttered around her to hear what had happened.

Juliet stayed home just long enough to talk with mama and to unpack her bag. She was going to meet Keith!

Juliet saw Keith before he saw her—and the nice thrill came into her throat. How tall he looked, waiting for her! How strong and big and real, compared with the men who hung around the theater. It was wonderful, tucking her arm in the curve of his arm again, being looked out for by him. It was almost worth going away for—this joy at being back with him again.

"I never want to leave you again as long as I live," said Juliet.

"I hope you never will," Keith answered. "You'll never know how I missed you, and worried. You seemed so far away. Even when I don't see you, here, knowing you are near enough so that we could talk over the telephone at a minute's notice gives me a comfortable feeling."

They sat across from each other in a cheap little restaurant with catsup stains on the tablecloth, and it seemed to Juliet the most wonderful place in the world.

Keith had news for Juliet. Real news. The news he had been hinting at. In three weeks he was going to leave the Fredrickson Agency and take a new job. The job was in the copy department of the Roth Agency.

"It's a new firm and there isn't a man in it over thirty," Keith said. "The thing's been on the fire for weeks, but there was nothing definite until last week. It wasn't the kind of thing I could write about. It's a gamble, of course. Every new business is. It looks awfully good to me. We're starting with three big national accounts—a soap account and cigarettes and automobile tires. And they're working on a food account. I'm going to get some layouts ready."

"It's wonderful!" said Juliet. "Simply grand! You don't know how happy it makes me. I know you'll make good. It's the sort of an opportunity I didn't even dare hope for. Now everything will come out all right!"

"YOU bet it will. You don't know how glad I am. I feel like shouting. I'll have to start on a smaller salary than I've been getting, but that won't be for long. And I'll have to work like the devil. But there's no end to the possibilities. I'm so enthusiastic about what it is bound to mean for us both that I actually don't mind waiting. Not nearly as much as I did, anyhow."

Juliet smiled warmly at Keith. She loved his enthusiasm—his high hopes. But something hurt, underneath. That was it, always! Waiting!

Mama kept her doubts about show business. Those weeks of rehearsal without money had prejudiced her. And the stories about chorus girls remained in her mind. Still, there was the salary—and the chance that Juliet might get over her feeling about Keith Morris.

Juliet wanted only Keith, even if mama tried hard not to believe it. Even now, her difficulty lay not in attracting other admirers but in repelling them. She couldn't tell mama that. Billy Scott, in his solemn way, had been most attentive. It was Bert Thomas who worried her. During rehearsal Thomas had been perfect. He had been almost indifferent, but greeted Juliet with a careless camaraderie that had made her feel entirely at ease with him. Now his attitude changed.

"You're not married, are you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Certainly not," said Juliet. "You know that."

"I just wondered. Smarter girls than you have married, poor kids, and lived unhappy ever afterward. There's still the young man you've lost your heart to?"

"Of course."

"I THOUGHT so," said Thomas. "And I'd like to bet he's getting at least twenty a week. And how far would you get on that? Take my word for it, sister, show business has got some marvelous possibilities, but you can't come with a ball and chain and expect to make good. You're not above going out occasionally with someone else, I suppose?"

"Why, no," said Juliet. She knew she had to say it.

She didn't like Thomas' new attitude. And she didn't want to lose her job. She felt that if she could stall him off he would get interested in some other girl and everything would be all right. The girls were always talking about how cleverly they stalled off unwelcome admirers—though the producer of the show was never one of them. They were enthusiastic over Thomas. They giggled over his sex appeal. And they thought Juliet especially fortunate because he seemed rather keen about her.

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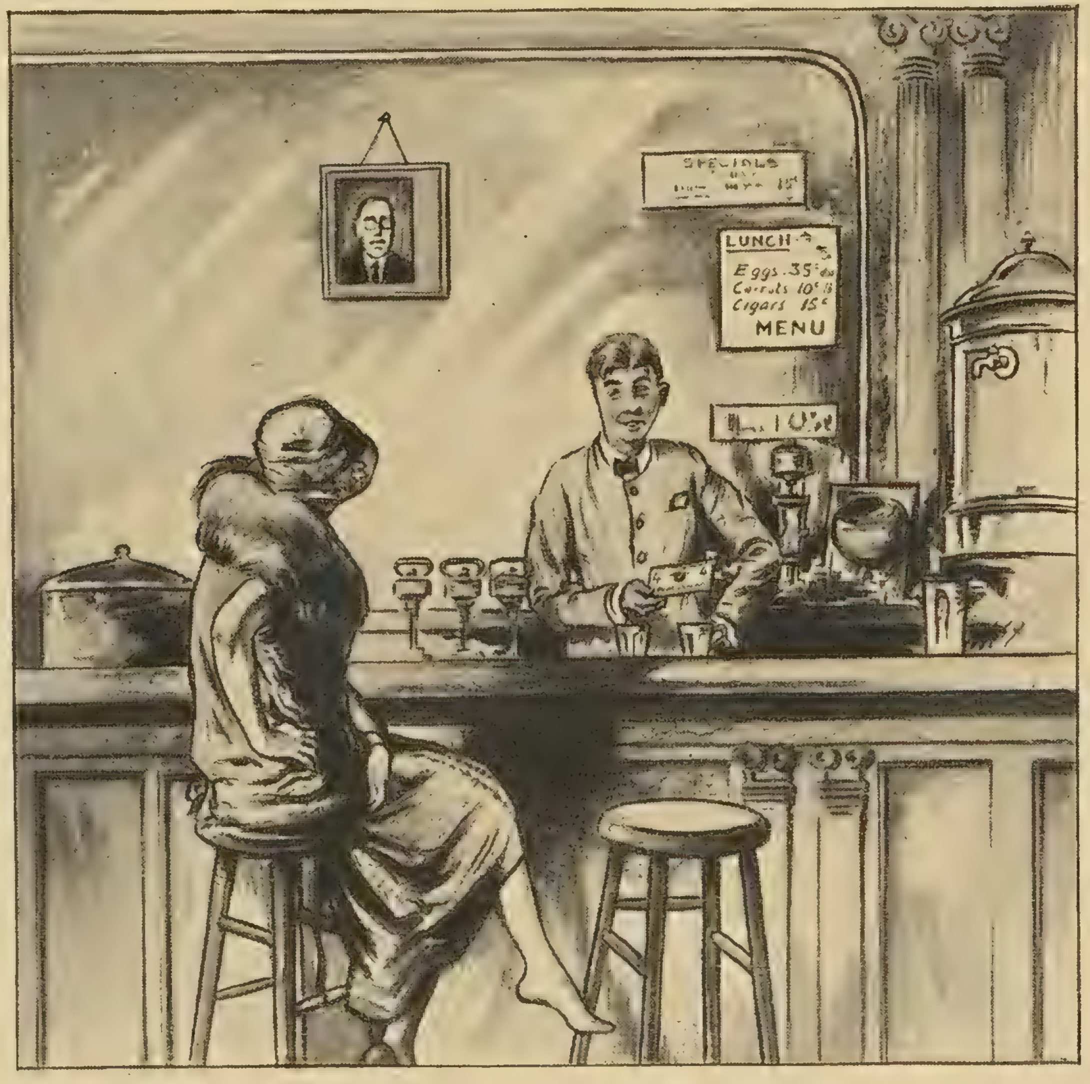
What's Wrong Here?



Ten mistakes were made in the drawing of this picture. See if you can find all of them without consulting the list on page sixty-three.

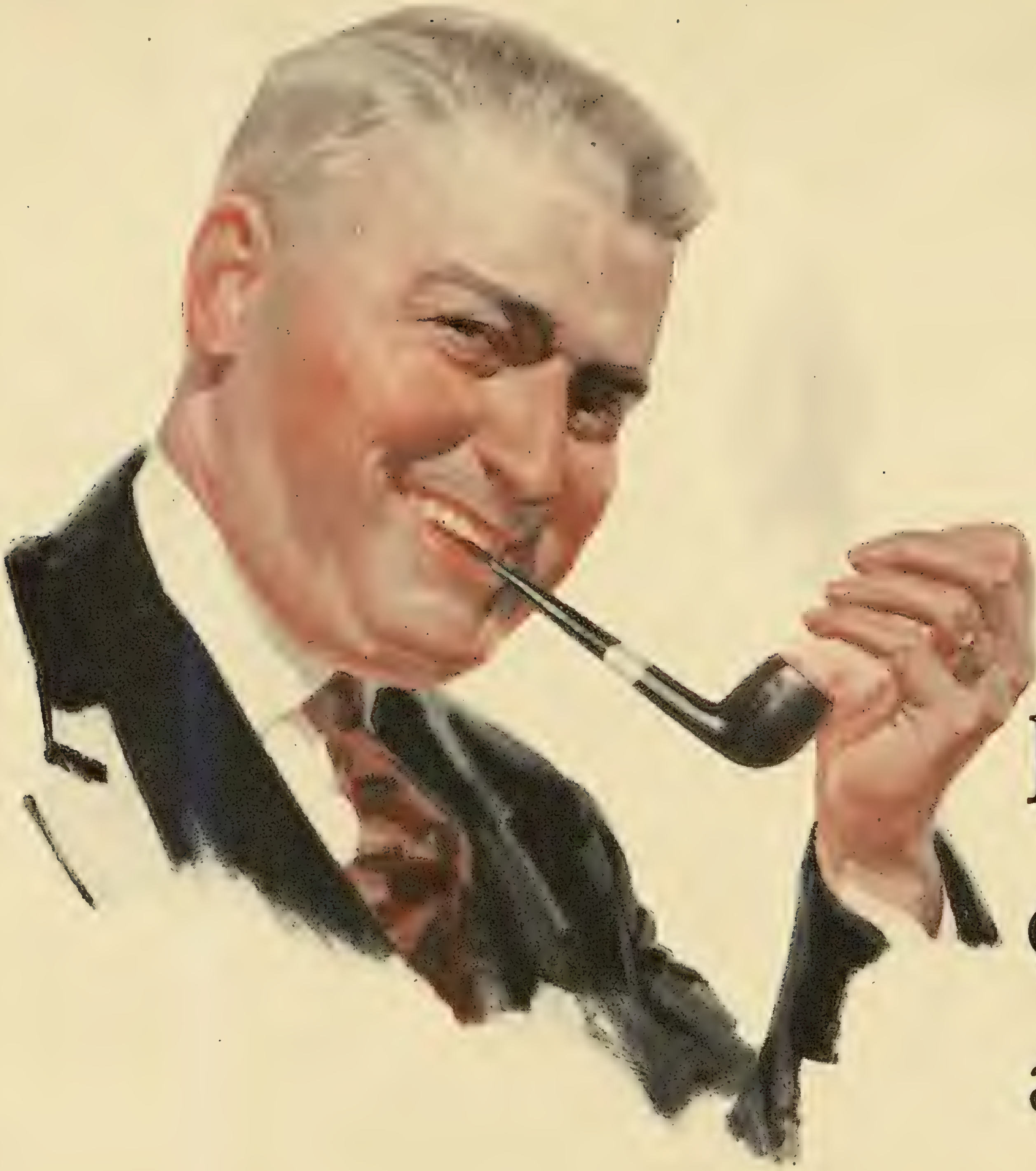
It was the day of the New York opening. A last-minute rehearsal. Everyone was excited. Juliet liked it. All but one thing. Thomas stopped her. "Coming to the party tonight?" he asked.

"What party?" Juliet wanted to know.

"I'm asking some of the company and a few of my friends. I'd like you to come."

Juliet didn't know what to do. She had planned, definitely, to be with Keith after the opening. She couldn't break an engagement. And she didn't want to make Thomas angry.

Juliet hasn't yet learned just how dangerous Thomas can be. You'll witness some of his maneuvers in Part Seven of this story, next week.



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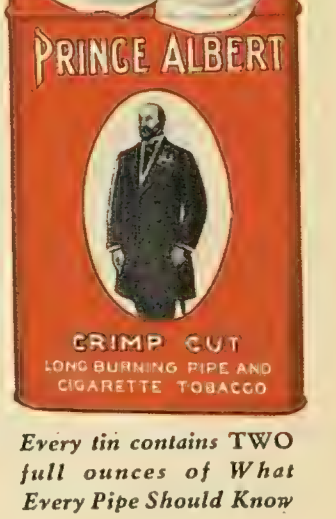

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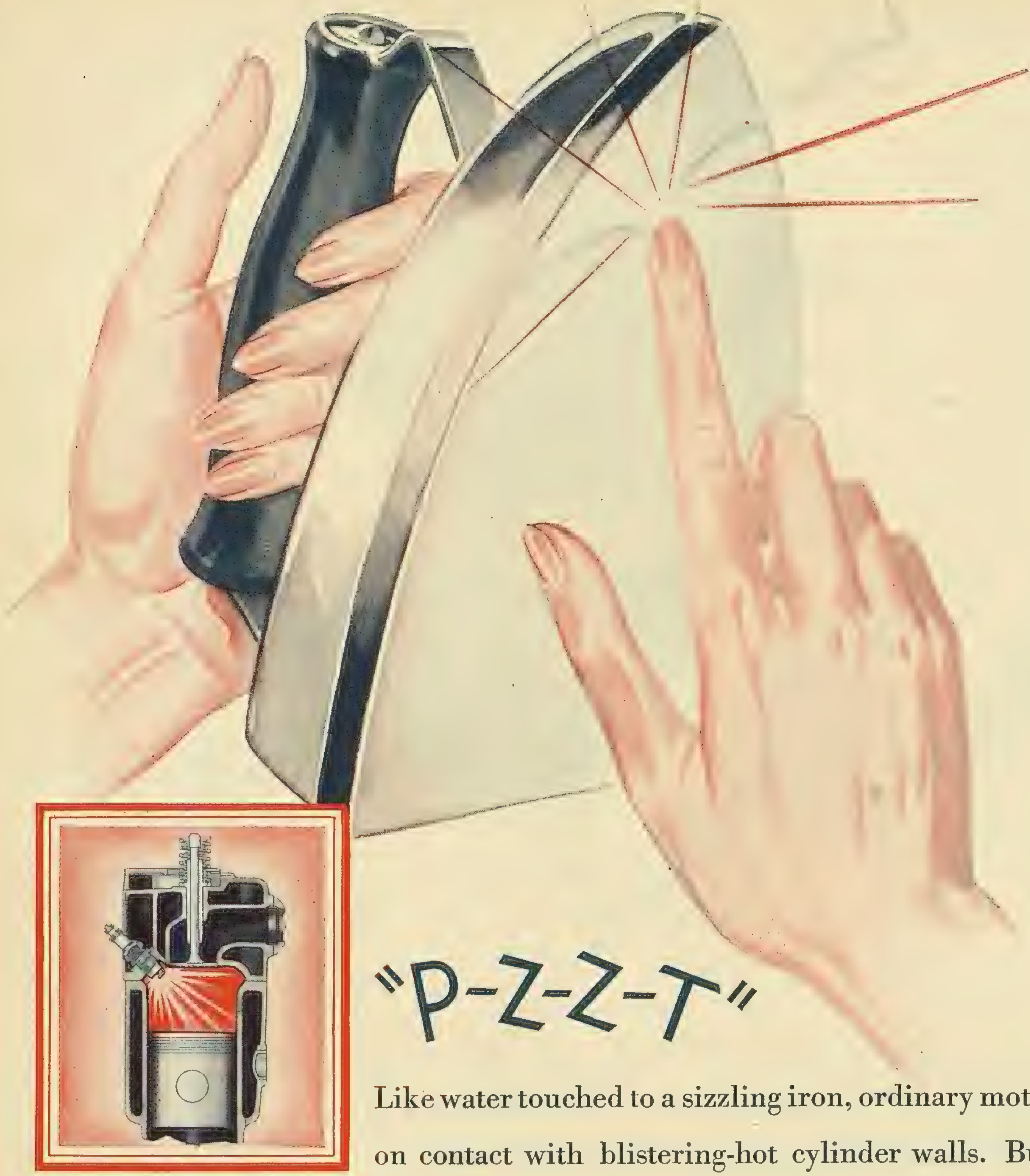

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Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

Brown Bros. photo

CHORUS
Oh, those Wabash Blues, I know I got my

"Music, and a nip of likka!"—one of the scenes from Rain during which that phonograph of Sadie Thompson's ground out The Wabash Blues.

Jeanne Eagels

Philadelphia Finds Rain All Wet, and Sam Forrest Fixes a Curtain Speech—Taking New York and Fame by Storm—Enter Ted Coy

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

IN last week's installment Mr. Doherty told how it came about that Jeanne got the crucial opportunity of her career, to play Sadie Thompson in Rain. The events leading up to it were these: Sam Harris, the producer, engaged her for a production and she began rehearsing, but, her temperament getting the better of her, she walked out on Harris and his stage director, Sam Forrest. Months later, with misgivings, they tried her again. This time, Harris warned her, she'd have to behave; in consequence, she was angelic. This play, A Gentleman's Mother, failed, but Jeanne's performance was so fine that Harris promised her another play at once, and told her of one called Rain that he had been reading.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page fifty-seven]

Her part in Rain was that of a harlot—a fact to which Jeanne never was quite reconciled. However, she entered enthusiastically into the creation of Sadie, dressing her in tawdry finery from second-hand shops, and getting herself coached in the simulation of a "hoarse, whisky" voice. When Harris saw and heard the results, he was convinced that the play was to be a hit.

Part Ten

THE play Rain is the story of Sadie Thompson's redemption, not through the church but through love. Sadie's folks came from Kansas City, but Sadie grew up in San Francisco. She fled that city and worked for a time in Honolulu. Shortly after the raiding of the red-light district in Honolulu she lands at Pago Pago with the Reverend Davidson, his wife, and Dr. and Mrs. MacPhail, fellow passengers on the Orduna. Sadie is bound for Apia, but she and the others must wait for two weeks or more. The scene is the general store and hotel of Joe Horn, a trader, and his native wife Ameena.

It rains at intervals all during the play, and as it rains Sadie's phonograph grinds out The Wabash Blues. The Reverend Davidson, a narrow and browbeating missionary, insists that Sadie be taken back to San Francisco where she may purify her soul through punishment, despite the fact that Sadie tells him she was framed, and that "Handsome," the Marine sergeant, wants to send her to Sydney, Australia, where he intends to marry her.

Sadie is converted. She wants to go back to San Francisco. She no longer drinks. The phonograph is silent. She renounces Handsome.

But the minister succumbs to the temptation that has been tearing at him ever since the rain shut him into the general store with Sadie—and he cuts his throat.

Then Sadie feels free once more. She will not go to San Francisco now. She will go to Sydney with her Marine.

Sam Harris loved the play, but he feared that the ministers of the land might attack it because of its delineation of the missionary, and sweep it off the boards. But Jeanne had no such fear.

"It's beautiful," she said. "And it's true. A minister tried to seduce me once. Another minister helped me when I most needed help. Ministers are human, like other men. They are good, bad, and indifferent. The Reverend Davidson is by no means bad. He is narrow, merciless, and implacable—but that is only because he really believes he has been ordained by God to save souls and to fight sin with all his strength. He believes that sinners must be punished before they can be saved. He is an ascetic. He punishes nobody more than he punishes himself. He denies himself everything. He has a wife, but she isn't a wife to him. She is merely an assistant. The Reverend Davidson fights hard to save Sadie's soul—and then, when he discovers there is a human streak in him, he is so appalled, so stricken with shame, that he takes his life.

"The play is not an attack on ministers. It is a sermon on intolerance."

"I know," said Harris. "But—"

It was the Hall-Mills murder mystery that gave the play its chance. The Rev. Edward Hall's body was found under a crab-apple tree near New Brunswick, New Jersey, beside the body of Mrs. Eleanor Mills. Their love letters had been strewn about them. Dr. Hall had had a wife, one of the richest women in the town. Mrs. Mills had had a husband, the janitor of the church.

"Now," said Jeanne, "nobody can say that we are attacking ministers."

"True," said Harris. "We can go ahead with the play."

Rain opened in Philadelphia, and it was not the hit that everyone connected with it had expected. It was a worse failure than A Gentleman's Mother.

And now there arose two warring factions among those interested, financially or otherwise, in the play. One faction was for taking the failure on the chin and forgetting it. The other, which included Jeanne Eagels, Sam Forrest, and Jack Colton, wanted to doctor the play and try it in New York.

"All it needs is a little rewriting," Forrest said. "The curtain speech in the second act is flat. Let me see if I can't fix it."

A GROUP gathered in Jeanne's room at the hotel to make suggestions, to point out weak spots, and to damn Philadelphia and the Philadelphians. Forrest went to his room and began to write.

It was after two o'clock in the morning when he came rushing into Jeanne's room. He found everyone sitting drinking, smoking, talking—everyone but Jeanne. She was pacing the floor, silent, angry, puzzled.

"I've got it!" Forrest cried. "Listen to this, everybody! This is the new second-act curtain speech. Sadie and Davidson are alone, and he says, 'You've got to go back to San Francisco.' Now Sadie says—get this, now; this is the new curtain speech—Sadie says:

"'Straight orders from your private heaven, eh? Ah, no, Reverend Davidson, your God and me could never be shipmates, and the next time you talk to him'—here she steps up to the minister and shouts in his face—'you tell him this for me: Sadie Thompson is on her way to hell!'

"Davidson shouts back at her: 'Stop! This has gone far enough!'

"Sadie—she's in wild hysteria now—retorts, 'No! It hasn't gone far enough! You've been telling me what's wrong with me. Now I'll tell you what's wrong with you. You keep yelling at me, "Be punished! Go back and suffer!" How do you know what I have suffered? You

Sadie Thompson—that is, Jeanne Eagels—at the famous moment in the second act of Rain when she hurled her defiance at Reverend Davidson.

don't know. You don't care. You don't even ask. And you call yourself a Christian! You're nothing but a miserable witch-burner. That's what you are. You believe in torture. You know you're big and strong, and you've got the law on your side—and the power to hang me. All right! But I want to tell you this. I've got the power to stand here and say to you, 'Hang me, and be god-damned to you!' "

Jeanne threw her arms around Sam Forrest.

"Wonderful!" she cried. "Then I go sobbing to my room, and Davidson stands looking at me, his lips moving in prayer, and the curtain falls."

"But it's a tour de force," said Colton.

"A tour de force? Sure it's a tour de force. But we need a tour de force right there, and this is the tour de force we need."

But it took more than this curtain speech to appease the faction determined on junking the play. It took all Jeanne's superb courage, all her diplomacy, all her coaxing—and nobody could coax as she could—all the arguments her bright mind could muster.

No business man wants to shell out thousands of dollars to bring a ghastly flop to Broadway.

But Jeanne did more than bring the two factions together; she gave the play all the treasures of her experience, bits of stuff out of her own life, lines that had sung in her brain for years. She was like a bird patching a nest, putting a piece of straw here, a string there, stuffing a billful of soft mud into a crevice, molding the whole with her body, smoothing it, dressing it, making it fit.

"You got a corn-belt baby stare that screams," Sadie says. Is that line Colton's? Or is it Eagels'? "I came from Kansas once myself—as fast as I could hoof it." Whose line is that? "A guy out there gave me the dirtiest look!" That line she stole from Clifton Webb, who had always won a laugh with it.

READ this, by George C. Warren, dramatic editor of the San Francisco Chronicle:

> She neglects nothing that adds a light by which to judge Sadie—that tender little bit on the old sofa that brings memories of her home in Kansas, for instance. How lovingly she fingers the woodwork, as she perhaps had done hundreds of times as a child, and all the while she is talking flippantly to a crowd of men around her, trying to make an impression.
>
> A shallow creature, this Sadie—untaught, hard from the knocks she has received at the hands of the world; a good deal of a child for all her worldly wisdom; hating men for their treatment of her but using them to get such pleasure out of life as it holds for her; impudent and loose of tongue, an enticing little devil, choice enough to tempt even the anchorite, Reverend Davidson. Miss Eagels makes her all these things, and adds her own vibrant, subtly feminine personality to a magnificent creation of this wanton from the purlieus of Honolulu.

When Jeanne had finished her work she coaxed the antagonistic faction to come and watch a rehearsal. And so the play opened in New York, and was a smashing hit from the start.

Brown Bros. photo

Sadie, in the drabbled glad rags that Jeanne had scoured New York to find for her, as she looked while jollying the bunch of Marines.

It played in the Maxine Elliott Theater. It seemed the height of irony to Jeanne that she should achieve stellar honors in a theater named after the woman she hated most. Yet she named her pet dog Maxine. "Not for the woman," she used to say, "but for the theater." The dog was given to Zoe Akins after Jeanne died. Jeanne's mother brought it to Zoe before she left for the funeral, saying, "Jeanne wanted you to have it."

The theater was packed to the doors that first night. Hundreds who could not get seats were eager to stand.

EVERY important theatrical man and woman who could come was present. One might hear them all during the first intermission telling what they thought:

"She's marvelous. She's wonderful. But if I were playing that part I would have—" "I never saw anything like it. I hope she chokes." "It's a glorious performance, damn her!" "She's so good I could kill her!" "A new star rises on Broadway—God forbid!" These were the actors and actresses talking. The others talked with adjectives, and clapped until their hands were sore. Not in the memory of this generation had there been such wild enthusiasm for a character in a play.

And when the curtain fell after Sadie's last line—"I'm sorry for everybody in the world! Life's a quaint present from Somebody, there's no doubt about that. Maybe it will be easier in Sydney"—hundreds of people got out of their seats and started toward the stage, as though they would take the new star in their arms and hug and kiss her and cry over her.

Weeks after the body of Jeanne Eagels had been lowered into its grave under the pine trees on the hillside in "that slow little town," somebody wrote this beautiful tribute to her:

> Many a blue moon shall dip in the skies ere we forget that last act in Rain when Jeanne Eagels as Sadie Thompson stood alone and forlorn, looking out at the placid sea. Hungry for an honest man's love, sickened with the shams and hypocrisies of the minister who had attempted to assault her, condemned by everyone, she stood there in the deserted trading post and pondered on the foibles of life and the hurts of fate. "It will be easier in Sydney," she says; "it will be easier."
>
> Jeanne Eagels died in the glamour of her success. It was not for her to see youth slipping away. It was not for her to experience the sickening realization that she was too old, and that she would have to give way to youth. That is the Gethsemane in the lives of most successful theatricals.
>
> So perhaps it was for the best. She had sipped at the cup of life, she had known the thrill of international fame, and she had died in the zenith of her triumph. But we cannot suppress a sigh at her passing, and we shall never think of Jeanne Eagels without recalling that last scene in the drama she made famous. She was such a pathetic little figure as she stood there in her tawdry costume. And yet she was no less pathetic when her eyes closed on the joys and afflictions of earth. God grant "it will be easier" for her in that distant

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page fifty-nine

sphere that lies beyond the outer fringe of what we call life for want of a better name.

Who wrote that? Somebody in Jim Jam Jems.

II

RAIN opened in New York on the night of November 8, 1922, with the following cast:

A Native Girl	KATHRYNE KENNEDY
A Native Policeman	CHIEF WHITEHAWK
Native Boys	OKA BUNDA, LLANO PAULO
Ameena, wife of Joe Horn	EMMA WILCOX
Private Griggs, U.S.M.C	KENT THURBER
Corporal Hodgson, U.S.M.C	HAROLD HEALY
Sergeant O'Hara, U.S.M.C.— " Handsome "	ROBERT ELLIOTT
Joe Horn, trader of Pago Pago	RAPLEY HOLMES
Dr. MacPhail	FRITZ WILLIAMS
Mrs. MacPhail	SHIRLEY KING
Quartermaster Bates of the S. S. Orduna	HARRY QUEALY
Mrs. Davidson	CATHERINE BROOK
Rev. Alfred Davidson	ROBERT KELLY
Sadie Thompson	JEANNE EAGELS

It ran for five years, in New York and on the road. It was made into a moving picture called Sadie Thompson in which Gloria Swanson made a big success. And some day, perhaps, it will be a talkie.

Before the curtain ascended on the first act, an incident occurred back stage that admirably illustrates Jeanne's greatest fault and her greatest virtue.

She was looking for the rosary her mother had sent, and she was frantic. The curtain should have gone up ten minutes before, but Jeanne wasn't going to let it rise until she found her beads. In the midst of the excitement Kent Thurber started across her path.

" Get out of my way, you son-of-a—! " Jeanne cried, her face livid with sudden fury, and brushed by him.

Later in the evening Thurber went to her dressing room.

" Perhaps I shouldn't talk to you now," he said, " but I can't help it. I've been thinking over what you called me, and I can't stand it. You and I both have run-of-the-play contracts, and it looks as if we'd be in this show for a long time, and unless we have an understanding now we aren't going to get along. I want you to take back the name you called me."

Jeanne was astounded. She did not remember calling Thurber any name, didn't recall telling him to get out of her way, didn't recollect that she had even seen him before the curtain had risen.

" I can't believe I called you anything of the kind," she said. " I've never said the word until we began rehearsing for this play. I surely didn't mean to. And if I did, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry."

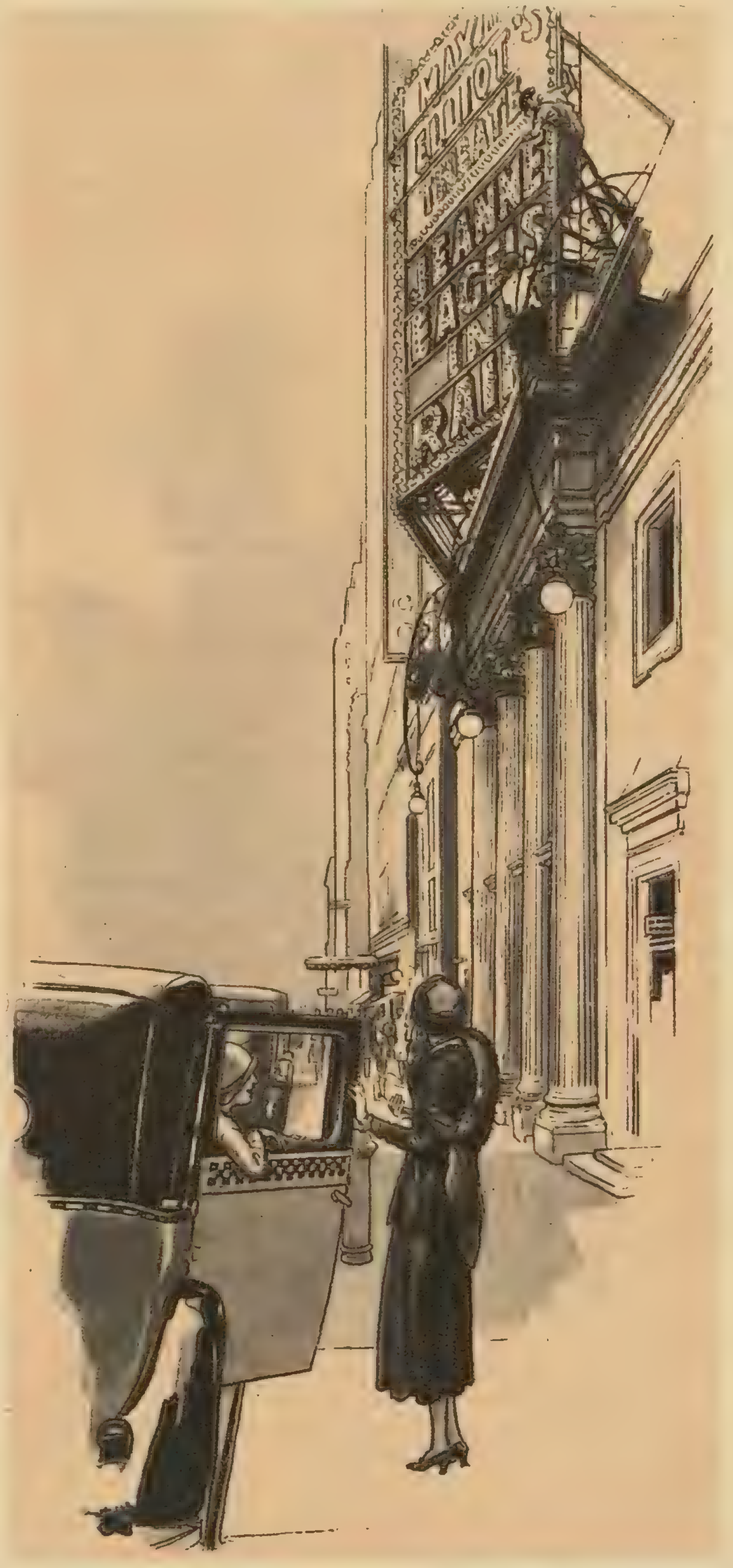
She offered her hand, and Thurber took it.

It was one of the few times Jeanne made apology for anything she had done; one of the few times she felt she could apologize without being insulted.

Hers was the sort of mind—as has been said—that argues, " No, no, I can't tell him I am sorry. I'd like to go to him and get down on my knees and ask his pardon. But he'd laugh at me. He'd insult me. And there would be people around to hear. Maybe if I send him a gift, something real good, he'll know how sorry I am without my saying so."

Other women would offend, and forget the offense with, " I'm so sorry—can you ever forgive me? "

Jeanne offended and did not forget, and no one suffered as she did because of something she had done to a man or woman she admired.



Picture by Edward Poucher

" You go in, Mama Froggy, and ask for letters."

During the evening Jeanne's dressing room—furnished with green wicker, yellow hangings, and Chinese decorations—filled up with flowers sent by dozens of Broadway stars, who had hoped, perhaps, they would convey sympathy and not congratulations.

Between acts women came into her dressing room, women who envied and hated her, and told her how exquisite she was, how true, how great. They invited her to their homes, their clubs, the intimacy of their private parties.

AND after it was all over—the thunders of applause, the adulation of the visitors, the ardent thanks of Sam Harris and Sam Forrest and Jack Colton, the noisy admiration of the Rain crew and the stage hands, and the congratulations from members of the cast—Jeanne stepped out of Sadie's clothes, freed her golden hair, put on a bath robe, and sat down to rest.

The doctor and the nurse who had sprayed her nose and throat before she had gone on, and who had stood in the wings all during the play, had left with the electricians and the scene-shifters and the rain-makers. Only Mama Froggy remained with Jeanne back stage.

" I've been invited to three parties tonight," Jeanne said. " But I'm so tired! I can hardly lift my hand to wipe the grease paint off my face."

She was silent for a long time, thinking—it may be—of a little girl who had daubed her face with make-up to give the impression that she was an actress; or of a girl of fifteen on the first night she had played Pauline Westerley's rôle in Pickings from Puck; or of the young actress playing in The Great Pursuit whom Marie Tempest and David Warfield had kissed; or of the " latest Belasco find " who had stopped the show in Daddies. Perhaps she thought of her lost lover, too, and what he once had meant to her.

She was thirty-two years old now, and success had come to her at last. No more would people call her " the patsy of New York " or " the Bernhardt of the sticks." The house was ringing yet with the applause of a great audience. She was a star. She was the greatest actress in the world, and she had proved it. She had reached the heights. What else was there to do? All her ambitions

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

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EVEN without its immense shoreline of beaches and its vast domain of forest preserve, Chicago would have become a summer resort. Its focal position as the greatest of all transportation centers would have fulfilled this destiny alone.

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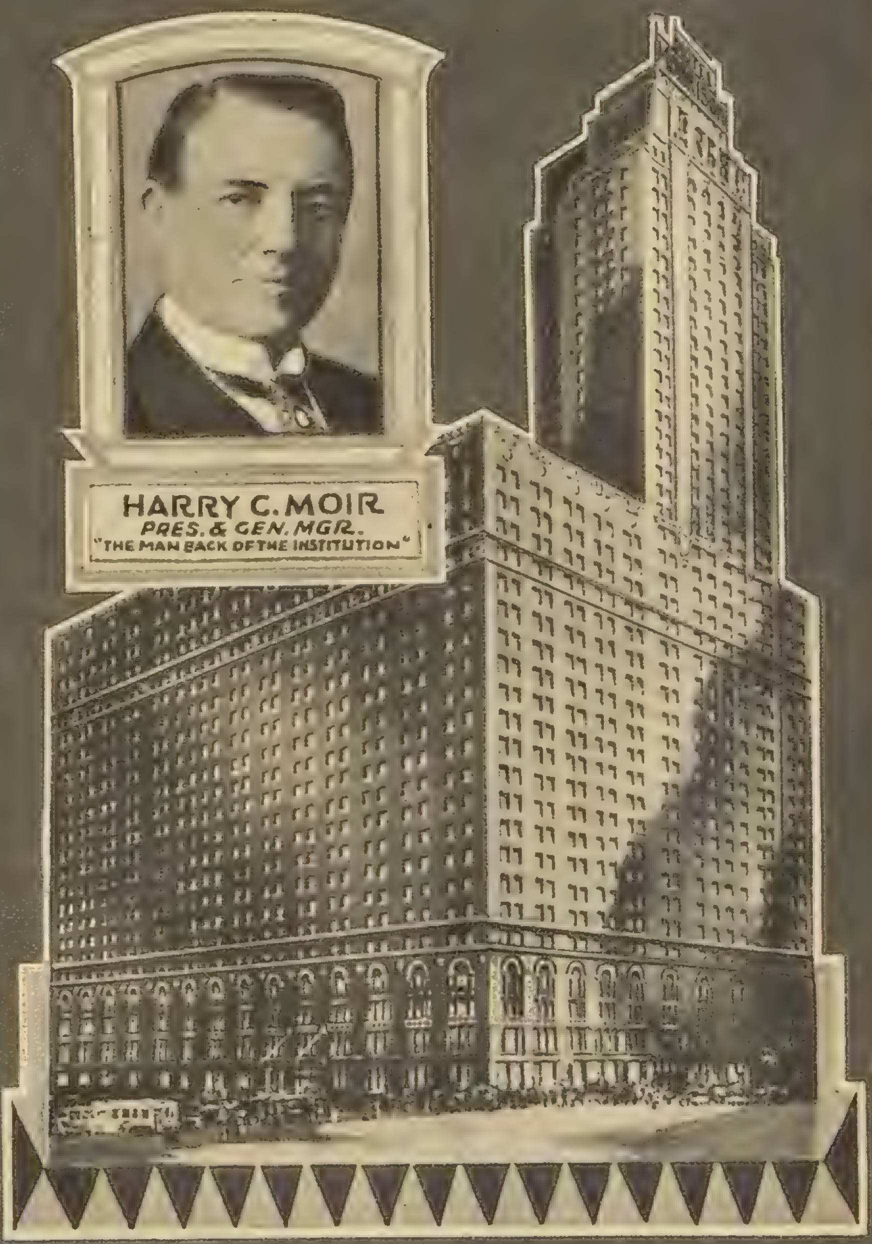
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241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
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16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00 6 Suites, $20.00
Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write or Wire for Reservations

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty

had been satisfied. Every wish of her heart had been granted. All her dreams of glory had come true.

She should have been happy? Perhaps.

She put her hand on Mama Froggy's shoulder and smiled wistfully.

"I don't want anyone in the world tonight but you!" she said.

They had chicken à la king in an obscure uptown restaurant, rode through Central Park for a time, and said good-by. Jeanne went to the room she had rented a few days before. It still smelled of fresh paint. The dog barked joyously when she let herself in. She closed the door, locked it, took off her hat, and fell across the bed.

Whitney Warren, Jr., in uniform.

P. & A. photos

Jeanne as she arrived in San Francisco from Seattle.

Ted Coy, erstwhile football hero.

Mama Froggy found her there when she came the next morning.

They breakfasted together, and called a taxi to take them past the Maxine Elliott Theater. As they passed it they saw a number of men putting up new bulbs in the theater marquee, bulbs spelling out the words JEANNE EAGELS IN RAIN. Jeanne wanted to stop and watch them. But she was afraid someone might see her, and discover she was not so blasé as she pretended about seeing her name in lights.

"You go into the theater, Mama Froggy," Jeanne said, "and ask for letters. Then we can both have an excuse for staying around and watching my name go up."

Mme. Savage got the mail and came out. She stood on the sidewalk a long time before she reëntered the cab. But even then the men had not finished their work.

"Go around the block a couple of times," Jeanne told the taxi driver. "And take it easy. We're in no hurry."

There it was at last, the taxi crawling by it, the sign that told all Broadway that Jeanne Eagels was at last a star. Jeanne wished it were dark, so the lights might flash that name of hers in the faces of all who walked the street.

"Let's go home now," she said. "But first we must stop at a jeweler's."

"A jeweler's? Jeanne Eagels, you are not going to be extravagant now—just to celebrate?"

"No. But I must buy some diamond cuff links for Kent Thurber. He says I insulted him last night. Perhaps I did. I don't remember. But he'll like the cuff links, don't you think?"

III

JEANNE EAGELS never smoked until she began to rehearse for Rain. She didn't drink whisky, and she seldom drank heavily of anything until after she married Ted Coy.

She met Coy—and Whitney Warren, Jr.—while she was playing in Rain. And a set of almost unbelievable coincidences built themselves around her and her relations with these two men.

Ted Coy was married and the father of two sons when Jeanne first saw him; and his wife, the former Sophie D'Antignac Meldrim, the daughter of Judge Peter W. Meldrim, one of the most distinguished lawyers of Savannah, Georgia, and at one time president of the American Bar Association, wanted a divorce.

Ted—Edward Harris—Coy was a Yale graduate, the son of wealthy parents, a young man in Wall Street with a brilliant future, and the greatest football player of his generation. Walter Eckersall of the Chicago Tribune, himself formerly a very great player, called Coy the greatest player of all time. He was tall and strong and swift. He was a plunging fullback, a line bucker, a punter, a drop-kicker, a fast runner—the kind of man that other men make into legends. He defeated Princeton twice—all by himself, they said of him. And once, not quite recovered from an appendicitis operation, he went into a game to risk his life for Yale. The stitches had not yet been taken from the wound, men said; and during the stress of the play they burst. Coy had the ball and was running with it down the field, his entrails crowding through the hole in his side, and all the opposing players hanging on his shoulders and his middle and his legs—so they said.

He had the ball and he was holding it to his bleeding side, pressing it hard against his wound to keep his insides from protruding further; and he was running, pulling the team with him, a giant covered with lesser men, desperate men who could not stop him, who could only slow his stride. He staggered, but he did not stop. He made the touchdown Yale needed to win, and grinned as he fell across the line.

Oh, in his way and in his day Ted Coy was as great a legend as Jeanne Eagels was to be.

He was handsome and clean-looking and world-famous, and scores of women proposed to him after his last game. He went to Savannah in 1913 and umpired a game, wearing the big white sweater with the blue Y, and met Sophie Meldrim, and ran away with her to Asheville, North Carolina.

ALAS that college athletes must leave college some day! Alas that football glory fades as quickly as all other kinds! Alas that romance gives way to the demands of everyday routine!

Ted Coy, though a member of the firm of Davies, Thomas & Co., brokers, still lived his college days. He was still living them when he married Sophie Meldrim, and when he married Jeanne Eagels. And he is living them now with his third wife, who was Lottie Bruhn of El Paso, Texas.

Life sometimes destroys a man by making him a legend.

Whitney Warren, Jr., was another type of man. He is the son of the famous architect who planned the Louvain Library in Belgium. He is a member of the Knickerbocker and the Racquet and Tennis clubs. He was a war hero. He left Groton to enlist in the French army, and won the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre.

He had been engaged to Miss Geraldine Miller Graham, a California heiress whom the Prince of Wales called "the most beautiful and charming girl in America," but the engagement was dissolved by mutual consent.

Sometimes Whitney Warren stood in the wings watching Jeanne, and Ted Coy stood in the wings on the other side of the stage, watching Jeanne and Warren. Frequently the people back stage worried, fearing that Coy and Warren might get into a fight. Sometimes Jeanne would worry, too, and order both of them put out of the theater. Sometimes Whitney Warren brought a number of his college friends back stage.

Jeanne's dressing-room windows opened on an alley, and she was startled one winter night by someone tapping on the pane.

"There's a man trying to get into my room," she informed the Rain crew, and they hurried into the alley and found young Warren. They brought him in, and Jeanne asked him what he was trying to do.

"You had me shoved out into the cold," said Warren, "because some of my friends were making a noise. They shoved me out, all right, and no mistake about it. They wouldn't let me get my coat and hat out of your room, either. And I had the keys of my car in my coat.

The car's parked down the block, but I can't get in it without the key. So I've been waiting in the alley for over an hour for a chance to get my coat. And, if you must know, I've come pretty damn close to freezing."

Jeanne laughed at him, and warned him to leave his college pals at home when he came back stage again.

The first strange coincidence that rose out of Jeanne's friendship—or love—for these two men came with the published announcement of her engagement to Whitney Warren.

Jeanne had not authorized the announcement, had known nothing of it. She was not engaged to anyone. She never questioned Whitney about it. She never denied it.

"Never deny. Never explain. Never rush into print. Let them think anything they like, say anything they like. Say nothing—and become a legend."

Whitney's mother denounced the story as a malicious lie. Her son would never marry an actress. Whitney's father thundered denials too.

Jeanne's friends questioned her. Newspaper men besieged her. She had nothing to say. She did not see Whitney again until after she had married and divorced Ted Coy.

It was in San Francisco. Jeanne arrived on the Admiral liner H. F. Alexander from Seattle, and found Warren on the pier.

"Jeanne!" he cried, and held his arms open.

She rushed into them, crying. "Whitney, my dear!" and kissed him, with all the world looking on. She sent her manager, her maid, and her baggage to her hotel; and motored with Whitney to Del Monte for dinner.

There was talk then that she would marry Whitney Warren. Jeanne talked of it to friends in New York months later. Perhaps she planned to marry him. Perhaps her only joy was in the planning.

The second coincidence came near to smirching her name and ruining her career.

Next week's installment will tell of this second coincidence—a thwarted attempt to make a sensational scandal. It will also picture the new manner and mode of life that came upon Jeanne with success, and will tell of her meeting with the Prince of Wales, and of her second marriage.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 54

Picture is hanging from a nail in the mirror.
It is off center in the frame.
Items on the menu are not appropriate.
Spigot is in the wrong position in the coffee urn.
The man's right ear is missing.
One half of his bow tie is missing.
He is displaying a four-dollar bill.
There is but one sleeve in the woman's dress.
One of her shoes is missing.
A rung is missing from the stool at the right.

LAVORIS
THE ORIGINAL ZINC CHLORIDE PREPARATION
FOR USE WHERE INDICATED AS A WASH SPRAY GARGLE APPLICATION OR DOUCHE
FOR SPECIFIC DIRECTIONS CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN OR DENTIST
LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY MINNEAPOLIS MINN.
LARGE SIZE
ORIGINAL FORMULA
GARGLE
WASH
ASTRINGENT
APPLICATION

Bottled *Cleanliness* for your mouth and throat

Every ruby-colored drop of Lavoris that goes into your mouth straightway busies itself on a unique and mighty cleansing task.

As you swirl the fresh and fragrant liquid about your teeth and gums and throat, this skilled cleaning army is at work. It coagulates and washes away the sticky film that clings to teeth and tissues. With this film come the hordes of snugly-harbored germs. It sweeps up the bits of food, the particles of oral waste.

And, when you expel this rinse—out they go! All the debris that is opposed to cleanliness, countless bacteria that endanger health. Your mouth and throat feel fresh and clean. They feel exhilarated, too, because Lavoris stimulates and heals as it cleans.

Use Lavoris, twice a day, to sweep clean your mouth and throat and for the protection it gives against disease.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY, Minneapolis - Toronto

To Members of the Dental and Medical Professions:

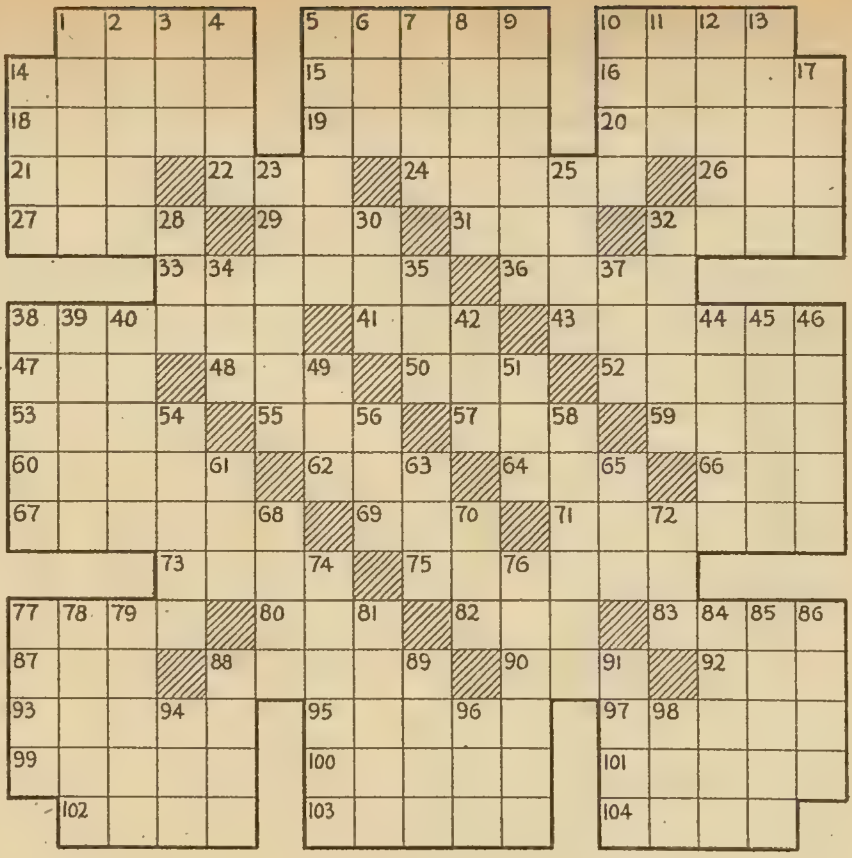
We print no extravagant or unwarranted claims for Lavoris, but we do print the formula on the label of every bottle, that you may be the judge as to the true therapeutic value of this particular zinc chloride combination and its effectiveness in combating oral sepsis.

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

© 1930, L. C. Co.

Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL
1 Quick breath
5 Of the sun
10 Binding fabric
14 Man's name
15 Expunge
16 Of an area
18 Winged
19 Lift
20 Rent
21 Entangle
22 Woman's name
24 Carousal
26 Japanese coin
27 To pillage
29 A pronoun
31 Comprehend
32 Dry; withered
33 Assert
36 Slender
38 A part of a saddle
41 Wander about
43 Rocks
47 Salutation
48 Lair
50 Insect's egg
52 Purloined
53 Classify
55 Affirmative
57 Disfigure
59 A Mohammedan noble
60 Details
62 Put on
64 A religious recluse
66 A humorist
67 Discourse
69 A part of an apron
71 Planted
73 Heroic poem
75 Glues
77 Gone by
80 A blow on the head (slang)
82 Monkey
83 A faction
87 Skill
88 Abnormal bodily temperature
90 Commotion
92 Unelevated
93 Ruler's decree
95 Anæsthetic
97 The poplar
99 Crowlike bird
100 Staggers
101 Satiates
102 Stitches
103 Quench
104 Allowance for waste

VERTICAL
1 Of the poles
2 Size of type
3 Mesh fabric
4 Large plant
5 Calm; placid
6 Anglo-Saxon money of account
7 Den
8 Equines
9 Sandpipers
10 High
11 Form of to be
12 Edible seeds
13 Thread slackener in a loom
14 An incline
17 Unaspirated consonant
23 Tennis term
25 Lampreys
28 Edible root
30 Ovum
32 Struck
34 Conducted
35 Bear young
37 Pronoun
38 French city
39 Elliptical
40 A measure
42 Obscure
44 Wanderer
45 Strike out
46 Withered
49 Man's nickname
51 Color shade
54 Insect
56 Weep
58 Corroded
61 Soak up
63 Pinch
65 Born
68 A cardinal number
70 A bleat
72 A worm
74 Lids
76 Scanty
77 Couple
78 A rich figured fabric
79 Part of a cask
81 Variety of pepper plant
84 Puff up
85 Heavenly body
86 Couples
88 Marshes or bogs
89 An ostrich
91 A kiln
94 Moisture
96 Horned animal
98 Household god of the Romans

Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle, you will find it on page sixty-six

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

WHITE teeth bring a thrilling brightness into your smile—a charm that quickly wins its way into the hearts of others.

Never neglect your teeth. Chew delicious Dentyne every day—the quality gum especially made to keep teeth gleaming white.

Chew DENTYNE . . and smile!

Liberty's Record Breaking Contest $500 a Week in Five Big Cash Prizes

for the good old game

Limericks

Have you tried your hand? It's easy and lots of fun. Just provide the missing line below, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in as many last lines as you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

Here are THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of July 5. The Limerick read as follows:

Bill Smith started out in his car—
But it stopped with a terrible jar.
He got out and looked under,
And found, for a wonder

....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"'Twas 'tired'—as all of them are."
Written by F. H. Poston
809 East Main Street, Richmond, Virginia

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"His victim had nary a scar."
Written by Mrs. Charles E. Eberly
39 East Howard Street, Dallastown, Pennsylvania

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"'Twas just (s)parking, the gay Lochinvar!"
Written by Mrs. C. H. Bailey
316 Delaware Avenue, Palmyra, New Jersey

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"Just a jay-walker, coughing up tar."
Written by John Buck
Room 924, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"Displacements—whatever they are."
Written by Ben Reynolds
1821 East Tioga Street, Philadelphia

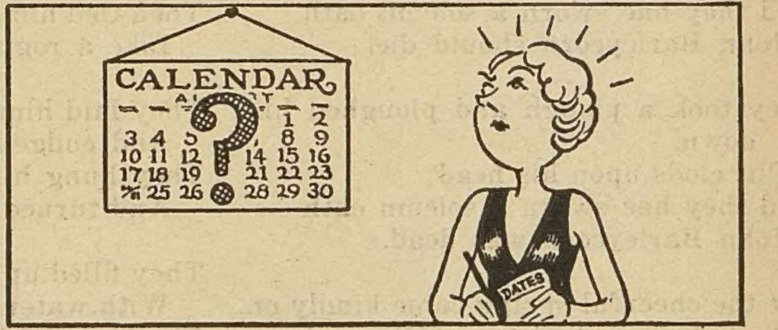
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



When Grace started out on vacation
She found, to her great consternation,
She had everything fixed,
But her dates were all mixed—

....
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, August 2. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

"HOW!"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

This week's cover picture.

"LIL has a new baby!" Ma Morse was boasting to Mrs. Doherty over the telephone. "He weighs eight pounds and I think his eyes are blue. I'm so excited! I'm going to start some knitting."

"I was lit up with my first and second grandchild," Mrs. Doherty told her, "but after that I lost interest. Give Lil my love and tell her I'm going to send her some calf's-foot jelly from the delicatessen. It must be terrible to be in a hospital during this heat wave." And Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Doherty both rang off before the other had a chance to gossip any more.

"Lil has a new baby!" Ma Morse was telephoning to the next neighbor on her list. "His hair is blue and his eyes are yellow, and Lil is so proud. It'll be nice for Ulysses. There's nothing like a new baby in the family to sort of—"

"I hear my doorbell," Mrs. O'Hara fibbed, hanging up. "What a bore most grandmothers are," she told her cat as she continued sipping her four o'clock tea. "Grandma Morse shouldn't crow! That little Ulysses is as homely as his father, and the new one probably looks like a two-legged tomato just picked."

Mrs. O'Hara felt better after this mean speech and decided to knit a pair of mittens; she thought the baby might have something to cover his two little fists by Christmas if she started knitting right away!

Sandy wasn't chattering as much as his mother-in-law, but he was getting quite a kick out of his new son.

"Come on," he said to Ulysses out on the front porch after an early supper. "D'you want to see your brand-new little brother?"

"My new brother?" U. asked stupidly. "I have no brother. I have a mother an' a father—"

"Oh, you have a brother all right," Sandy laughed. "We'll walk around to the hospital and give him the once-over."

"The once-over of what?" Gwendolyn suddenly asked, appearing in the front yard.

"My new brother," U. told her. "He's sick in the hospital. D'you want to come, too?"

"Oh, I'd come anyway," Gwen giggled. "I love babies. They look like monkeys."

"You wait here," Sandy told them in the main hall of the hospital. "I'll see if they'll bring him down."

"Yes?" a nurse smiled when he got off the elevator. "Private or ward?"

"Private," Sandy said. "I'm Mr. Jenkins."

"Oh!" And the nurse reached behind a canvas screen. "We were just fixing him up for callers."

Sandy hurriedly poured out a drink from his flask.

"How!" he told the tiny red mite nearly hidden in the blanket. "I'm your father."

(Next week's cover adventure: Dog Days)

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

JOHN BARLEYCORN

By ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall:
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim:
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe:
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

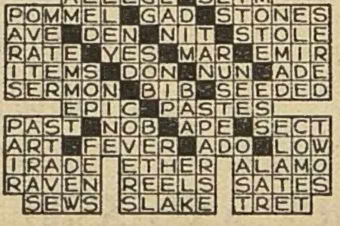
And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

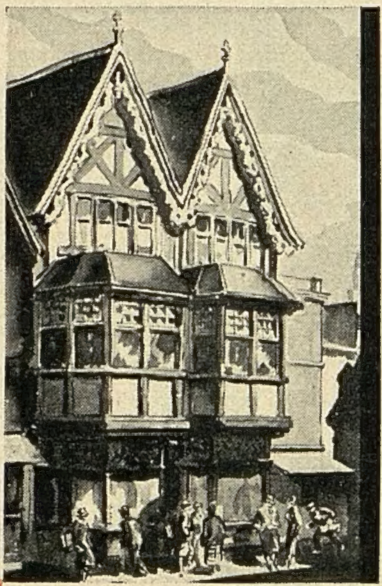
Answer to Puzzle on Page 64



PANT SOLAR TAPE
ROGER ERASE AREAL
ALATE RAISE LEASE
MAT EVE REVEL SEN
PREY ONE SEE SERE
ALLEGE SLIM
POMMEL GAD STONES
AVE DEN NIT STOLE
RATE YES MAR EMIR
ITEMS DON NUN ADE
SERMON BIB SEEDED
EPIC PASTES
PAST NOB APE SECT
ART FEVER ADO LOW
IRADE ETHER ALAMO
RAVEN REELS SATES
SEWS SLAKE TRET

A "VERY GOOD DIET . . . AND SO TO BED . . ."

Wrote Samuel Pepys after his stay at the Sign of the George in 1668



Travelers on the Exeter Road in old England drove hard to reach the Sign of the George in Salisbury before nightfall . . . for at the George the feasting was famous and long-drawn-out . . . Even the very particular Samuel Pepys commended the George in his famous diary . . . But those are bygone days . . . Now we live speedily, eat speedily and recognize the need for vitamins.

And so today we enjoy our "double-rich" malted milk at the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond.

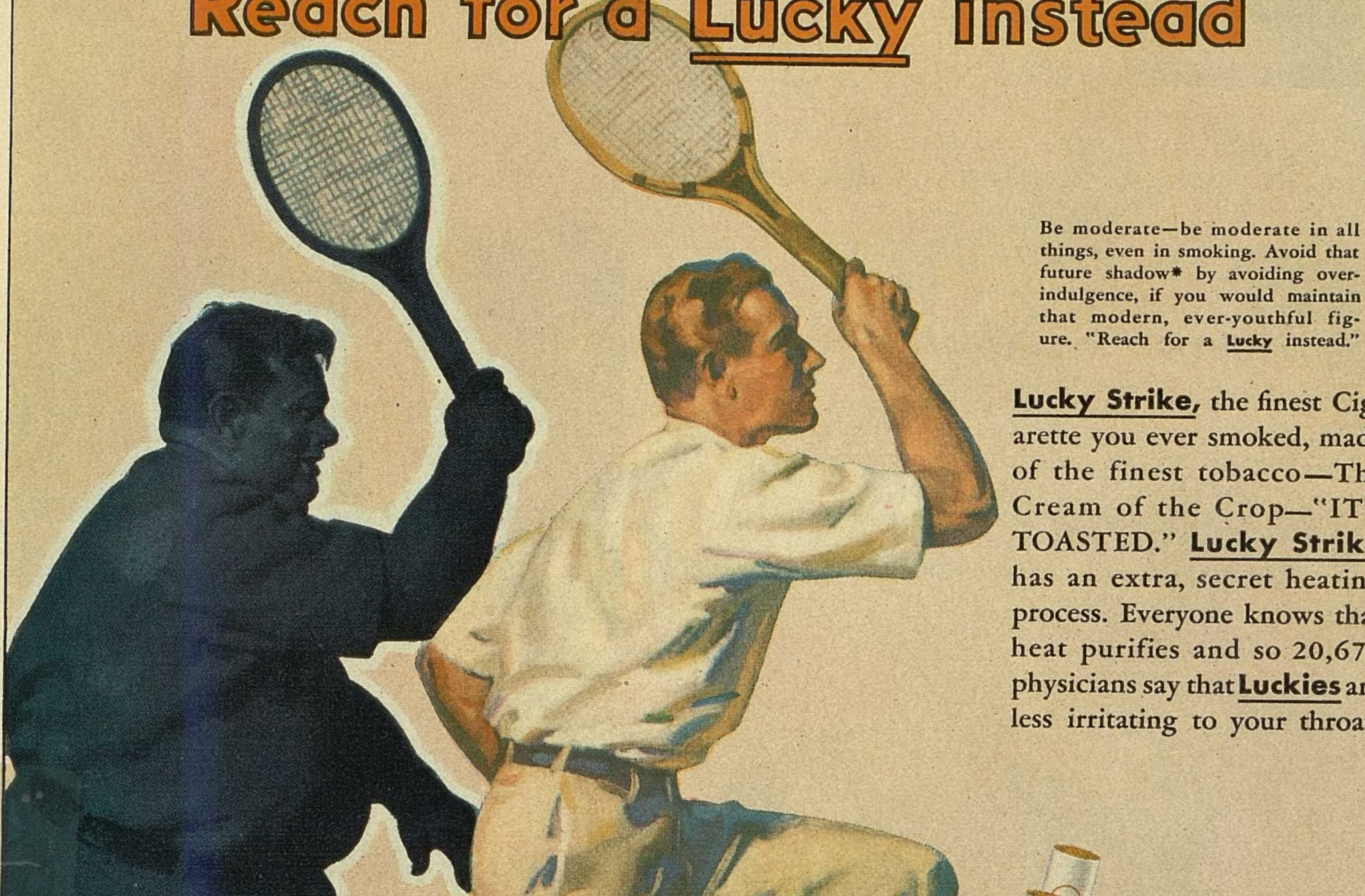
For the top quality—that extra richness of Borden's Malted Milk—has taught us that the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond is worth looking for. When fatigue creeps upon us in the wane of the afternoon, we drink a Borden's. How quickly we rebound with new-born energy. When more substantial fare is needed, how delicious a sandwich with a Borden's tastes. No wonder the best fountains are eager to display the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond!

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors
Delicious

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER!

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.

©1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."